WEEK ENDING MAY 26, 1928

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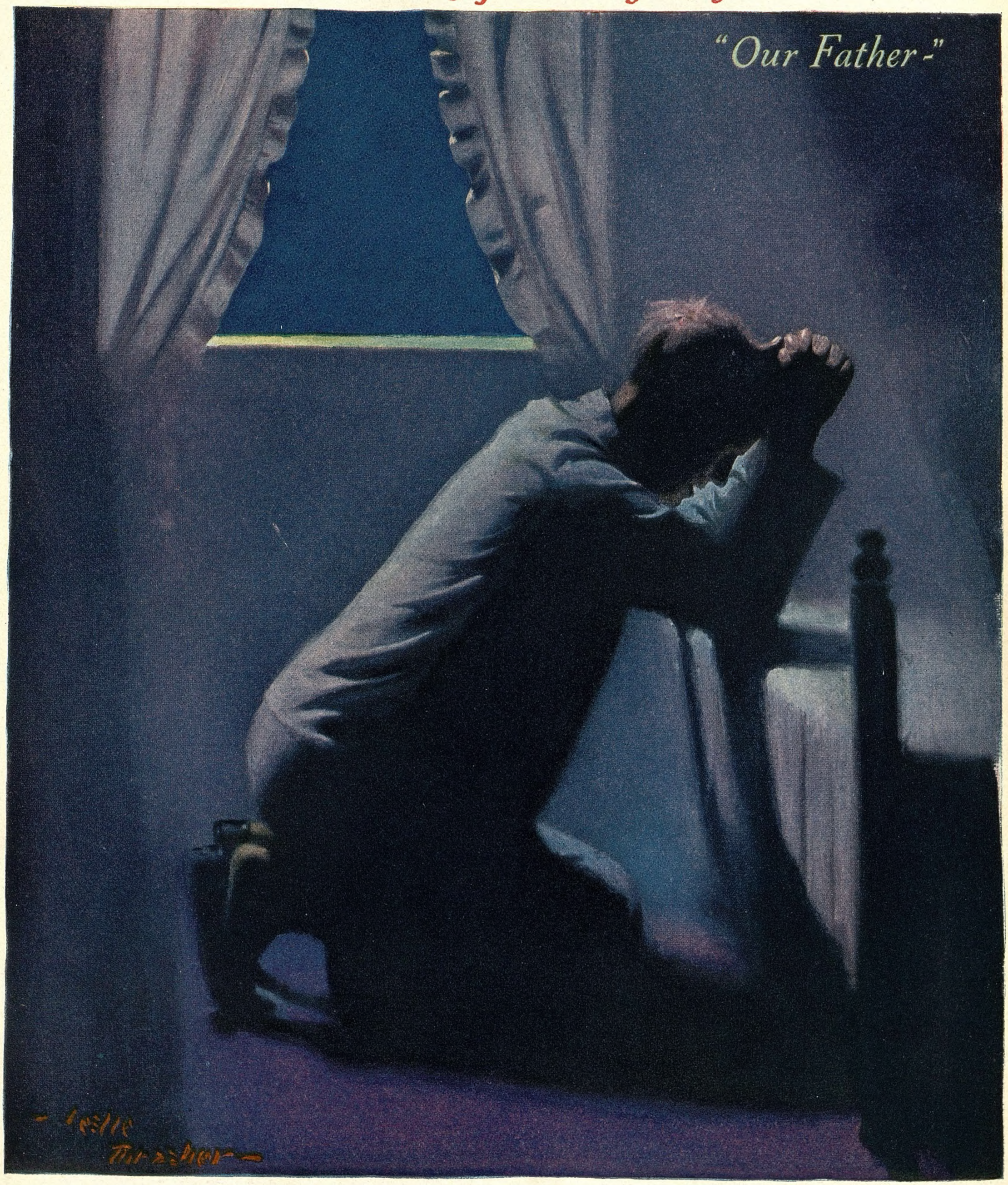
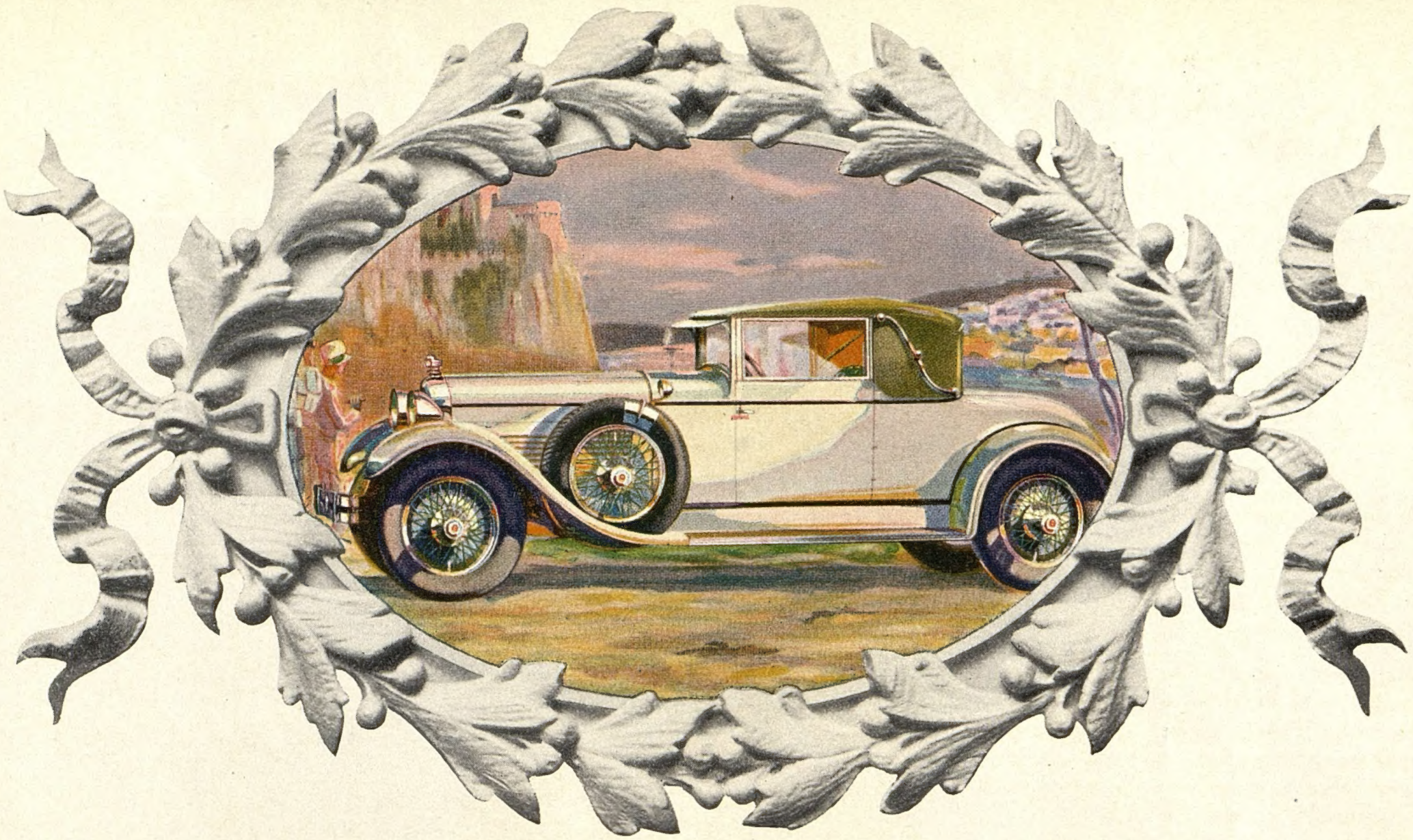
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody



COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE - AND MARRIAGE *By* KATHERINE MAYO

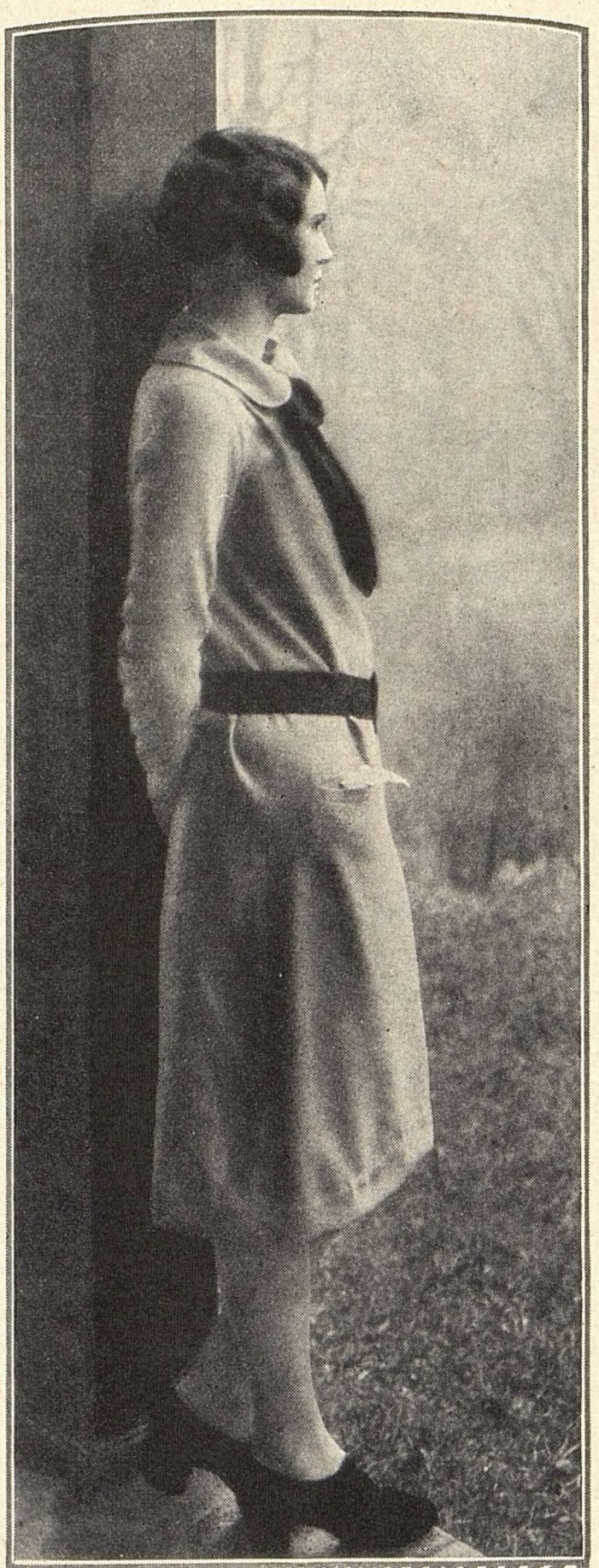


WHEN THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF A GREAT NATION ENTHUSIASTICALLY APPLAUD, THERE MUST INEVITABLY FOLLOW AN EVEN MORE THOUGHTFUL SCRUTINY OF A CAR THAT SO ALLURES ITS AGE WITH OUT-RANKING SPEED, SAFETY AND BEAUTY.

THE
SPLENDID
STUTZ

THE SAFEST CAR HAS THE RIGHT TO BE THE FASTEST

The young wife without a confidante is troubled by doubts — sometimes even frightened



LIFE moves quickly. A few hastening years and the young girl is on the threshold of maturity. Marriage soon follows—and with it the perplexities of a new and different existence.

It is at this point that many young women are faced with doubts—sometimes even frightened. All because they have not been told the straight truth concerning feminine hygiene. All because they are confused by well-meant old-fashioned advice and equally well-meant "modern" advice—*both* incomplete and misleading.

Every woman should know of these dangers

Feminine hygiene is in fact a sane, wholesome practice. Physicians and nurses will verify this. They will approve of the natural desire of women of refinement to attain a complete, *antiseptic* cleanliness. But they will also be quick to add that *in the past* it has been a *dangerous* practice, owing to the poisonous nature of the antiseptics commonly used—antiseptics bearing the sign of the skull-and-crossbones on every package.

Grave dangers attend the use of such poisonous antiseptics as carbolic acid, bichloride of mercury and their various compounds. True, these preparations have the germ-killing strength necessary for complete surgical cleanliness. But this virtue is nullified by their poisonous character and their decided tendency to injure body tissues.

Women should know that in many cases mercurial poisoning is caused by the continued use of bichloride of mercury. The effects of carbolic acid are no less deadly. Hardening of the sensitive membranes, the formation of areas of scar-tissue, a serious disturbance of normal body secretions—these are the fearful injuries that can result from the employment of carbolic acid compounds for purposes of feminine hygiene.

Sane, safe hygiene possible with Zonite

To what antiseptic, then, *can* women turn for safety? The answer is *Zonite*—the famous discovery of the World War. In this remarkable product women have an antiseptic that completely solves their most pressing and intimate problem.

Imagine an antiseptic far stronger germicidally than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body, yet absolutely harmless to delicate tissues! *That* is Zonite. No wonder women have welcomed it as a godsend. In countless homes it has forever supplanted the old poisonous germicides that constituted a constant menace to every member of the family, especially the younger children.

Write today for the special women's booklet

Zonite is now on sale wherever you may be, right in your neighborhood. Let its wholesome effectiveness come into your home at the earliest moment. But in the meantime, write for a copy of "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." This dainty booklet discusses its vital subject clearly, frankly and completely. It is filled with authentic information. And it is *free*. Simply send the coupon that is printed below. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

In the bottles. 30¢, 60¢, $1

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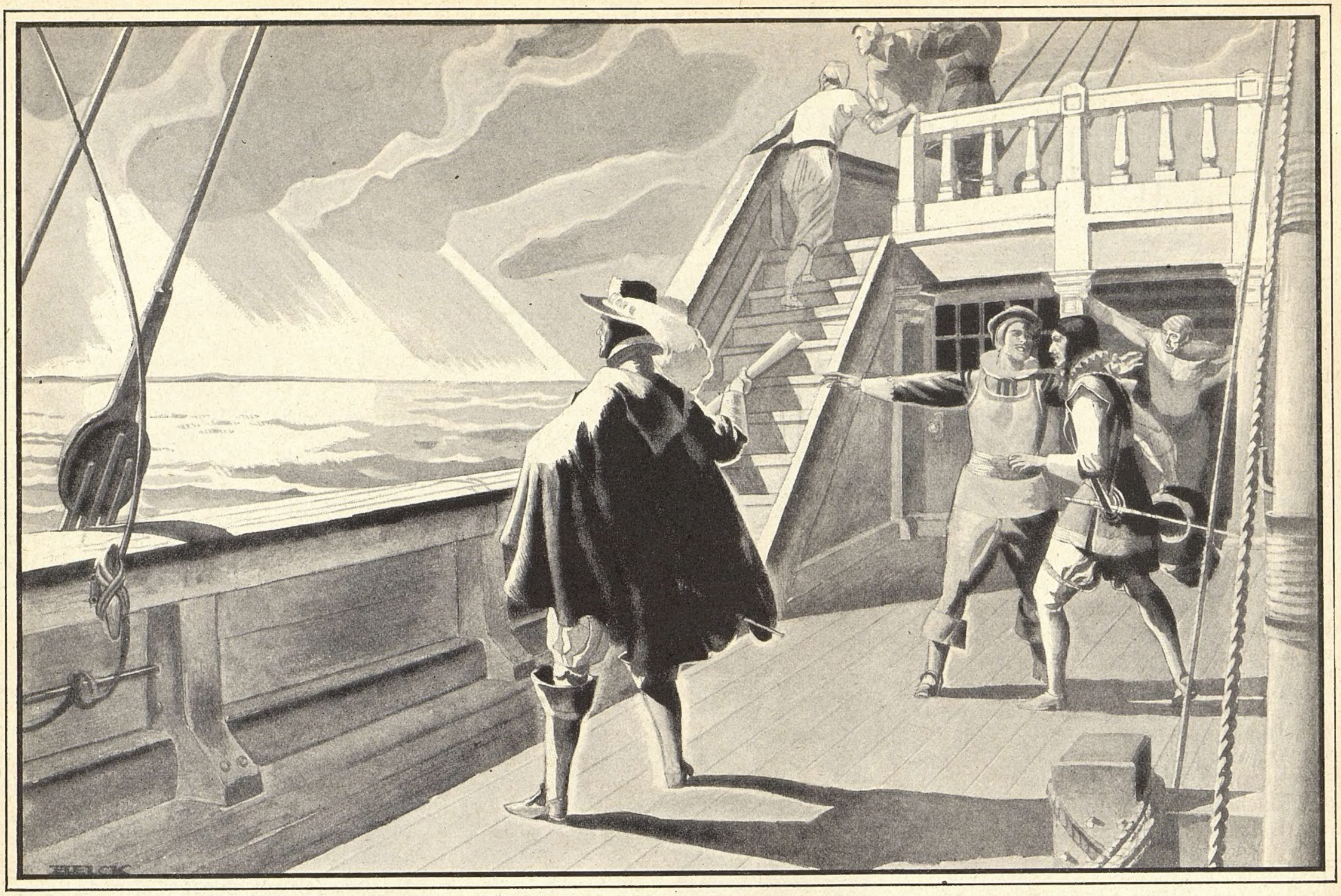

Widening the Telephone Horizon

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

In the memory of many now living, Alexander Graham Bell made the apparently rash prediction that the day would come when we could talk to other countries, even across wide expanses of water. That was shortly after the historic conversation between Boston and Cambridge, a distance of two miles.

Bell's vision was made a reality when in 1926 New York and London spoke together in two way conversation, and when in 1927 this service was opened to the public between any point in the U. S. A. and Great Britain. Since then, Mexico has been brought into speaking distance; important cities of continental Europe have come within the voice horizon of the United States.

Even more important, the Bell System in the United States now embraces 18,500,000 telephones—a growth for the past year of more than 750,000.

We may now converse with each other from practically any point in this country to any other, and may talk beyond our borders and across the sea. That is measurable progress in widening America's telephone horizon.

MAY 26, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

LINDY

One year ago today (assuming that you are reading this on the day of publication, May 21) a young man set his airplane down at a flying field in Paris and stepped from comparative obscurity to undying fame.

Of course it is a dangerous thing to write about an aviator like Charles Lindbergh. One feels like knocking wood.

A man who takes Lindbergh's chances is in a calling so hazardous that, despite his skill, he may not be in the land of the living when these or any words about him appear in print. But as he *is* in the land of the living while we write these words, we will assume that he is in the land of the living when you read them.

P. & A. photo
Charles Lindbergh

Lindbergh's job of flying the Atlantic was about as complete and artistic an achievement as the mind of man could have imagined.

He appeared dramatically out of the sky at a Long Island flying field where other, older men were making long, careful preparations for the transoceanic venture. Nobody expected him; nobody knew who he was. He mentioned that he proposed to do what no one before him had dreamed of doing—to fly the Atlantic alone. Then he climbed into his plane and did it. It was almost as casual as that.

He did his own navigating and landed in Paris on the exact spot where he intended to land. He got a little sleep, received a lot of adulation with complete imperturbability, and came home.

When he arrived he was the greatest American hero of our times. But his head was not turned and he did not go into the movies. He decided to serve the business in which he was most interested—flying.

They had written a song about him, called Lucky Lindy, which he proceeded to prove was all wrong. He toured the United States, flying from city to city with clocklike regularity, in all sorts of weather. Only once did fog bring him down short of his destination. Lindy's assets are brains and skill, not luck.

After touring the United States he made a remarkable flight to Mexico and the West Indies, and did more to draw the Americas together in bonds of friendship than anyone in history.

Recently, as a mere incident of the day's doings, he flew to Quebec through terrible weather to aid his ill-starred friend, Floyd Bennett. Airmen say that was the most difficult and dangerous of all his flights.

When the Secretary of War announced that he was going to ask Lindy to give up hazardous flying, Lindy said: "There must be pioneers, and some of them are killed. But the ones who do the pioneering are the last ones to think of the hazards. I intend to continue."

A young man and a great man.

Even though we write this a short three weeks before its publication, there is always the fear that in those three weeks Destiny may have touched him and he may no longer be with us. Well, God forbid.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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Beatrice Grimshaw

A new cover episode in the Sandy and Lil series by

Leslie Thrasher

May 26, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 21

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In 1928 we guaranteed—

1,350,000 circulation for the first eleven issues, but we actually delivered a net paid circulation of over 1,450,000.

• • •

For the BALANCE of the YEAR we guarantee an *average net paid circulation* of . . . . . .

OVER 1,500,000

—not gross print or press run, but

net paid circulation!

For 1929 we pledge—

1. A bigger and better magazine
2. A much larger circulation
3. No *increase* in advertising rates

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"America's Fastest Hitting Magazine"

5c **Liberty**
A Weekly for Everybody

"No Buried Ads"
Whole Family Appeal

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It's the favorite.

WHEN smoking is recognized as a pleasure, Camel has the call.

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LIFE SAVERS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
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Top off a good meal with –
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THEY AID DIGESTION AND SWEETEN THE BREATH

The Constant Moon

Pictures by
DOUGLAS DUER

A Story for Married Lovers

By

Edward Hope

THEIR marriage, they agreed, had been absurd for years. It would be foolish of them to continue it.

(Reading time: 26 minutes 15 seconds.)

ON a hazy-bright September afternoon, seven years ago, the Rev. Dr. James Walterson, pastor of St. Martin's, united Donald Stryker and Elizabeth Sherwin in holy matrimony. The ceremony was performed before a churchful of socially and financially important persons who were friends and associates of John Howard Sherwin, and a handful of entirely unimportant young men and young women admitted as friends of the bridegroom, whose obscure relatives had been fortunately unable to afford the trip from Indiana for the occasion.

Subsequently there was a glittering reception—a swirl of music and champagne and cigarette smoke and sharp, cackling talk. And as the smoky, cool September twilight softened the geometrical harshness of the city, the bride and groom made a dash through a shower of flung rice and a confusion of shouted witticisms, under an awning, and into a shiny black limousine that awaited them at the curb.

A few minutes later, in the odorous gloom of a public garage, they left the limousine and settled themselves side by side in a new blue roadster that the prosperous Mr. Sherwin had given away with the bride.

For miles, through the thinning city and its immediate suburbs, they rode in silence, too dazed by high emotional experience to express themselves except by occasional exchanges of full-eyed glances, the pressure of her shoulder against his, and, two or three times, the squeezing together of cold hands.

The moon rose, a huge red-hot dome on the ragged horizon, slid clear of the earth, distorted in the haze, an oval disk, paling to yellow, as they swooped down into a dark valley. Then the car hummed, climbing.

A sharp curve brought them without warning to a place where the trees that had cut off the moon dropped away suddenly. Below them the valley stretched out, silvered into unreality.

The car came to a standstill. For minutes they sat and looked and said nothing, his arm about her slender shoulders, awed in the presence of clear beauty.

Elizabeth spoke softly, her voice keyed to the moment of eternity that had enveloped them.

"It's an omen," she said. "That's there just for us, to show us how beautiful things can be."

She looked at the man at her side—her husband. She shivered almost imperceptibly.

"I love you," Donald whispered, and touched his lips to hers. She tilted her head slightly and looked again at the mysterious valley.

"I know," she said presently. "It's a prophecy. We're crystal gazing and that is our whole life together." Her words came more quickly. "That river is you and me," she said. "See where it comes out of the dark trees? That's today and we're away together, out of all the nastiness of families and money. And there we go. Gently, easily."

"No," protested Donald. "The river is you. I am the road that runs beside it. You are all sparks and brilliance. I am dull but I am faithful. Where you turn I turn. Your way is my way."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CONSTANT MOON]
Continued from page nine

"But that isn't right. I must follow you, curve with you. You decide where."

"Just the same, it isn't going to be that way with us. I'll put my life beside yours. When you're happy I'll be happy."

She shook her head. From the curve of her cheek, he knew she was smiling that rare queer smile of hers, with the corners of her mouth tipped down a little.

"You're just complicating it," she told him. "The river is both of us because we can't be two things now. We move with one impulse, happily. Sometimes you sparkle, sometimes I."

"Always you!"

"Don! Look!" she said, breathless with discovery. "Look at the clouds—those over there." She pointed a slender finger. "That one with the bright edges. It's a ship as sure as anything. Your ship! Coming in. And, oh, it's perfectly enormous!"

"You darling! How you could ever throw yourself away on me—"

"Throw myself, he says! Absurd! It's a—a case of casting swine before pearls. You're the one that's precious."

She kissed him in a funny little way she knew, and turned again to study the scene below.

"It's a very complete prophecy, you know," she said, after consideration. "Look there to the left of your ship. See the two little white bunches? . . . A boy, I think, and a girl. Yes. I'm perfectly sure it's— Stop it, sir! Don't interrupt!"

Donald allowed her to slip away from him for a minute. Surreptitiously he pressed the corners of his eyes with a thumb and forefinger.

"And—oh, look again!" she said. "There's our castle. To the right of your ship. See it? With towers and battlements and a pennant? It must be in England somewhere. I know! It's where we'll live while the boy is at Oxford."

WITHOUT turning her body, she took his hand and pinched his fingers. He swallowed, but failed to find words.

"Don! There's a cartoon of you in your old age. See the old man with the beard? Quite far over to the right. Old Grandpa Stryker forty years from now. Sitting in his carpet slippers. *Which* his dutiful wife has brought and put on for him. Look at the little turned-up nose. Yours to the life. But, please, I hope you don't have to have a beard like that. You may have a Van Dyke, if you like, on your sixtieth birthday, but— Stop it! Wicked! Vulgar! Do you want somebody to come along and take us for a petting party? You—"

But he made it impossible for her to finish.

When she had pushed him away a few inches, he spoke huskily:

"Betsy, I—I don't know how I'm ever going to live up to you. You are so—so impossibly beautiful and dear and—oh, everything. I don't know—how—how to show you that I—appreciate all of you."

Her hands pushed less firmly against his chest. His face was closer to hers. It was as if the whole universe stood still for a little while that they might dream together in peace—in, but not of, the world.

Their honeymoon brought up with something of a bump, at the end of three weeks, in the suburban apartment Donald's income permitted. It was all right, as suburban apartments go, but its four rooms were neither large nor interesting.

Donald went back to work for the advertising agency of Haynes & Parrish, which held out to him glittering promises of an honorable and pecunious career. Elizabeth took charge of the apartment, with the assistance of a colossal Swedish slavey by the afternoon, and of the niceties of introducing herself and her husband into the highest reaches of local society.

They made friends, mostly couples longer married than they, and consequently more remote from faith in a millennial deliverance from a double life connected by daily trains.

With their friends they drank cocktails and played bridge and attended local showings of supermovies, and could have played golf had they been able to afford membership in a club. And with their friends they interested themselves in personalities, involved themselves in the small rivalries and jealousies of the restricted circle, talked censoriously and gloatingly about other members of their group, and were in turn themselves talked about.

"Oh, yes!" assented Donald. "And—shall we say a new evening dress? A fur coat?"

Elizabeth prepared Donald's breakfast for him in the mornings and went back to bed afterward. She lunched at home as rarely as invitations and household money would permit, for the Swedish female impartially ruined everything she cooked. She occupied her afternoons with other wives of the suburb at bridge and gossip, and occasional lectures, walks, and swimming parties.

Donald was home by the time the servant had blighted dinner, except when his business detained him in town to launch a new million-dollar campaign or to inebriate an important client.

SATURDAY nights—since the entire community slept late Sunday mornings—were devoted to celebration, *en masse*, in an endless round robin of entertaining; and the Saturday parties provided a large proportion of the conversation for the rest of the week: fascinating conversation, dealing with what Miriam had and hadn't on, and with the uproarious antics of Bill and Jerry and Tim in a state of intoxication, and with the delicious tale of Mabel's husband and the Chicago girl who was the Robinsons' cousin.

Meanwhile, because what Donald and Elizabeth called their pride would permit no other course, they kept John Howard Sherwin in a state of blissful ignorance of their penury and their grubbing existence. They dined in the city with him occasionally, and he came to visit them for the night once in a while, when they had had sufficient warning to prepare for him. . . .

At the end of the first year they renewed the lease on the apartment,

"Honest?" cried Kitty. She leaped from her chair and flung her arms about his neck. She kissed him violently.

in the hope that the addition of fifteen dollars a week to Donald's pay might enable them to overtake the bills, which had grown rather terrifyingly large and old.

It didn't. The second year brought no increase in income, but did teach them to plod along more efficiently, and their second anniversary found them owing less money than they had owed on their first. In a truce from a four-day period of snippiness, they marked the beginning of their third year of marriage by going to dinner and a musical comedy in the city; and talked about the celebration for days. . . .

Once in their third year they discussed babies again, only to reach their original conclusion that even one baby was beyond their means. And Elizabeth was so caustic on the subject of penury that the conversation left them in a monosyllabic condition for the better part of a week.

IT was in the third year, too, that business completely engulfed Donald. A certain old employee left the firm of Haynes & Parrish to start out for himself, and those in command began to assign most of his work to Mr. Stryker. Donald's responsibilities doubled. He began to bring home a briefcase every night.

Which resulted, not unnaturally, in Elizabeth's beginning a separate social existence in the suburb, and in Donald's dropping quietly over the horizon. Bachelors and other women's husbands and groups called for Elizabeth and drove her away to the centers of gayety, while Donald stewed over papers spread out on the dining-room table. . . .

But his labors were rewarded. The fourth year brought an increase of twenty-five dollars to his weekly salary checks, and the Strykers moved into a small detached house, which rented for only slightly more than they could afford to pay, and was worth it because it raised Mrs. Stryker's social position by several notches. It also had a stuffy little room on the second floor that was arranged as an evening office for Donald to use while Elizabeth had two tables of bridge or a small noisy dancing party downstairs.

A new Swedish woman came by the month and slept in. This permitted Elizabeth the long awaited luxury of breakfast in bed in the room she now occupied alone. And it cut nearly a third from the time she spent with her husband each day. This time was still further reduced, too, for more money from Haynes & Parrish meant more work for them, and Donald had just about eight hours of each day for himself —spent in sleep. . . .

THE fifth year found the situation scarcely changed, except that the Strykers had grown slightly farther apart—as married people must if they are not growing closer together. Elizabeth's importance in suburban society was steadily increasing, as was Donald's in his office. Nothing had been said recently about babies. . . .

The break, which came shortly after their sixth anniversary, was directly traceable to—though in actuality only remotely connected with —a party for which Donald broke away from his work for the first time in weeks.

He drank an absurd amount of Bob Hardy's gin, and thereupon proceeded to take Mrs. Hardy's house guest out on the veranda and make love to her.

They were vitriolic with each other for a few minutes that evening, but dangerously calm in the morning. Their marriage, they agreed, had been absurd for years. This being the case, it would be foolish of them to continue it.

Elizabeth telephoned her father's home that she would be in town for dinner and the night. Donald agreed to sublet the house and to cooperate in the eventual divorce proceedings.

The whole matter was arranged in an hour of icy tension, with complete outward calm and civility, marred only by the incidents that a coffee cup somehow slipped out of Elizabeth's fingers to crash on the floor, and that Donald, lighting a cigarette, held the match so long that he burned his finger tips.

The office of Haynes & Parrish opened officially at 9 o'clock, but Mr. Stryker reached his desk shortly after eight. Men in his position were expected to linger over leisurely luncheons, but Mr. Stryker took never more than twenty minutes out in the middle of the day. The closing time was half-past five, but Mr. Stryker was always there an hour later

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CONSTANT MOON
Continued from page eleven]

and usually an hour and a half; and he returned to his desk nearly every evening to work until he was ready to go back to his two-room bachelor apartment to sleep. Sunday mornings he slept, if he could; and Sunday afternoons he was in the office again.

Through the late winter and spring and summer he grew gaunter and older and more important to his employers. It was he, late in May, who wrote the series of insurance advertisements on the meaning of the home, which, with their lights of insight and shadows of wistfulness, stood head and shoulders above any other advertising copy that had been turned out in years. . . .

Haynes & Parrish increased his salary by 50 per cent on the strength of the insurance series—a fact which he accepted without comment—and they discussed presenting him with a block of stock in the corporation and making him a director.

BY September, however, Parrish, whose duty it was to look after the contentment of the more important executives, became concerned. "Stryker's going to crack," he told his partner, "if he doesn't let up." And the next morning he stopped at Donald's room.

"I wonder," he said, "if I might talk to you for a few minutes."

"Of course," Donald said, and flicked the corners of his mouth upward an instant in what he considered a smile.

Parrish sat down, opened a cigarette case and held it out to Donald, then lighted a cigarette for himself. Finally he managed his beginning.

"Look here," he said. "You're working too hard."

Donald's eyebrows moved suddenly up and down, a trick they had developed lately in spite of all his efforts to control them. "How do you mean?" he asked.

Parrish hunched forward.

"I mean for your health. Of course, we profit by your work, so the more you do, the better it is. Only I'd like to have you do it more—moderately. Over a longer period of time. A man isn't meant to work the way you've been doing. And you look tired. Why don't you lay off?"

"I like working," Donald answered simply.

"I sent you a vacation memorandum in July, but you never answered it. You're entitled to a month."

"I didn't care for it."

"It's plain economics with me," said Parrish. "I wouldn't ride a good horse for twenty-four hours at a time, even if he wanted me to. I wouldn't run a good car at seventy all the time. And I don't want to let a good man burn himself out. I don't want you on my conscience."

"You've warned me now. That lets you out."

"But I need you here next year and the year after. I don't know what you're going through in your life that makes—"

"No," said Donald.

"No," said Parrish, and stared at his finger nails. After a little he made a new start.

"I guess I'll have to take it into my own hands," he said, "if you won't do it for yourself." He coughed. "Let us say that your salary, beginning next Monday, is increased one hundred dollars a week—if you go away for—ah—six weeks. For the good of this company I'm ordering you to stay away from this office for six weeks, beginning next Monday."

He bowed in his funny, nervous way and was gone.

Alone again, Donald compressed his lips and pounded softly on the edge of his desk with a white-knuckled fist.

Several minutes passed before he was able to shrug his shoulders and press the button on his desk that would bring him Miss Lennahan.

Going over his check book, Donald Stryker found that money had been accumulating in his bank. Elizabeth, safely back in her father's household, had wanted no alimony. He was amazed at the size of his balance on deposit. A number of pleasant ways of spending six weeks were open to him. . . .

On Saturday of the week of his talk with Parrish, Donald toured the automobile showrooms and decided, finally, upon a fairish roadster, in which, having paid cash, he drove away. He piloted his new possession hither and yon about the city, making friends with it. . . .

By the merest chance, he found himself within a block of the alumni club he had joined when he was graduated from college and of which he had been a member ever since. It was three years or more since he had set foot in the place; seven years, almost, since he had been a regular habitué. Here were associations that might be picked up where they had been left off. . . .

He looked at his watch. Quarter past six. Even if no one were around, he could lounge among the magazines in the library for a bit before a leisurely dinner. He locked the car and went in.

The old doorman was still proud of his memory.

"Mr. Stryker, sir," he said, and bowed.

"Evening," returned Donald, groping for the fellow's name. "Anyone around tonight?"

"Not so many, sir, but there'll be lots more later. Saturday night," he said. "There's a few up in the bar." He smiled.

Donald raised his eyebrows and went on. He had not tasted a drink since that night of Bob Hardy's party. Still—

He made his way through the lounge, where a single old gentleman drowsed over the financial news, and down the passage to the bar.

"Hel-*lo*, Don Stryker!" someone called through the smoke from the far side of the group at the mahogany counter. "The meeting place of the world! Be damned if it's not! Come and tip one!"

A figure broke away from the group and came toward him.

"Matt!" exclaimed Donald, glowing with recognition. "Matt Randolph! And just as usual!"

They shook hands warmly.

"Mr. Donald Stryker of the illustrious class of 1920," Randolph introduced, with a wave at the others. "Lou Peters, Oughty-nine. Chick Davis, Sixteen. Bill Gerrison, Twenty-two. And Charlie Trasker—ah—what was it, Charlie? Eighteen-fifty?"

"Ninety-seven," answered Charlie, having a little difficulty with his speech. "Greates' class of uh golden nineties. How do?"

"Have you figured on Mr. Stryker's ration, George?" Randolph asked the bartender, who was agitating a nickel-plated cylinder from which came the sound of crushed ice. "Mr. Stryker will indulge."

"Yes, sir," the man in the white coat assented. "Plenty here, Mr. Randolph."

They drank, and the man in the white coat emptied bottles into the nickel-plated contrivance and poured out its contents again and again.

"Hey!" cried Randolph presently, looking at his watch. "I've got to be getting something to eat. It's nearly eight and I've got a million things to do before ten-thirty."

He flung an arm suddenly about Donald's shoulders.

"You're coming to my party, aren't you, Don? Wine, women, and snatches of song. Most beautiful ladies of most beautiful ensembles. My apartment tonight. Ten-thirty to infinity. What do you say?"

"Fine," muttered Donald, allowing himself to be swept along.

TOWARD 1 o'clock next morning Donald Stryker found himself in Matt Randolph's noisy smoke-clouded living room, standing, rather steadily, all things considered, before a large red chair which was occupied by a blonde young woman in an inadequate evening dress. He was clutching a highball glass of heroic proportions and smiling down at the really very lovely face under the golden halo of bobbed curls.

His companion took a cocktail glass from the small table at her side and sipped from it.

"You bachelors are all the same," she smiled, arching her eyebrows and enlarging her blue eyes. "Why should I go away with you for a few days?"

"Why shouldn't you?" asked Donald blandly, wishing he could remember what had been said to date. He gulped at the highball. "I am a very charming fellow."

"Uh-huh," agreed the lady. "An' what does that make me?"

"That," said Donald, pausing for further encouragement from the highball, "makes you a very lucky girl. Kitty," he added, suddenly remembering that that was her name, "it gives you an opportunity to have a change of scene, good company, a generally enjoyable time—"

"And—?" suggested the object of his rhetoric.

"Oh, yes!" assented Donald, realizing suddenly that he had been absurd. "*And*—shall we say a new evening dress? Some little thing like that to make you even more beautiful—if possible. A fur coat? Within limits. A—"

"Honest?" cried Kitty, her eyes shining.

She leaped from her chair and flung her arms about his neck. She kissed him violently on the mouth.

"Aw, Don! You're a darling!" she exclaimed from a full heart. "I knew you'd be fair with me. Sure I did!" She kissed him again, devastatingly. "I wouldn' gol'-dig you, Don. I wouldn' for anythin', only that I been out of a job since Atta Girl flopped, and a girl has to keep lookin' good. I knew you wasn' a piker. Where'll we go? And where'll I meet you tomorrow?"

"Why can't we —start here— again?" he whispered huskily.

Gradually Donald Stryker's head cleared. Memory came back to the throbbing inside of it—not all at once, but bit by bit. The watch on the table beside his bed declared that it was half-past three. The light from the window showed that it was afternoon. A clouded brain told him that a blonde young woman, known to him only as Kitty, had agreed to come here to his apartment at six.

His perceptions of Kitty had been accurate, he discovered, when he opened the door to her. Standing there, laughing up at him, small blonde curls escaping provocatively at each side of the brim of her small hat,

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FIFTEEN]

America's most popular beans now better than ever—Campbell's!

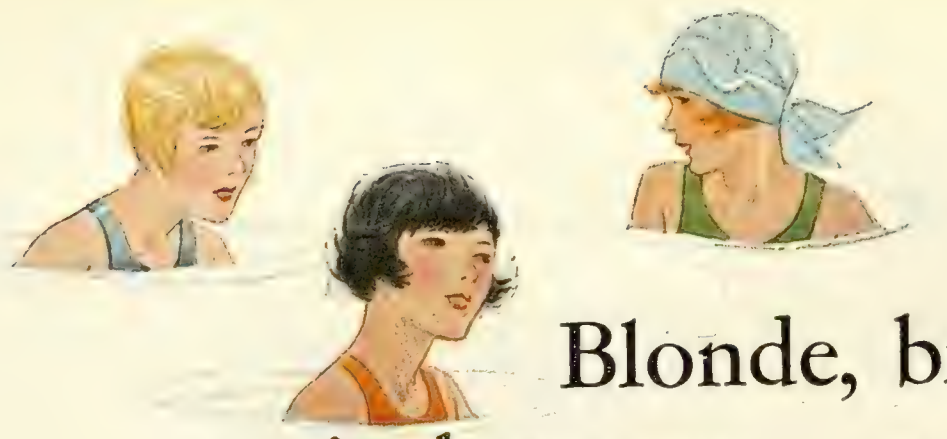
Best known . . . Best liked . . . Most bought . . .

That is the enviable record of Campbell's Beans.

Now these great national favorites have been perfected to an even finer excellence—an even more tempting deliciousness, that is sweeping them to new high records in popularity.

All the long-famous Campbell's qualities are retained—slow-cooking, wonderful flavor, irresistible tomato sauce. But now better than ever. The beans are golden brown. They are whole, yet deliciously mellow and tender. Every forkful is a revelation!

Slow-cooked Golden Brown



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Individuality not alone in color, but in style and fit . . . the Jantzen! Long-fibred wool...tightly woven by the Jantzen-stitch process. Permanently flexible...form-fitting. Graces your body lightly, naturally, smoothly ...*without a wrinkle.*

See the new models now on display at leading stores here and abroad. Newest is the Jantzen *"Twosome"* Solid colors, two-tones, bizarre stripes . . . Color-fast; being literally dyed-in-the-wool. Jantzen's size-by-weight system assures you perfect fit.

Send now for *"Jantzen Color Harmony Guide,"* or secure your copy from local merchant. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon. Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Ltd., Vancouver, Canada.

. . . . . .

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Name.....

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Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWELVE]

neat in a dark coat that opened at the throat—she might have been a débutante. Not a day over nineteen she looked. She could not, in actuality, have passed twenty-four.

She laughed her way in, while he mumbled in confusion. She let him take her small traveling bag, an object that gave him a queer, tightening sensation in the throat.

"Here," he managed at last. "Let me take your coat. I've got a cocktail I want you to try." . . .

The streets were alive with moving lights, white, yellow, red, green, when they crossed the sidewalk to the new roadster that waited at the curb. Deferentially he put down the two bags and handed her into the car, saw that she was comfortable.

He had lost the levity that had carried him along with her at Matt Randolph's. He could not get it out of his head that she was somebody's kid sister. Except when she spoke, with that rasp in her voice, that most misapplied grammar, that indescribable hardness that made her words and her laughter seem impossible to the mouth that framed them. He wished to God she would discover silence!

The new car slipped smoothly along through the traffic that grew sparser as they rode. The suburbs slid past merrily.

"An' he sess, 'Girlie, if you got the figure, I don't care if you're deaf an' dumb,'" came the voice at Donald's side, scratching on dutifully. "Imagine! That big bum! I sess, 'Mis-ter Hellberg, I'm a trained dancer,' I sess. 'Tap an' step an' eccentric,' I sess. 'An' I work in the specialty chorus in this show or I don't work in this show at all, Mr. Hellberg,' I sess." . . .

They were in the country now. The road was smooth and black, coming swiftly at them, turning here and there, now rising, now falling away.

A high spot showed them the moon, slipping clear of the horizon, burnt orange and round, without perspective. The trees blocked it out again as the road turned.

A sharp curve brought them without warning to a place where the trees that had cut off the moon dropped away suddenly. Below them the valley stretched out, silvered into unreality by the incandescent globe in the sky.

The girl's voice stopped abruptly in a gulp, midway through a denunciation of the amorous inclinations of theatrical hangers-on.

"My God!" she whispered. "Looka! Say, can you—"

The car seemed to hesitate for an instant, then jerked forward as Donald Stryker pressed down on the gas pedal. He had turned his eyes back to the road.

He thought nothing but "Get on away from here! Why you should strike this road—here, of all places! Don't be a *damn'* fool! Sentimental—"

The girl's hand was on his arm, her fingers tightening.

"Aw, stop a minute!" she was pleading. "Let's get an eyeful of that there—"

Donald Stryker tramped on his brake, brought the car to a sickening sudden stop that forced a gasp from his companion. Deliberately—as a brave man forces his eyes to look straight at the guns of the firing squad—Donald Stryker turned to face that impossibly beautiful scene that had been there, waiting for him, all these years.

He still said nothing.

. . . I, Donald, take . . . (Love is the thing. Struggling is fun if you have love, struggling together. . . . A year or so in a little place in the suburbs . . . Love in a cottage.) . . . For richer for poorer, in sickness and in health . . . (What a man needs is the incentive, someone to work for. . . . When you get things, you know you've earned them . . . together. . . . Even if you don't get rich, you are happy. . . .

"YOU got to admit," said Kitty through her nose, "there's something to this moonlight racket. Jees, I look at that an'—"

"Oh, my God! Shut up!" snapped Donald Stryker.

He touched a button on the dash, leaned over the side of the car to look at the road behind. The car leaped backward. The back wheels crackled on twigs, stopped with a bump. Forward again; back for the city.

The girl made no sound. This man had looked like a queer one from the beginning. He talked queer, like he was thinking about something else. He didn't look at your eyes.

"Listen," he said, after a while. "You can think I'm crazy if you want to. I don't think I am, myself, but you can think so. You don't lose anything. I'm taking you back to town now. When we get there, I'll take you home. And give you the price of that fur coat. *And* the evening dress. You lived up to your end of the agreement. But I'm dropping out of the party. I'm sorry if I messed up your plans. But you don't need to worry. All I ask you to do is to be quiet. Say nothing."

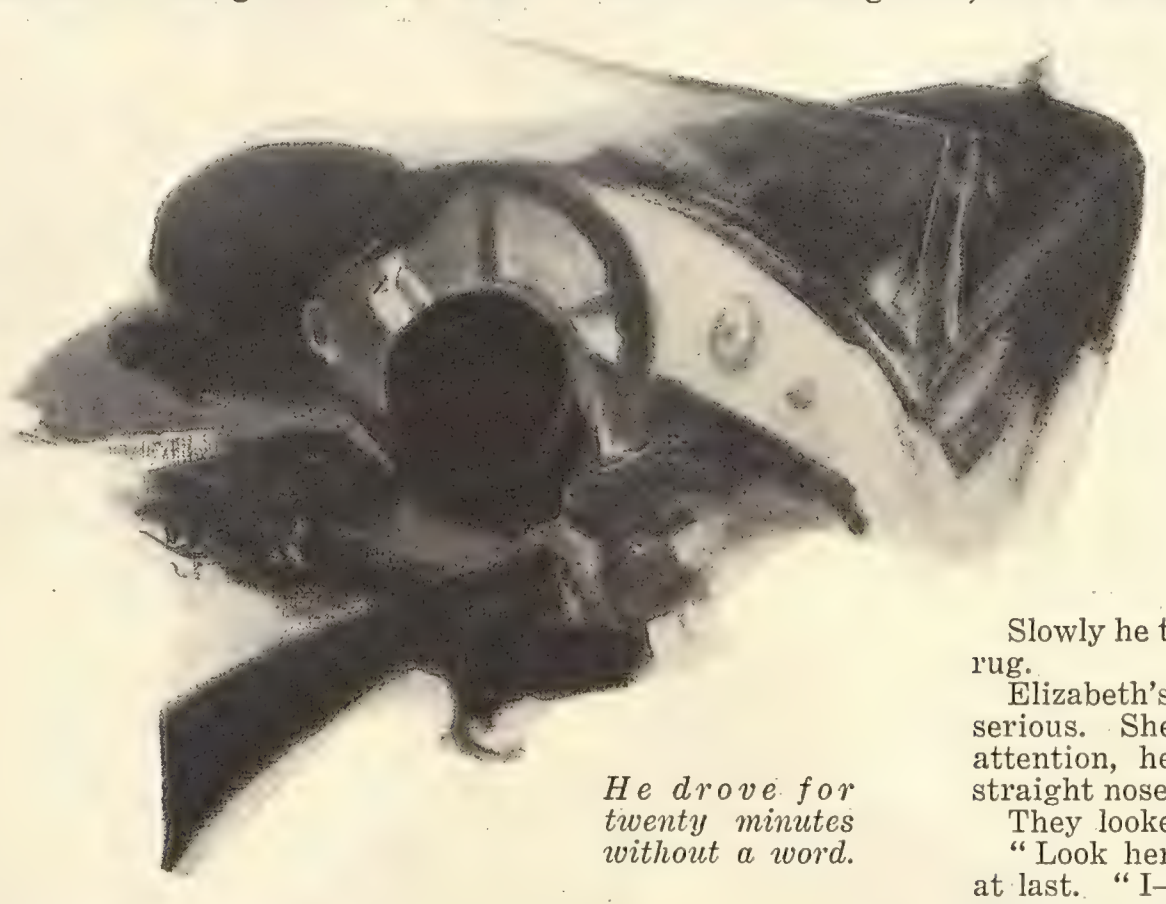
After a pause, she asked very humbly: "Do you have to go so fast?"

"Yes," he said.

An astonished butler opened the door of John Howard Sherwin's town house to a quietly domineering young man whose eyes and voice discouraged questioning. Meekly the butler carried word to young Mrs. Stryker that Mr. Stryker was downstairs and must see her immediately.

Mrs. Stryker, comfortably curled into the pillows of a chaise longue, merely raised her eyebrows at the man, put down her book, and said: "Tell him I'll be down in a few minutes."

Then she laid aside her negligée and mules, spent fifteen minutes before the dressing table, at her face and hair, and put on the new evening dress that her father had bought for her yesterday. . . .



He drove for twenty minutes without a word.

Donald was standing at the piano with his back to the door. He had circled the room fifty or sixty times. His mouth was still set in the lines it had taken at the sight of the valley two hours earlier—the upper lip pulled in, the corners puckered.

"Good evening," said the woman who had been his wife.

There seemed to be no air in Donald's lungs, no air in the room. He swallowed with difficulty. Something in the back of his neck jumped and his head shook imperceptibly.

Slowly he turned, his feet leaden on the thick rug.

Elizabeth's eyes were large and clear and serious. She stood straight, like a soldier at attention, her hands at her sides, her fine, straight nose and her chin high.

They looked at each other for a long time.

"Look here, Elizabeth—" Donald managed at last. "I—I want to—talk to you," he declared absurdly.

"Shall we sit down?" she asked politely.

"No. I've got a car outside. I wish you'd come out and drive around. It's a beautiful, warm night," he added, as if that would decide her.

"But it's nearly midnight."

"I know."

HE drove for twenty minutes without a word. Inside his head words were drumming, but they were not the right ones for this cool, beautiful stranger at his side. They were hot words, jumbled, ready to be gasped in meaningless clusters. They must be straightened out, organized into neat, logical rows.

"Did I understand you to say you wanted to talk to me?" Elizabeth asked presently, her voice softer, a little humorous.

"Not now," he said. "Please."

They were in the open country now, on a road that cut through trees, a dark road splashed here and there with moonlight. It twisted often, dipped, and climbed.

A sharp curve brought them without warning to a place where the trees that had cut off the moon dropped away suddenly. Below them the valley stretched out, silvered into unreality.

Ever so gently Donald applied the brakes. He tried to unclasp his fingers from the wheel. He tried to turn his eyes to the scene that had burned itself into his mind. He could not move. He could not speak. Like a graven image he sat, bent slightly forward, staring out of the tops of his eyes at the road, noticing how the fringe of his lights marred the moonlight on the trees at the left.

"Look here . . ." he kept thinking.

He felt Elizabeth's hand on the tightened muscles of his arm, lying there gently. And suddenly he found words.

He spoke them straight out at the windshield.

"Look here," he said. "This is where you and I started. Here. In this moonlight. In the middle of all this—beauty. We . . ."

The words were gone from him again. He took command of his body. Very slowly, using all his strength, he turned, swept his eyes across the tinsel valley, brought them at length to the seat beside him—to Elizabeth.

She was curled up, her head bent away from him so that the one arm that reached toward him was grotesquely out of line. Her other arm covered her face. Her shoulder trembled.

Suddenly his body was able to move without careful, thought-out instruction. Trembling hands turned her shoulders about, brought her head to his chest. The hand on his arm tightened.

"Why can't we—start here—again?" he whispered huskily. "We'll know better this time how to . . ."

Her head moved up and down convulsively.

Donald Stryker raised his eyes to the moon.

It was a streaky cross on a streaky sky.

THE END

Memories

Mr. Barthelmess Evokes Some Figures from the Past

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 55 seconds.)

BACK in 1903 John Fox, Jr., wrote his story of the Cumberland Mountains: The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox, who was one of our best selling authors of the time, dedicated most of his romances to his wife, Fritzi Scheff.

Miss Scheff had just left rôles in grand opera to star in light musical shows. She had been known as "the little devil of the Metropolitan." She was chic, temperamental, and vivacious. This saucy imported Viennese star was just the sort of piquant charmer to set New Haven upon its ears when she rolled her little drum in Mlle. Modiste. In fact, she did just that and she held Yale captive. Of course, the fact that Eli had beaten Harvard on the gridiron that afternoon helped a bit.

The years pass, as the movies put it. Fox is dead. A thousand best sellers have been written and forgotten. Fritzi Scheff has abandoned her vocal parts and has been taking dramatic stage rôles. She played a maid in a play on Broadway early this season, and recently she has been doing the comedy rôle of *Aggie Lynch* in a road company of Within the Law. Here you have a more dramatic story than any Fox penned in those dear, dead days.

All that is beside the point of The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come which has just been dusted off by Hollywood. Like the well known elephant, the movies never forget. Once filmed by Jack Pickford, the Fox yarn has been vitalized into new life by Richard Barthelmess.

There is little doubt that Dick picked it because it was a wee bit reminiscent of his first—and greatest—hit, Tol'able David.

The little shepherd is the barefoot mountain boy, *Chad*, who is adopted by *Major Buford*, suh. *Chad* tears the Kentucky household asunder when he enlists with the damned Yanks at the outbreak of the Civil War. There is a reconciliation, of course, but not until *Chad* has been a very great help to *General Grant* in a number of close-ups.

Then *Chad* goes back to marry an untutored but honest girl of the hills, a veritable diamond in the rough. This conclusion is different from the Jack Pickford version, and, I suspect, from the Fox novel. Then the mountain girl dies of a broken heart and *Chad* captures the little blonde daughter of a Southern colonel.

Barthelmess does amazingly well with the boyish *Chad*, and the early part of The Little Shepherd has a certain charm. That is, until it gets mixed up in the old Blue versus the Gray plot. That, unfortunately, is as dead as discus throwing.

Dick Barthelmess as Chad and Doris Dawson as Margaret Dean in one of the scenes from the Civil War romance, The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.

Dick as the barefoot Kentucky boy who enlists with the Yanks.

Nelson McDowell and Martha Mattox are the best of the cast as old mountaineer folk. The rest are just Hollywood citizens either going without shaves and shoes to play hill billies or acting very high hat in their efforts to portray aristocratic Southerners.

Molly O'Day, as the girl of *Chad's* choice, is buxom, to say the least. Incidentally, the Hollywood moguls have just warned Miss O'Day to reduce twenty pounds instantly.

SINCE The Little Shepherd does not give LIBERTY readers much opportunity to pick an evening's entertainment, I add a review of six pictures, the best of the current crop:

Red Hair: Clara Bow as a gold-digging manicurist gets her man again. Clara, who has accepted a lot of gifts from certain sugar daddies, tears 'em off in the big scene and plunges into a pool *sans* everything. Elinor Glyn wrote the story in her usual purple manner to prove that gentlemen prefer hennaheads. Peppy and provocative.

The Garden of Eden: This is the picture, starring Corinne Griffith, which was started twice and which cost about $800,000. A cabaret entertainer masquerades at Monte Carlo as the daughter of a baroness. The climax comes when Corinne tears off her wedding dress and flees in her teddies. Hollywood is undressing 'em this year in honor of Will Hays' visit to Paris. This film is ornate but pale.

We Americans: The melting pot again. Tells of the broad comedy joys and hefty sorrows of a lot of immigrants, and relates how patriotism came to the *Levines*, the *Albertinis*, and the *Schmidts*. Heavy handed hokum.

Dressed to Kill: Another crook melodrama, but a good one. A swank gangster, well done by Edmund Lowe, is shot by the gang and falls in front of an anti-crime propaganda billboard which declares: "You can't win." This is a vigorous melodrama.

Heart of a Follies Girl: Nothing at all but the decorative Billie Dove as a Follies Girl wearing practically nothing at all.

The Big City: Lon Chaney as a gang leader with both legs and two arms. Not a single deformity. The plot, however, needs crutches.

Do you know that—

The country at large is seeing Love with an ending entirely different from that shown in New York? . . . Now *Anna Karénina* gets her man and lives happily ever after? . . . Hollywood is just picking up the rage for mystery stories? . . . The first big one will be a film version of The Bellamy Trial from Metro-Goldwyn?

About this time of the year . . .

—the romance of the open road calls to everyone! But remember that most cars today require a heavier grade of motor oil for warm weather driving; certainly the majority of 1928 engines do.

For today's finer, faster engines run hotter. Upon higher heat . . . faster "turn over" . . . more explosions . . . depends their increased efficiency. Such engines demand *exact* lubrication; the right grade of motor oil is not only important, it is *imperative.*

Texaco Motor Oil, clean, clear, golden . . . is scientifically refined and of full viscous body. Each grade is designed to provide correct lubrication for a definite type of engine . . . to ensure full protection against heat and friction.

Change your motor oil now . . . *today.* And while you are changing *make sure of both brand and grade.* This is the invariable practice of those motorists who know that flawless motoring and Texaco lubrication seem to be inseparable partners.

A dealer near you sells golden Texaco Motor Oil. The Texaco Red Star and Green T identifies him.

With the first sign of warmer weather have your crankcase drained, flushed and refilled with fresh oil. Most cars require a change in *grade* also. Consult the Condensed Texaco Lubrication Chart on the left.

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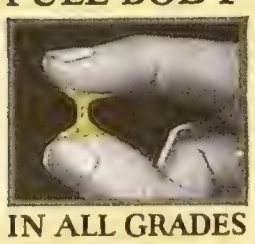

IN ALL GRADES

Condensed

TEXACO LUBRICATION CHART

The makes of cars listed represent more than 94% of all cars in service. Check carefully to see if your car requires a change to summer grade.

NOTE: Cold Weather recommendations apply at temperatures below 50° F. Where two grades are indicated, the heavier oil should be used during extremely hot weather.

Make of Car	Cold Weather	Warm Weather	Make of Car	Cold Weather	Warm Weather
Buick	M	H	La Salle	H	EH or S
Cadillac	H	EH or S	Lincoln	H	EH
Chandler	M	H or EH	Marmon	M	H or EH
Chevrolet	H	H or EH	Nash	M	H or EH
Chrysler	H	H or EH	Oakland	M	H
Dodge	M	H or EH	Oldsmobile	M	H
Essex	M	H or EH	Overland	M	H
Ford A	M	H	Packard	H	EH or S
Ford T	FF	F	Peerless	M	H
Franklin	H	EH	Pontiac	M	H
Hudson	M	H	Reo	M	H
Hupmobile	M	H	Star	M	H
Jewett	M	H	Studebaker	M	H or EH
Jordan	M	H	Willys-Knight	M	EH

NOTE: The letter M on the Texaco Chart indicates Texaco *Medium;* H indicates Texaco *Heavy;* EH indicates Texaco *Extra Heavy;* S indicates Texaco *Super Heavy.* Texaco Golden Motor Oils, grade for grade, comply with the viscosity grades of the Society of Automotive Engineers (S.A.E.).

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All these advantages are given at moderate prices through *volume.* Thousands of car and accessory dealers and department stores sell Fandangos. If your car dealer can't supply you, order direct. Use the coupon.

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Ready-Tailored for These Cars—4 and 5 Pass. Coupes, Sedans, Coaches, Broughams, $14.50

1925 1926 1927 1928 Models

AUBURN	DODGE	LA SALLE	OLDSMOBILE	PEERLESS
BUICK	ESSEX	LITTLE MARMON	OVERLAND	PONTIAC
CHANDLER	FLINT	LOCOMOBILE Jr. 8	PACKARD	REO
CHRYSLER	HUDSON	NASH	PAIGE (*Graham*)	STUDEBAKER
CLEVELAND	HUPMOBILE	OAKLAND		WILLYS KNIGHT

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☐ Master ☐ Standard ☐ Special ☐ Light ☐ Advanced ☐ 4-Cylinder
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☐ Blue leatherette trim ☐ Grey leatherette trim ☐ Coupe ☐ Coach ☐ Brougham ☐ Sedan

Companionate "Marriage"— and MARRIAGE

A Message to Girls

By

KATHERINE MAYO

Author of MOTHER INDIA

Each of you who is a normal creature possesses one gift infinitely greater than all the rest combined—the gift of the Quality of Motherhood.

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP

(Reading time: 16 minutes 54 seconds.)

SOME time ago, in the course of examining for historic research certain papers filed in a public place, I was obliged to read through a mass of letters already half a century old. These contained a running thread of story, not the object of my search, but unavoidably interwoven therewith.

It happened in an Ohio countryside.

A rather brilliant young man, called Roger, had a beautiful young wife called Anne—and, also, surreptitiously, a new and irregular connection with a second beauty, Esther.

One day Roger's sister discovered the illicit relation. The sister wrote at once to Roger's other kin. And they, severally, wrote to Anne, acquainting her with her injury.

But Anne, as these yellowed old letters showed, merely thanked them for their solicitude; suppressed the fact that their news was no news to her; and did nothing.

No one said anything to Roger, who continued in his primrose path, unaware of the discovery.

Finally Roger's sister and brothers, sitting in council, decided that public morality was affronted by Anne's unnatural conduct, and that Anne must arouse herself to action. So they wrote to her again, jointly.

"You must either divorce him or leave him," they said. "This cannot go on."

Then at last Anne gave her definite reply, in her small, fine, copperplate hand on her best pink note paper:

> DEAR FRIENDS:
>
> I appreciate your intentions, but in this matter I must judge for myself. I married Roger to love and to cherish "in sickness and in health, till death us do part." Nothing was said about "sickness and health" referring to the body only. If Roger had scarlet fever, would you expect me to desert him? My Roger is sick of another fever now, from which, in due course, he will quite recover. He needs me meantime, and will need me hereafter. I love him. He really loves me. I, whatever happens, will never desert him.

Some months after reading that ancient letter, it chanced that I saw Anne herself. Roger had died not long before, leaving a name known and respected in the land. They two had lived out a happy half century together, and Roger, in all human likelihood, never guessed that his wife knew.

Anne had no time, you see, to worry about "double standards." Because Roger caught fever, should she demand a "right" to rush out and catch one too? All she wanted was her privilege to stand by where she belonged, and see Roger safely through.

Anne was incapable of the selfishness of retaliation on the man she loved. Her whole instinct was to help and to protect him.

In other words, it *was* Roger she loved, not herself.

Now, this does not excuse Roger. But we are thinking here of the woman's part in life. And we are not mincing phrases.

We are going to deal with the root at the bottom of Companionate Marriage and of the new school of thought that has arisen since

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Reading Time 46¼ Seconds

A victim *of the* Jazz Age

stricken with cachexia (run-down condition)

No pep; endurance; constantly troubled by indigestion, acidity, constipation? If you are thus run down and only "half there," eat pure yeast and feel the thrill of returning health and vigor!

There's no yeast so pure, so convenient and so palatable as Yeast Foam Tablets. The full energy of yeast concentrated in small tasty tablets. Try them today! Only 5c for the handy packet or 50c for the large 10-day bottle.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for cachexia (run-down condition). Loss of appetite. Indigestion. Constipation. Boils—Pimples.

At drug stores everywhere

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

[COMPANIONATE "MARRIAGE"—AND MARRIAGE
Continued from page nineteen]

Anne's day. And, although LIBERTY is dedicated to no particular sex, from now on I ask to address myself to the eyes of girls rather than of male readers.

GIRLS, what dare I give you less than the best that life has taught me? It is this: When you feel the phrase "self-expression" forming in your minds, take warning as you would of the flagman's signal at a level crossing. For a death dealer is headed down your track.

The "self" that flies that flag is a cheap impostor—the assassin of your real self and the worst enemy of the country.

"Companionate Marriage" and all such phenomena are merely symptoms of an underlying cause. That cause may be stated in six words: American girls undervalue their own importance.

I mean individually, each one in herself.

No one has ever shown you that; but in just such measure as you find it out, your personal troubles and a whole lot of this country's troubles will fade into smoke.

The American girl is the most potential force for good on earth today. And it is this potentiality, unrecognized, imprisoned, stifling, battering its wings, that now produces the contortions she displays.

She has no right to be content in the shell she occupies. She *must* break her way out into sunlight and free air.

Of what are the shells you are cooped in built, you girls of America? Lies — just lies.

As, for example: that what you think and do concerns yourself alone. As: that the consequences of your acts or failures to act are limited to your immediate horizon. As: that you have not strength equal to the great implied demand.

You are "just common flesh and blood," you protest?

You "don't want responsibilities, only happiness"?

You "can't reach the stars"?

But you can no more escape responsibility than you can escape having been born; you can never, by direct pursuit, capture even a little real happiness; and you can, each and every one of you, "reach the stars"—and now.

You, collectively, form the mainspring of America's true progress. A flaw in any one of you means a flaw in the mainspring, and all humanity pays the price in discord, darkness, and pain. Soundness in any one of you means help to all mankind.

If you really believed this—if you could see it proved before your eyes—that stupid old devil's catchword, "self-expression," under any disguise it might assume, could no more tempt you than a poisoned penny could bribe a queen.

Each one of you comes into the world endowed with some individual gift in greater or lesser degree—for music, for painting, for decorating, for welfare work, for science, for society, for mathematics, for teaching, for writing, for drama, for salesmanship. But above and beyond any of these, each of you who is a normal creature possesses one gift infinitely greater than all the rest combined—the gift of the Quality of Motherhood.

And when any or all of your lesser gifts can be gratified only at the expense of the Great Gift, then limbo is the place for them. The "self" that seeks expression in those lesser ways is, as to the self that is the Quality of Motherhood, like a tallow candle compared with the blessed sun.

The clumsiest plaster-image maker cannot divest a Madonna of her sacred beauty if he puts the Child in her arms. I have seen the face of a rough-featured, toil-worn scrub woman so transfigured, as she looked down on the baby at her breast, that she too seemed divine. And since the world began, the supreme moment of a true woman's life has been that when first she takes into her arms the life that unites her and the husband she loves.

EVERY child should be taught the nature of the human body in such measure as it can understand.

BUT the Spirit of Motherhood goes beyond that. It flows beyond the child to enfold the man himself. It reaches out into all the contacts of life. It is not dependent on physical maternity. It is the world expression of the woman soul from childhood to heaven's gate.

In the heart of every man, "good," "bad," or just human, lives the eternal boy—the boy whose needs are pathetically simple, whose spiritual loneliness is acute, and whose whole being cries out for the mother companion to comfort, stay, and cure it, and to keep the helm straight.

Drop your standards, girls, and the national standard must trail in the mud.

You are the keepers of the race. Our men are what you make them.

SOME of your elder sisters defaulted on a grand scale not long ago, and multitudes yet unborn must pay their forfeit.

Here is what happened:

France. The World War. Two million American boys uprooted, cast adrift on a strange sea, facing unknown issues. Mud, cold, vermin, sickness, suspense, waiting—waiting—for the ultimate hell of that thing we call War—the flare, the sight, the smell, the lottery of Death. Tension, under which nerves snapped — under which outraged and tormented nature sometimes sought relief in outbursts of sexual indulgence.

The American army was a draft army. It contained every sort of humanity that this country contains—every sort and every grade from the top to the bottom of the list.

But, given the whole, those men were few indeed who, in the course of their overseas life, did not from time to time experience moments of thought higher, deeper, more unself-centered than any they had known before.

Whether a man fought in actual battle, whether he crouched in front-line trenches expecting the enemy attack, whether he lay in replacement camp awaiting the killing of that comrade whose bloody place he must fill, or whether he served in the service of supplies, just heaving foodstuffs or assembling equipment while the steady stream of khaki pushed past toward the shambles ahead—in any of these cases, and whatever his mental caliber, whatever his old-time level of thought, moments came to him when his whole mind soared to a higher plane.

"The best woman in the world" described his mother; and, because he was so young, that mother, even more than "the truest, bravest,

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Just How did *your* boy look a year ago today?

WHEN your boy was still in his high-chair, you found it hard to imagine him anything but a baby.

Today, as he goes to school with his books under his arm, doesn't it take quite an effort to recall those high-chair days?

You can remember them, of course, but does every detail come back clearly? Certainly, his smile is different today. Is your memory able to show you the old smile alongside of the new? The expression of his features has changed. He may have looked more like his mother then . . . may resemble his father now. Hadn't you almost forgotten?

A *growing boy*, they say. Changing from one month to the next. So anxious to become a man and so rapidly becoming one. If you love him very much, your impression of him changes with his growth, and Memory lags far behind.

Don't make the mistake of thinking you won't forget. No parent can help it. But every parent can take frequent snapshots . . . can keep the Kodak in a handy place . . . loaded with film . . . and seize every opportunity to make a permanent record of a boyhood that will be over all too soon. He himself will appreciate those snapshots almost as much as you will. It will remind him of the time when your care and your affection were the center of his little world.

If you haven't a camera, get one at once. They are on sale everywhere and they cost so little you don't have to worry as to whether you can afford one. You can buy the Brownie, a genuine Eastman camera, for as low as $2 and Kodaks from $5 up.

And every Eastman camera makes excellent snapshots. Particularly the Modern Kodaks. Many have lenses so fast that you don't have to wait for sunshine. Rain or shine, Winter or Summer, indoors or out, everyone can take good pictures with these marvelous new Kodaks.

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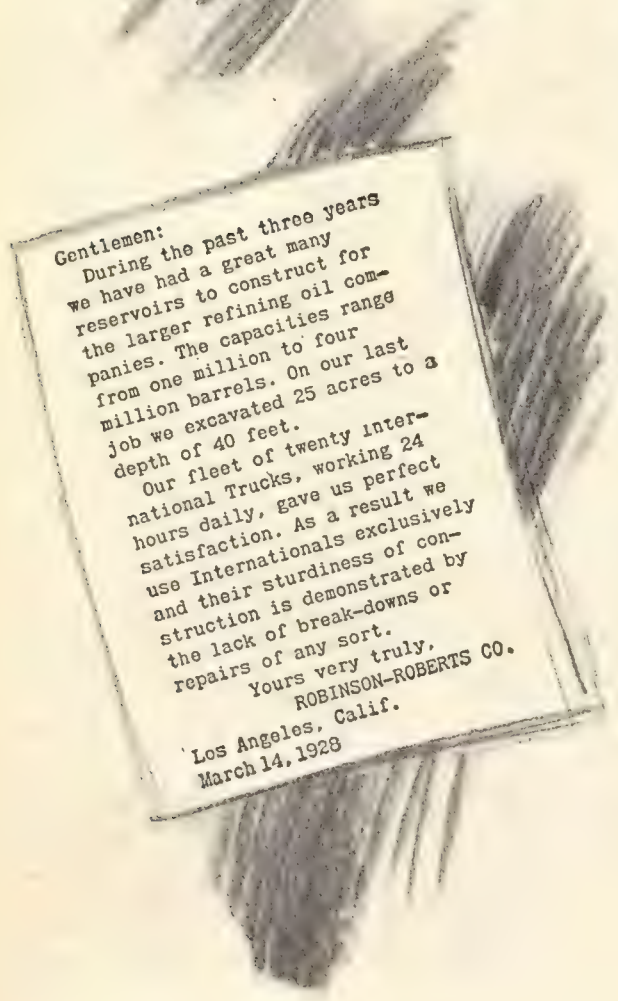
Put International Trucks to work for you—at stiffer jobs than this if you can find any. The result will be the same—unequaled performance, low-cost hauling, minimum maintenance. There is an International branch or dealer near you.



The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¾-ton; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and Serviced by 160 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada and dealers everywhere.

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INTERNATIONAL
TRUCKS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

purest girl in the world," dwelt in his mind.

And that was why, if in a moment of supertension he turned to an unworthy outlet, he got scant satisfaction from it, because of the shame in his heart. So that later, if chance afforded, he might come like a hapless child and confess to some American woman in uniform.

And, though others found excuse for him, rarely or never did he excuse himself. He had "been yellow," he said; he had "not played the game with Mother," he had "let Nellie down"—little Nellie who was "praying her heart out for him every night, and every day studying maps and casualty lists, all alone back home!"

IF you think it was mock sentiment, you are utterly wrong. "As pure as a lily," "as clean as the angels," "as sweet as fresh clover," "as faithful as the sun," were just plain English in those days for two images in each boy's heart that wrought to keep his soul alive and his head above the mire.

"If I live to get home, there are some things I want to do differently," he would say, with a diffidence inseparable from his sincerity, yet with an endless repetition that made clear the universality of the thought. "Guess I didn't do much thinking in the old days. But—if I live to get home—I'd like to do something for America, so that the chaps that come after us can amount to better than we do. The world can't ever look the same again. Nellie and I—we'll see life different than we did before."

Hearing which, one listener at least used to ask herself with a sort of terror: "Are the women at home keeping pace with this? Are Mother and Nellie going to measure up?"

Then at last the crowded transports sailed. Hearts big in their throats, our boys watched the land line deepen on the western sky. However they had forecast it, the hour itself brought an emotion that nothing in their former lives could match—an emotion beyond the power or the desire of any one of them to bring down to the confines of the spoken word.

"God's Own Country!" *Their* country—inexpressibly sanctified and exalted by their comrades' blood and by the offer of their own young lives, accepted and returned to them from out the very flame of the altar. "God's Own Country"—the hope of the sad old world.

And then, demobilized, each returned to his home.

"Oh, Jimmy, you must have had *such* an interesting experience! Wasn't it exciting? How many boches do you suppose you killed? Aren't you glad to be back? And, oh, did you get my letter about Uncle Aleck's new horses, and what a lot of money Joe made in steel?"

"Our Jimmy won't talk about the war. No. None of the boys will. You can't get them to tell a thing," marveled God's Own People presently.

How *could* Jimmy talk about the war? Should he first write a glossary, a history, a psychology, to define his terms and subject? If he did, they wouldn't read it. To them the war was already "old stuff" and khaki out of fashion.

The Hindus of India today hold their women in a subjection without parallel in the remaining world.

As for ideals and suchlike recruiting machinery, why, the war *is* over. Let's be practical, step lively, breeze ahead. Do the next thing and do it quick. In fact, get down to brass tacks.

"What's the matter with Jimmy? Why can't he snap back into place and carry on? Why is his mind, as his employer says, forty per cent on the job and the other sixty God knows where?"

BUT meantime:

"What's the matter with our people?" Jimmy was asking of his own unhappy self. "*Why are their eyes so dead?*"

Even Mother didn't understand—somehow never guessed those dreams he had dreamed in France.

And Nellie? Why, Nellie, after the first day's kisses, hoped he would buckle down to business now and make up for lost time. Hadn't he done enough for the country? Now he ought to think of *her*. She didn't want to be poor all her life. A man can get rich by the time he is forty, if he keeps his wits about him and works. As for the rest—their leisure together, why, how should they spend it, if not in dinners and dances and shows? Come along! Let's be human and forget the war.

And so it was that Mother and Nellie did a murder between them—the murder of a man's real self. Not consciously. They would themselves had died rather. But that does not change the fact.

When our boys came home from France they were ready and ripe to grope out for themselves and the country such a future as the world had not thus far seen. But the impulse was new within each one—sensitive, unproven, shy, unsure. Like a little child, it could not survive without its mother companion to adore it, watch over it, feed it, encourage it, to shoulder half its burden, and proudly walk beside it to the fulfillment of the dream.

This happened often, far and wide, and perhaps the saddest thing about it all is that Mother and Nellie didn't know it. They never understood. They never will.

But you youngsters must understand. For it is one of the main reasons why you yourselves are so restless now, battering your immortal wings inside your little shells.

They did you out of your inheritance—those good people. Nine long years ago they drove away the idealism that was sent to your help from the battlefields of France—drove it away with chatter about "compromise," "expediency," "practicality," "success." But, as if by a law of Providence, they overdid the job. So that now you revenge yourselves upon them in a sort of travesty of their own doctrine worked out to its logical but unforeseen ultimates.

THEY call you utterly selfish and self-indulgent, girls. You know that. And they do not see that you are so mainly because, since first you came into this world, they have never once challenged your pride.

Instead, when you wriggle and squirm inside your shells, stifling for free air, all they do is to invent devices to keep you quiet. Compromises to take the place of character. Compromises to make it easy to lie down and slack, when all you really need is a job stiff enough to be worth tackling. "Companionate Marriage" they invent for you because real marriage is too hard. Because—God forgive them!—they think you too little, too cheap, too yellow, to stay by a marriage like Anne's!

Did they ever show you a mar-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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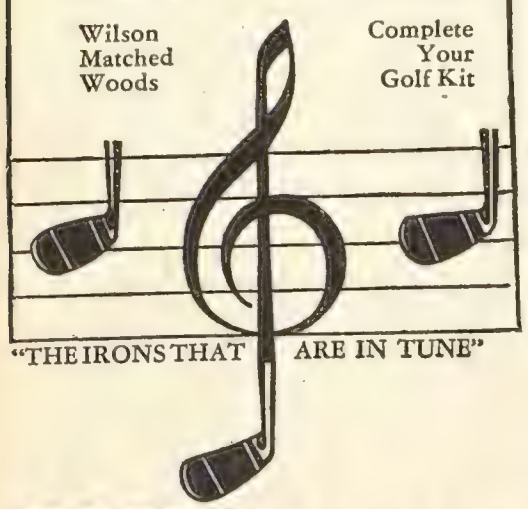
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[COMPANIONATE "MARRIAGE"—AND MARRIAGE
Continued from page twenty-three]

riage like Anne's—Mother and Nellie, that killed a man's soul with their "dead eyes"?

I know a Slav coal miner, a common pit hand in an eastern Pennsylvania colliery who can barely write his name. And though his house is in the middle of a "mining patch," where it shines among its neighbors like a diamond in a dustbin, his children have a garden—the garden of their mother's heart. And, one by one, they have gloriously carried it with them as their turn has come to leave her and go out into the world.

A look into that pit hand's house, a half hour with the wife—always with a new baby at her breast—are better than any sermon I ever heard preached.

You yourselves may not all have had a fair chance. Perhaps you had no "garden," nor any sweeter playground than the common highroad, from your childhood up. Or perhaps, in well meant desire to "protect" your youth, those in whose care you lived told you the meaning of none of the great primal forces of life, physical or spiritual, but left you to face the inevitable impact alone and unprepared.

BUT what if they did? That need not beat you now. That need not prevent your waking up by and to yourselves. To say you can't do it is like saying that a young eagle can't learn to fly.

No nation, a sound old saying goes, can rise higher than the level of its womenkind.

Look at the Hindus of India, the great orthodox majority of whom today holds its women in a subjection without parallel in the remaining world. It marries them and consummates the marriage by or before the girls' puberty.

It gives them from that moment into constant sexual use. It practically centers their minds on the principle that women exist for sexual use only and determines their standards thereby.

It perceives that motherhood is the meaning of womanhood; but it has so debased and soiled and ruined the idea, taking the physical for master, that both men and women tend to become merely a function with a human frame behind it.

It preaches a melodious patter of high-sounding theories, but "by their fruits ye shall know them." And the fruit of centuries of such living and thinking is a mass of beings weak willed, nerve shattered, poor, and sick.

If anyone would persuade you that the function that transmits life can be abused without paying the price of sacrilege, just look at this people that, in good faith, has practiced that cult, and see what it is today.

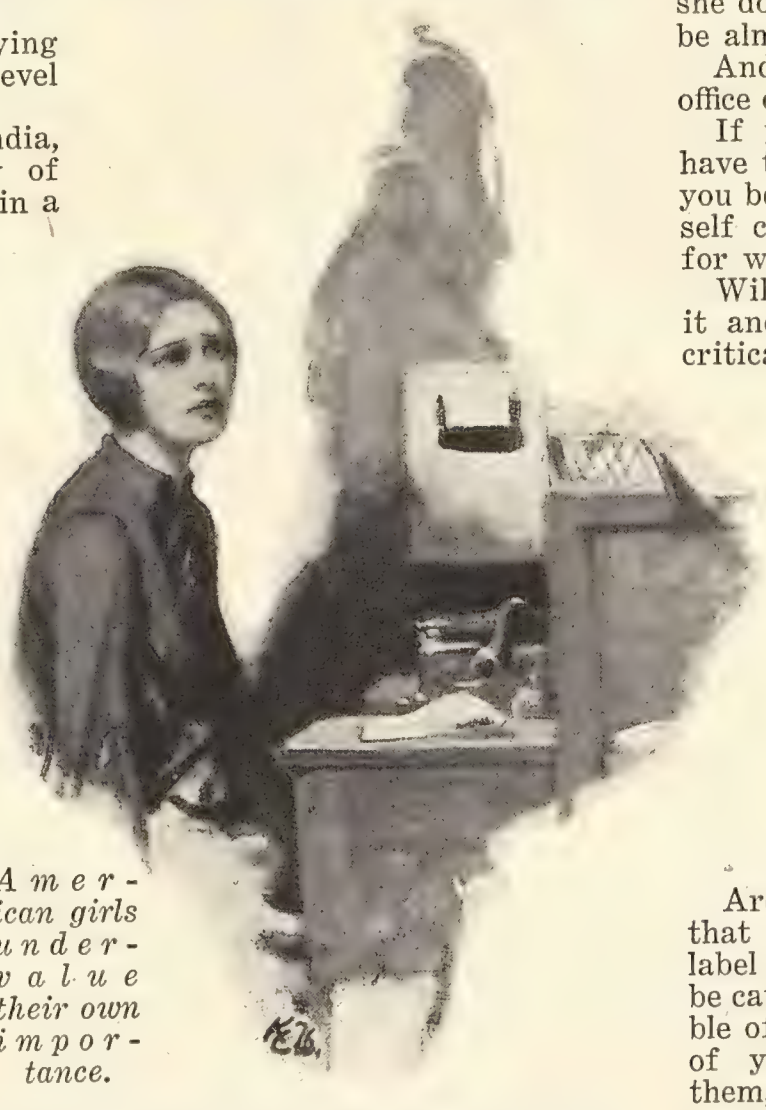
Would any of you like to contribute a share in heading America toward such a level? Then turn up one of the new roads opened for your use on the principle that you possess no mind, nor courage, nor stamina, but only certain instincts which you must be helped to gratify with the least possible damage to the community.

THE Hindu girl accepts the dedication of her body to unbridled sexuality in obedience to the inexorable demand of her religion—and gains thereby a certain compensatory moral strength that comes from endurance of suffering under discipline.

But what they propose to you is a far baser thing—a public blessing on the delivery of your body to sexual use for no nobler reason than the indulgence of your sexual craving.

And in order that you may do so with no immediate material price to pay, they thrust into your hands the means of frustrating nature and of wasting, like a coward and a spendthrift, the creative principle which, in one form or another, you are in honor bound to give forth to the world you live in.

No one taught Mother and Nellie the meaning of such things. It was not considered nice. No one taught it to you, either. But when we are too slow to learn by easy means, the Force that wills our progress drives home the lesson by means that are rough. You, the young girls of today, are rebelling — chaotically, tumultuously, blindly rebelling—against the old "Don't look!" and "Hush!"



American girls undervalue their own importance.

Why not rebel to some purpose and adopt a working scheme worthy of your enormous power? Why not think the thing through to its bare bones and then see where you want to stand?

I submit the case as it appears to me.

Every child should be taught the nature of the human body in such measure as it can understand.

The beauty and capacities of the machine intrusted to us for our use on this earth should be explained from the start.

The exquisite intricacies of the hand, the foot, should be made a part of child lore—like the build of the whole body, with the uses and processes of all its various parts and organs, as they marvelously work together.

This should be done not by dry physiology lessons in old, worn-thin, schoolbook fashion, but in the nursery and by means that make the tale as lively and enthralling as the best pirate story—means that progressively captivate the child's interest and pride in the care and development of a possession whose importance and capabilities it intelligently grasps.

No mysteries should be left, courting misinterpretations and abuses.

The whole body and all its works should be shown in the glory of full light.

Then you come to the fact that the body, after all, is only a machine; that its motive force is not the human mind, but that Divine Tenant whom we call Life; and that its highest endowment is the power to act as channel for the transmission of Life to a little child who will be a new man.

GIVEN this background, growing up in this realization, the thought to a fair-minded girl of associating herself in the supreme function of life with any man that she does not profoundly love must be almost impossible.

And so we come again to the office of true womanhood.

If you love a man enough to have the right to marry him, will you be looking for what you yourself can get out of marriage, or for what you can put into it?

Will you be planning to weigh it and test it from day to day, critically considering whether you like it or not; whether it is good enough to go on with; whether, as a wife, you are sacrificing some more interesting form of "self-expression"?

Will you be seeking means to avoid its natural flowering into that new life whose very helplessness and demands for sacrifice will unite you and your husband by appeal to the loftiest and strongest element in both your souls?

Are you so little an American that you will sit down under the label "inferior" and let yourself be catalogued as an animal incapable of ambition to take possession of your own forces, discipline them, and make them lift you and the world along?

Never mind what the men are doing.

The honor of wifehood depends not on the man but on the woman.

It is yours to set the standard for yourself and to live to it; the rest follows.

Never mind your "rights."

They will take care of themselves when you take care of your privileges.

THE END

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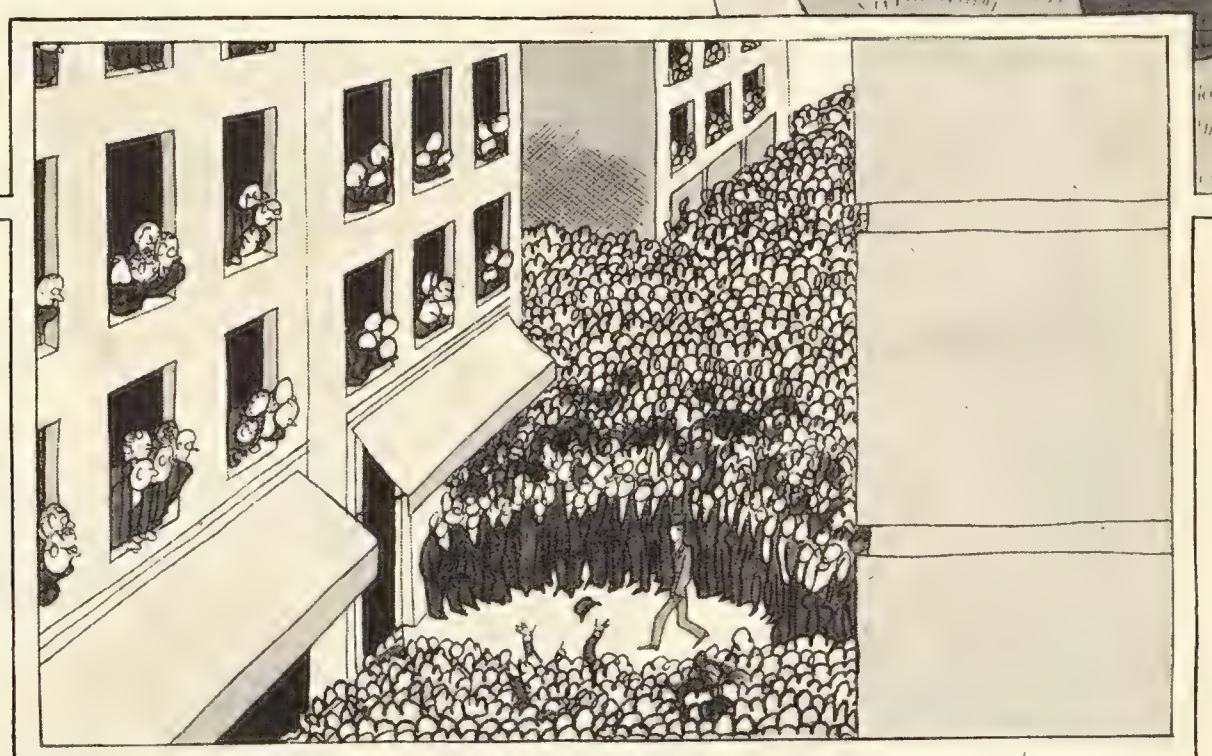
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

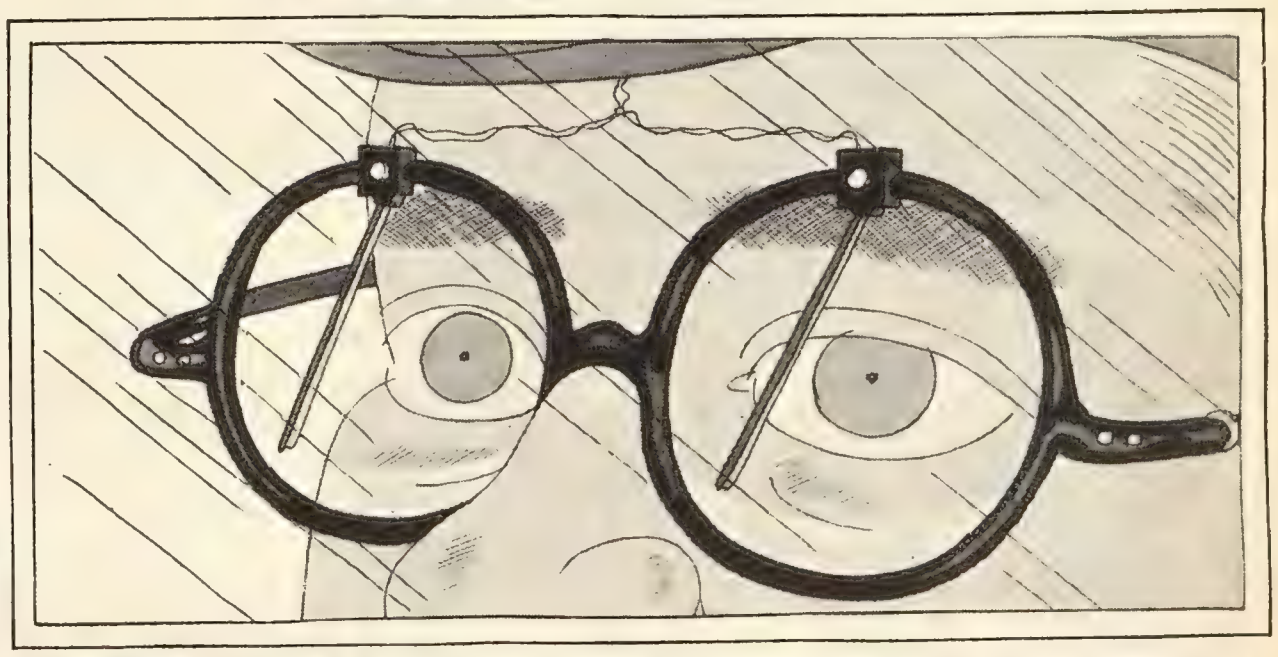
By RALPH BARTON

CHARLIE PADDOCK'S LOOSE STYLE MASTERED AT LAST. Judges and timekeepers enabled to form definite opinions at the tape by undistorting famous sprinter by use of distorting mirror.



COLONEL CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, popularly known as the "Lone Eagle," goes across the street to have his lunch.

IF HUMAN BEINGS BEHAVED LIKE NATIONS. Mr. Algernon L. Raccus unveils, in his front yard, a memorial monument to a great crisis in his life.



THE NOW-YOU-CAN-TELL-ONE CORNER. (*Ideas accepted for illustration in this corner will be paid for at the standard rate for thoughts: i. e., one penny.*)

A RAINY-DAY COMFORT. Miniature automatic windshield wipers for use with horn-rimmed spectacles.

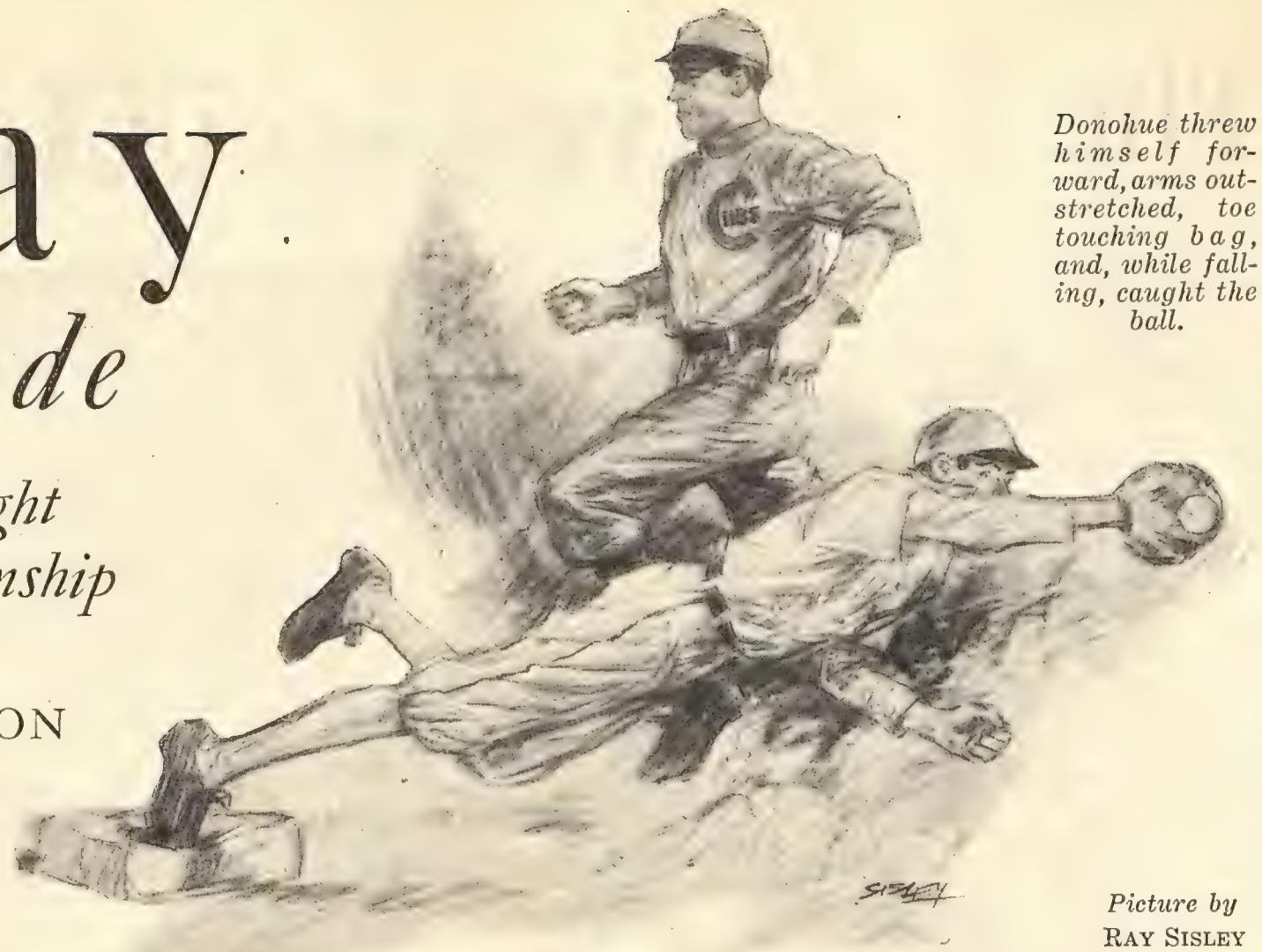
The Play

Jiggs Made

A Fall that Brought a Baseball Championship

An Article by

HUGH FULLERTON



Donohue threw himself forward, arms outstretched, toe touching bag, and, while falling, caught the ball.

Picture by RAY SISLEY

(Reading time: 4 minutes 50 seconds.)

THERE was one play made in baseball which no man who saw ever will forget. It was the play that broke the last despairing rally of the Chicago Cubs in their first championship struggle and made the Chicago White Sox champions of the world in 1906.

There may have been more wonderful plays made on the ball field; but once, when I went around among major league ball players, asking them to tell me the greatest play they ever witnessed, eighteen out of twenty men who saw the game of October 14, 1906, vowed that Jiggs Donohue's catch of a wild throw was the most thrilling.

The situation was one calculated to wreck the nerves of ball players. The nerves of the spectators had been frazzled already. The two Chicago teams, each champion of its own league, had been fighting for a week. The feeling had become so tense that in stores and factories the White Sox and Cub fans were put in different workrooms to keep them from fighting.

The teams, ordinarily strong in pitching, and rated among the greatest defensive clubs of all time, had smashed under the strain. Instead of the usual fine pitching and clean, fast fielding, both teams were getting weird pitching, and were playing wild, erratic baseball; erring at times like schoolboys, then setting their partisans crazy by dramatic fielding feats.

It was in that series that Eddie Hahn, leaping into the tier of temporary outfield seats, made his astonishing catch and, falling, smashed his face against the boards and played out the series with a broken nose.

In that series George Rohe, supposedly the weakest player on the White Sox team, had been batting with terrific force, his three-base hits overthrowing the defense of the West Siders.

The day before, with the teams on even terms, Frank Isbell had given one of the most remarkable exhibitions of playing ever seen, making five errors, all on easy chances, and retrieving his blunders by crashing out four two-base hits that gave the White Sox victory and the lead in the series.

The teams met on Sunday before the greatest crowd ever gathered in the White Sox park, up to that time, to settle the issue. The world's championship meant little to them: they were fighting for the championship of Chicago.

Brown, the Cub pitching ace, was selected to start the game. He was worn and exhausted from a hard season and from hard pitching in previous games of the series, and the White Sox pounded his curves from the start, piling up seven runs and driving him from the slab.

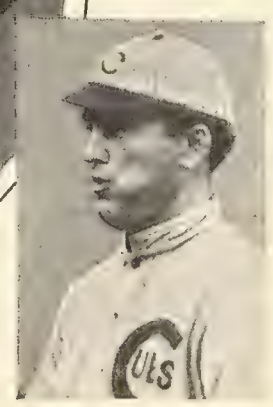
With the score seven to one against them, with Orval Overall checking the White Sox attacks, Chance's great team fought fiercely to retrieve themselves and avert the impending defeat. The White Sox defense had steadied, and it was not until the fifth inning that the Cubs could dent the defenses of the South Siders.

Manager Jones was taking no chances. White was pitching well, but Jones had all the other White Sox pitchers warmed up, ready to rush to the rescue if a rally started. He knew that the Cubs, once started, were hard to stop, and that they rushed the attack when opportunity presented.

The outlook for Chance's team looked bad when the fifth inning opened and the tail end of the batting order was leading off. But Kling, who possessed unexpected speed, dropped a little bounder just inside the plate and, by a hard sprint, beat the ball to first.

A moment later, Overall, the big pitcher, roused the waning hopes of the West Siders by

Jiggs Donohue, the hero of one of baseball's most thrilling plays.



Sheckard, the Cub fielder whose hot grounder started the play which made Jiggs famous.

driving a double between the outfielders. With Artie Hofman, the "Circus Solly" of baseball fame, and one of the great hitters of the league, coming to bat, the crowd again seethed with excitement. Hofman was expected to hit, and, instead, switched tactics and waited, hoping to wear the pitcher down. During his long duel with the pitcher, with a base on balls in sight, O'Loughlin called a strike, and Hofman was out.

As long as a Cub lives there will be an argument over that called strike—a strike which they claimed was unjust and which wrecked their chances. But Hofman was out, whether that ball was over the plate or not. The rally was cracked, but not entirely broken. Sheckard, a dangerous hitter, was next.

Sheckard was not as good a batter against left-handed pitchers as he was against right, but he was dangerous at any time. In this emergency he drove a sharp, awkwardly bounding ball down toward second base, and Isbell, whose nerves were ragged and who had been playing in a state of physical exhaustion on sheer courage, dashed across, grabbed the ball, and hurled it toward first base.

SHECKARD was sprinting at top speed to first. Kling was tearing to the plate, and Overall was lumbering up to third. From the moment the ball, thrown from an awkward position, left Isbell's hands it was evident the throw was wild, as bad, almost, as some of the throws he had made during the hectic struggle of the preceding day. If that ball got past Donohue and rolled to the stands, two runs would score, Sheckard would reach third, and the rampant Cubs would fight as if inspired.

Jiggs Donohue knew this. He could have left the base, allowing Sheckard to reach it in safety, and blocked the wild throw. But Donohue was not that kind of player. He wanted to retire Sheckard and check the incipient rally.

The play seemed an impossible one. The ball thrown by Isbell was coming six feet inside of first base, when, like a flash, Donohue threw his body outward from the bag, with one foot touching the corner of the base. He made no effort to step toward the ball; merely fell toward it, extended at full length, arms outstretched, and, while falling, he caught the ball and remained, outstretched on the ground, toe on the bag, until the umpire waved Sheckard out, while the stands rocked and the crowd went wild with enthusiasm over his remarkable feat.

The play ended the rally, broke the spirit of the Cubs, and, while they fought to the end, they never could get another break; were beaten eight to three; and the championship of Chicago and the world went to the Hitless Wonders of the South Side.

THE END

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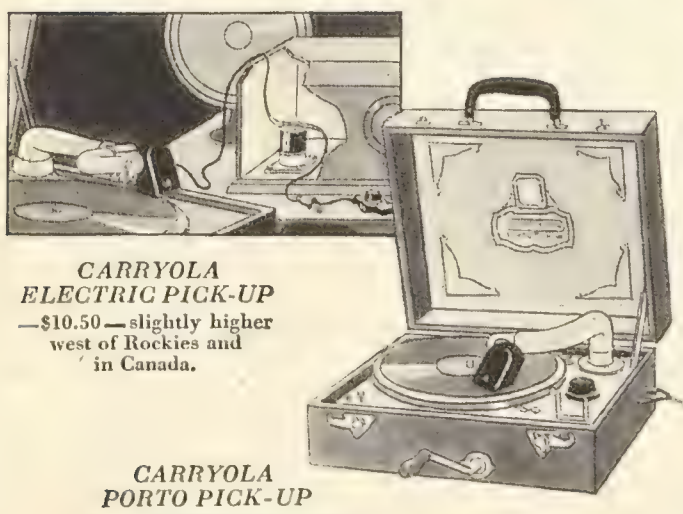

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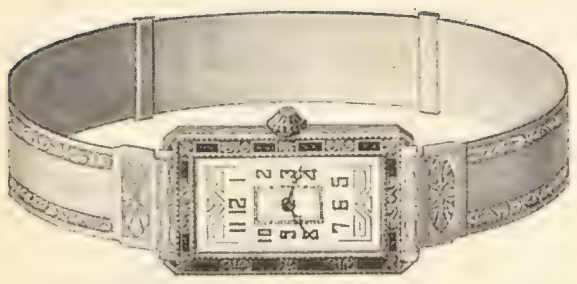

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Designed for women. It expands to slip over the hand, is readily adjusted, and is held securely by a snap lock. 14 kt. Solid Gold: plain, $20; decorated, $25. 14 kt. Gold Filled: plain, $7.50; decorated, $8.50. Can be fitted to any woman's wrist watch

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No matter what or whom the gift is for, how much or how little your budget will permit you to pay for it, you will find a variety of appropriate articles to select from at your jeweler's.

At your jeweler's too, you will find helpful counsel by experts trained through years of experience in aiding other people to solve their gift problems.

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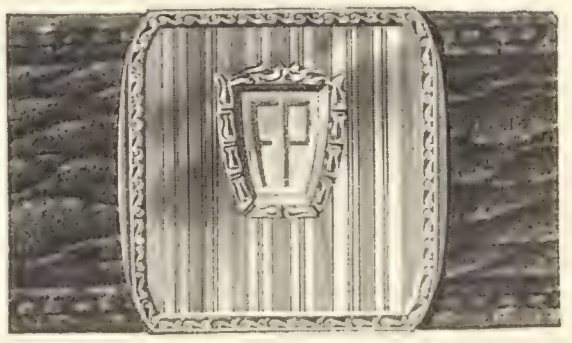
Man's Pocket Watch
CASE BY WADSWORTH



Wadsworth Belt Buckles are obtainable in a pleasing variety of designs, in both wide and narrow models, alone or in sets including watch chain. Buckles alone: Sterling silver, $5 to $7.50; 14 kt. gold filled, $9 to $12. Sets: sterling silver, $10 to $15; 14 kt. gold filled, $15 to $20

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

Patsy Makes the Circle

A Story of Footlights and Babies

By Mabel McElliott Clarke

Pictures by Charles D. Mitchell

She was so determined to forget Lance and all his works that she accepted Neville's proposal of marriage almost before she knew what she was about.

(Reading time: 13 minutes 48 seconds.)

PATSY O'DANE wasn't her name. It was something less picturesque. Her family was good. She wasn't one of those chorus girls who'd had to trump up a "raised in a French convent" past, because her past was excellent enough without any retouching. Her family were navy people, had been for three generations, and you know what that means.

Personally, I think the navy is snooty as all get out. Three generations of it breed a type not entirely unlike the terrible Back Bay folks, and you know what some of them are. But, at any rate, Patsy had managed to get into a chorus, where her delightfully funny legs and her tiptilted nose distinguished her from the mob. She *did* have the humorous upturned nose of the Celt; I suppose that's where the Patsy idea originated.

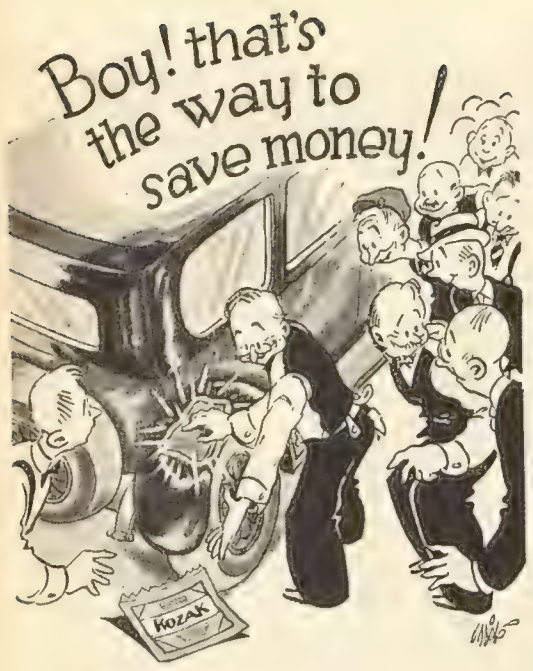
But by the time she met Lance Butterfield she had stepped out of the chorus and was doing an eccentric dance in Judy's Punch, that year's *Cinderella* musical comedy. I saw her for the first time in that entertainment. Maybe you will remember.

She came out in the kind of white embroidered dress girls used to wear on the last day of school along in the early 1900s. It had a bertha and a blue ribbon sash, and she wore black cotton stockings and high black button shoes. Her hat was about the size of a Childs pancake, and it was made of chip straw, with a bunch of cherries and velvet streamers. She toed in and turned up her nose at the cherries, and did her version of the cakewalk. She was a riot. That winter she and Lance Butterfield were married.

It was one of those honest-to-goodness romances that make city editors of tabloid newspapers thank whatever god city editors have for special dispensations of kindness.

Pictures all over the shop of Lance and Patsy in their suite at the Ritz. Lance smiling his million-dollar smile down at Patsy. Patsy

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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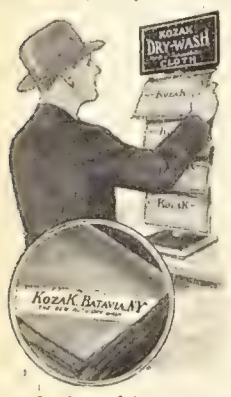

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Please Print Name Plainly

Street.....

City and State.....

[PATSY MAKES THE CIRCLE
Continued from page thirty-one]

quirking back at Lance in a way the audiences at Judy's Punch had never been lucky enough to see.

Stories beginning: "'Of course, our marriage is going to last forever!' cried Patsy O'Dane, bride of Lance Butterfield, darling of a million movie fans. . . ."

Oh, yes. My own particular city editor got down on his atheistic knees that night and mumbled something or other, he was so grateful!

There was no doubt they were gorgeously in love. Why, as the girls at the office used to say, that man Butterfield could've had any girl in New York—golden girls, the kind never seen without two yards of pearls and a pint of diamonds about 'em somewhere; girls who feel naked if observed in the cold light of day without a good quarter inch of orange lip stick on their mouths.

And there was Patsy O'Dane, talented, of course—talented as the deuce—but I've seen her myself with a shiny nose. And she had a funny, old-fashioned bob. When people got to shingling, she still wore hers below the ears and just allowed the natural wave to go its untrammeled way. She didn't seem Lance Butterfield's speed, somehow. He was so sleek and suave. You'd have thought he might have picked a girl with Peggy Hopkins Joyce's speed and Hope Hampton's skin, Ethel Barrymore's voice and Ina Claire's sure-of-herself air, and the expensive poise of the lot of them. But he was in love with Patsy.

SHE wasn't in anything next winter. The young Butterfields were doing the conventional suburban thing and having a baby. Patsy was a little disappointed about it. She'd had such a dull time of it all her precisely ordered life until she'd discovered Broadway. She'd had to sit at home and pour tea and be nice to stuffy people and sometimes order food for dinner. That was the life she'd strained away from when she defied the family and struck out for herself in the show business. And then she had fallen head over heels with Lance. It looked as if life were going to be one long star performance, with the dullness all behind her.

Having a baby changed it. It wasn't as nice, being married, as she'd thought. She found she hated being called Mrs. Butterfield. She was Patsy O'Dane, wasn't she? Patsy O'Dane—who counted—who made people laugh—who was important all by herself—who got a fat salary check.

She wished now that she had just stayed being engaged to Lance. It would have been more fun all around. You could go on being engaged indefinitely. . . . And marriage—well, she shivered a little just to think of it. Marriage was forever! Hadn't she said it herself?

It was odd, but when the baby came, Lance loved it best. She thought it was darling. Yes, that was what she called it to herself—just darling. But it seemed hardly possible it was hers.

WHEN they had wheeled her back to her own bed from the delivery room, the surgical cart creaking mournfully in the chill strangeness of 4 o'clock in the morning, she hadn't been able to believe that she, Patsy O'Dane, had actually had a baby. It was a little like the feeling she'd had in Christmas dawns, long ago, when she'd pinched herself and said it just couldn't be Christmas.

Well, this was dreamlike, too. She had been screaming dreadfully an hour ago. The nurse had scolded her and said she mustn't make so much noise, she'd disturb all the other patients. And then suddenly she had been whisked into that horrid place of gleaming white tables and steely instruments, where some beneficent hand had wafted an anæsthetic in her direction just when she had known she couldn't, couldn't live any longer with the agony she was enduring. And she had come out of a long, drifting dream to hear them say, "Wake up, Mrs. Butterfield; you've got a lovely little girl."

She thought, as she lay in bed watching the March dawn streak across the roofs, that if Lance were there maybe she'd be able to realize it better. They hadn't let him stay. The nurse had ordered him home just after the awful part of the fracas began. That was the way with nurses. They made Patsy a little bit sick—always so careful of men's feelings.

And afterward, too, Lance loved the baby best of all. Patsy could hardly wait to get well enough to take the part in the comedy Effenstein was producing. Effenstein had made her an offer just before she was married. But she and Lance had gone on a honeymoon to Honolulu; she hadn't thought it was so important then.

She had a wonderful nurse for the baby. They called it Sally Lou, after Lance's mother. And Patsy bought nursery furnishings enthusiastically. She hadn't been able to enter into shopping with enthusiasm before. She even had her picture taken (also for the tabloids) bending over the bassinet.

Lance insisted on having one photograph of himself with Sally Lou in his arms.

Gorgon Pictures, Inc., whose star he was, wasn't actually very crazy about that kind of publicity. They thought it lessened his sex appeal. The hero really shouldn't be married. And more especially he shouldn't be a doting father. The publicity department of Gorgon Pictures deplored the spread the papers made of these pictures. But Lance didn't care. He was terribly proud.

The gossip sheets got busy about Lance and a movie actress whose reputation was no better than it should have been.

THE very day Patsy had her picture taken bending over the bassinet, she went into rehearsal with My, My, Matie. She had a dancing partner now, a chap named Grafton Blend. They were excruciatingly funny together. Both wore hick make-up, and usherettes used to have to bring drinks of water to fat people at matinées, they laughed so hard at Patsy and Blend.

Patsy had said, at first, that she wanted mainly to get back to her work because she was afraid Lance wouldn't keep on loving her if she degenerated into a mere home body, concerned with prunes and baby's petticoats. But she soon had to acknowledge to herself that the most important reason lay elsewhere. She had starved for the excitement of the life for her own soul's sake.

She was crazy about Lance—naturally. Who wouldn't be? He was *sweet*. She was envied by every girl in New York, and the provinces too. But maybe, she decided, she wasn't the sort of woman who was able to "give every-

thing." She just couldn't merge herself in Lance and his work. It wasn't enough. She had to have a personal success. She couldn't stand the dullness of domesticity.

About this time the New York studios of Gorgon Pictures moved to Hollywood, taking Lance with them. Patsy was torn. But never for a minute did she waver in her decision. Naturally, she couldn't leave the show till the end of the season, she said.

Lance understood. He asked if she'd mind if he took Sally Lou along. Patsy thought it was pretty silly, trekking across the continent with a little baby that way. But then Miss Marsh was such a fine nurse; and the formula could be delivered to them in ice along the way. Patsy guessed it would be all right. She did feel a little pang, though, as the Century slid out of sight and she realized she wouldn't see either of them for three months.

When she and Lance had married, life apparently had been such a simple affair. A two-and-two equation. Nothing complicated. Both young, good looking, desperately in love. Marriage, of course, would mean just a linking of two pleasant destinies. She hadn't foreseen problems—like this. She hated problems. She thought such dullnesses were for those less favored by the gods.

It was nice having Grafton Blend around when she was lonely. She was indignant when the gossip sheets began to link their names. Lance, of course, understood. She had to play with somebody.

When June came and My, My Matie closed, she went out to Hollywood. Lance was terrifically glad to see her. And the baby was still "darling." It seemed, though, that Miss Marsh owned her much more than she, Patsy. Maybe if you took care of a baby yourself, changed—things—for it, and so on, you felt more attached to it.

Patsy liked to play with Sally Lou, but she thought it must be pretty stuffy to have to walk her in the park or put her wool socks on stretchers. She was glad her talent justified keeping out of that rut of motherhood.

LANCE thought Gorgon would start production at the Eastern studios again in the fall, and Patsy was glad. She hated Hollywood. It was a gossip shop, that's what it was, and she couldn't (with her navy traditions of family and background) help turning up her nose a little at the people Lance knew. Beautiful but dumb, Lance would say, as they laughed after a party about some star's gaucherie. "Nobody is *amusing* here," Patsy used to complain. She was certainly glad when they started for New York again.

She was annoyed when Lance began a series of polite tippling parties, back East. He showed up at a studio tea one day, a party to which a number of women magazine critics had been invited, just about half-seas over.

"It's such rotten taste," Patsy murmured, afterward. And she reminded him that the camera never lied.

It was hard not to drink, of course. Everybody did it. And after he'd worked hard on a picture for weeks, he was inclined to let go, have what he called "a bust." Patsy was determined she wouldn't go in for family scenes, thank you very much. She hadn't settled down into being a wife; she certainly wouldn't begin the stunt of reforming.

She and Blend were offered such a breath-taking salary to do their hick dance in the smartest night club of the season, they couldn't refuse. So she didn't see much of Lance. He worked by day; she slept. She worked by night...so she didn't see much of him.

Blend *was* awfully amusing. He made her feel young and desirable again. Being married engendered that "done for" feeling. Bad for an artist, Patsy decided. She hated flirtations, cheap playing around, but she couldn't help feeling stimulated by her partner's admiration. Lance took her pretty much for granted.

WHEN Sally Lou was two, Lance was ordered to the west coast again. This time he didn't even *ask* if he might take the baby. The subject wasn't discussed. Patsy and he were being awfully polite to each other. When she stopped to think about it, it gave her a creepy feeling. They'd been so frightfully in love, and now—well, she hadn't the least feeling for him, except maybe one of exasperation when he gave her a perfunctory, gin-scented kiss. She hated the smell of cocktails. . . .

And that winter the gossip sheets got busy about Lance and a movie actress whose reputation was no better than it should have been. The hinting stories that came through made Patsy wild. It wasn't jealousy, she told herself disdainfully—it was contempt.

Now she suddenly discovered that the whole business of being linked to Lance irked her. Why on earth had she married, to be mixed up in all this mess? She was herself, Patsy O'Dane, always young, always happy. How stupid to be involved in semi-scandals and an unhappy marriage! She ought to have kept herself free from such entanglements.

She wrote to him in a cold fury. And when she had posted the letter, she went on at the Club Intime and made 500 people rock with laughter. She was Patsy O'Dane.

The Reno divorce you will perhaps remember. Sentimental people sighed over it, and some ardent Butterfield fans got out the yellowed clippings and checked up on the brief span of the romance which had promised to rival that of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, *Héloïse* and *Abélard*, and the rest of the historic lovers.

Lance kept the baby. He loved

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Don't look tired in the morning — *it's so easy to avoid it.*

WHY start the day with a "sleep-famished" look to your face—a pale, haggard cast to your complexion and a skin that looks more dead than alive?

Pep up. Shake off the cobwebs. Look and feel alive, bright, refreshed, clear-headed. It's easy this new way, and you do it yourself—after shaving . . . . in just about 10 seconds.

Here's the secret. The minute you get thru shaving, splash on a few drops of Fougere Royale, the new skin freshener. The effect is like magic—just like sitting down and getting massaged by your favorite barber.

It not only wakes your skin right up—brings the good red blood to the surface—stimulates your facial muscles, but it soothes, cools and smooths your skin as well. It's styptic, too — stops bleeding. You'll like it. Everybody does.

And if you want to do the thing up really right, try Fougere Royale Shaving Cream — the non-caustic, non-irritating, perfectly balanced shaving cream. No burn or smart to this one. And it gives you the coolest, sweetest shave you ever had in your life. Both members of this wonderful shaving team are mildly perfumed with Fougere Royale (Royal Fern), a wholesome outdoor fragrance that men are proud of.

Write for generous samples if you wish. Mail the coupon below now.

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After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
Shaving Cream, 50c
Shaving Stick, 75c
Talcum, 50c
Eau Vegetale, $1.25
Facial Soap, 50c

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You may send me without charge trial containers of Fougere Royal After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

Name----------

Address----------

City----------*State*----------

She and Blend were offered such a breath-taking salary to do their hick dance in the smartest night club of the season, they couldn't refuse.

[PATSY MAKES THE CIRCLE
Continued from page thirty-three]

her best, and Patsy didn't mind. Sometimes she'd wake up at night . . . and then it wasn't so good. But usually at night she was dancing, and you can't be so gloomy if you wake at noontime. She had arranged to see Sally Lou whenever she liked. Maybe she'd have her next year. She'd get an apartment again, have Miss Marsh bring her East. . . .

Patsy O'Dane was wonderful in a new comedy next season. She had hosts of beaux. It was like being eighteen again, just out of school, wooed by the midshipmen. She found it extraordinarily delightful to be sought, to have flowers sent her, notes tucked into orchids, to have people turn to watch her in the shops.

One of her beaux waxed persistent. He was a young Britisher with a title, marvelously good looking in a quite different way from Lance. He was tall and fair, where Lance had been just her own height, and sloe-eyed. He spoke of far places. He was going out to his uncle's place in British East Africa, a rubber plantation, to run it for three years.

Patsy ran across a rather heavy-handed piece of gossip about Lance Butterfield one day, just before Neville Oliver took her to lunch at the Carcasonne. She was so determined to forget Lance and all his works that she accepted Neville's proposal of marriage almost before she knew what she was about.

It was the end of the season. New York was getting hot. She was lonely. She thought she loved him a lot, and probably she loved him a little. It was hard to tell.

By this time she had convinced herself that Lance had been an impossible choice as a husband. This man had centuries of tradition behind him. He would not let her down. It was good to be adored again. She was Patsy O'Dane. She had to be happy.

The same tabloids that had splashed a front page with her marriage, her baby, her divorce, now gave place to her sudden marriage to young Oliver. Romance, said the tabloids, had swept Patsy O'Dane off her feet a second time. . . .

And so she sailed with her husband for far places. It was thrilling, it was different. She was on the right track this time.

IT seemed to me no time at all before I heard Patsy O'Dane was expected back in this country.

The boss threw a clipping across the table at me one morning and said to meet the Mauretania. Patsy O'Dane and her husband, Lord Oliver, were on board. There must be a story in it.

They'd given up the rubber plantation apparently, and were coming back to the States by way of London, where they'd stopped off to see the lord's pa.

That was the way the boss put it, anyway. City editors are always very familiar behind the backs of peers. Or maybe to their faces, too. I doubt if the boss has ever met a live one.

I went down on the tug and got on as the boat nosed into quarantine. I got ahead of the mob that way.

Patsy O'Dane was leaning over the rail, gazing with what I suppose an imaginative gent would call a "starved expression" at the murky shore line.

She looked at me boredly as I told her my errand. I thought in a flash that she'd probably found out that one marriage was pretty much like another, and that romance boils down rather thin after a bit—especially after you'd been on the edge of the jungle for a matter of twelve months. "I've come back to have my baby born in this country," she informed me haughtily.

And she wouldn't say any more.

A lot of us hung around the waiting room of the hospital in Lexington Avenue, hoping to get at least a few lines for the morning paper. The Oliver baby was a boy. But Patsy wouldn't see any of us. I was smart enough to get to a student nurse, a cutie in a pink uniform, and I slipped her the price of a pair of galoshes for what she told me.

"She's been reading the theatrical pages ever since she's been able to sit up," the cutie told me.

She was a smart kid; I couldn't understand why she'd ever gone into training.

"She's had stacks of telegrams from stage people. And has it pepped her up? I'll tell 'em! That boy thinks she's going back to Moowamba or wherever it is, but I'm laying a bet she won't go."

And when I was on my vacation last week, what should I see in the tabloids but a double-truck spread of pictures showing Patsy O'Dane rehearsing in Lampblack.

They say her name is going up in lights for this one. The society column remarked that Lord Oliver had taken an apartment in Mayfair House for the winter.

He'd better sign a lease. Patsy O'Dane is herself again.

THE END

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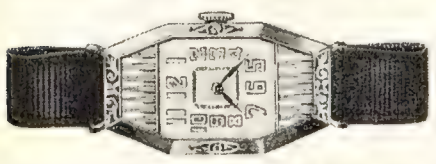

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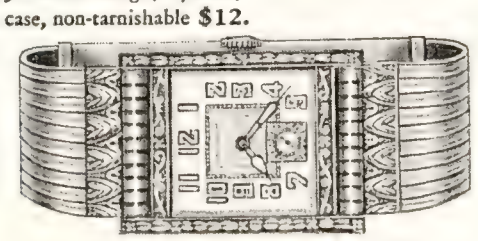

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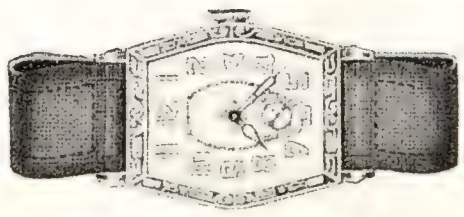

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WHITE Australia, a spot of Western civilization, maintains its identity despite the intrusive efforts of its overpopulated Far Eastern neighbors.

WHITE Australia—

The Low-Pressure Center of the Globe

An Article by

LOTHROP STODDARD

(Reading time: 21 minutes 24 seconds.)

MIGHTIEST of oceans, the Pacific would seem to be curiously misnamed. For over that vast waste of waters clouds are gathering which portend, not calm, but storms—those human storms which we call wars.

The Pacific Ocean is fast becoming the scene of a mighty drama in world affairs. Across its broad expanse East and West confront each other: the East teeming with countless millions of men awakening to new ambitions and desires; the West striding forward in the full tide of abounding prosperity, determined to realize its splendid possibilities.

What is the basic issue between East and West? It is a difference in standards of living.

The West wants a high standard of individual well-being, and tends to restrict its numbers so that favorable living standards may be maintained.

The East, on the other hand, breeds recklessly up to the very margin of subsistence, and is therefore filled with dense populations living on the verge of famine.

The upshot is that, wherever East and West are in contact, the congested Oriental populations long to pour their human surplus into the relatively empty Western lands, while the white peoples of the West view with downright horror a threatened influx which would not only destroy their high living standards, but would swamp them racially in a hungry, quick breeding brown and yellow flood.

There, in a nutshell, is the problem of Oriental immigration. We Americans know it well; for overpopulated Asia has been beating against our Pacific Coast for many years, and only stringent exclusion laws have stayed the Asiatic flood. Canada, Latin America, and South Africa are likewise confronted with the same vital issue. But nowhere is the problem so vital, so compelling, so charged with momentous possibilities, as in Australia.

Australia is the focal point where the expanding forces of East and West confront each other most sharply and most irreconcilably. It is the logical storm center where, if those po-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHITE AUSTRALIA
Continued from page thirty-seven]

tentially hostile forces should be unleashed, the hurricane winds of race war would begin to blow.

Let us take a look at Australia to see why this is so. Picture to yourself an island continent just about the size of the whole United States—in other words, with an area of approximately 3,000,000 square miles. That is Australia. Now place this island continent in the South Pacific, relatively near Asia, but very, very far away from America and Europe.

Next colonize Australia with Anglo-Saxon pioneers, but colonize it so recently that the population of an island continent the size of the United States is today barely 6,000,000—not quite the population of New York City.

Now let those vigorous, enterprising Anglo-Saxons so develop the resources of their virgin continent that they succeed in building up the most prosperous, high-grade community on earth. Finally, let this supremely prosperous people determine to maintain its prosperity and defend its race heritage to the death against the covetous longings of teeming, near-by Asia.

There you have the essentials of the present situation.

Now, all this is no remote affair which we can view with detached curiosity. On the contrary, it is something that is very much our concern. For, let there be no mistake: if the war storm breaks over Australia, we Americans will be in it too! America could never stand by and see Australia overwhelmed by Asia. At the first shots of such a war, our Pacific Coast would leap to arms, and, to use an expressive French phrase, "the guns would go off of themselves"!

SUCH being the brass tacks of the matter (whatever some pacifists may say to the contrary), it is surely our business to get a mighty clear understanding of Australia's present position and future prospects. And, first of all, let us look more closely into the contrast between Australia and Asia.

Perhaps the best way to visualize that contrast is in terms of what we may call population pressures—in other words, ratios of people to land. Now, since Australia has an area of 3,000,000 square miles and approximately 6,000,000 inhabitants, its average population pressure is *only two per square mile.* That is almost a vacuum, as population pressures go.

Remember that even in our own United States, which is as yet by no means fully settled, the average population pressure is nearly forty per square mile. And in this connection it may be well to note the situation of Australia's kindred neighbor, New Zealand, a beautiful, fertile island group lying about 1,000 miles to the southeast of Australia and likewise colonized by British pioneer stock. With an area of just over 100,000 square miles (the size of the State of Colorado) it has less than 1,500,000 inhabitants—its population pressure thus being under fifteen per square mile.

Contrast all this with the state of affairs in near-by Asia. The three chief Asiatic countries are India, China, and Japan. India today has over 300,000,000 people and a population pressure of more than 300 per square mile. China (excluding its outlying dependencies) has a population roughly estimated at 400,000,000 and an average population pressure of 260 per square mile. Finally, in Japan some 63,000,000 people crowd an island group only one and one-half times the size of New Zealand, with a population pressure of 430 per square mile.

If to these three Asiatic countries just mentioned, we add the other densely populated regions of eastern Asia, we witness the portentous spectacle of some 900,000,000 brown and yellow men increasingly aware of the near-by existence of Australia and New Zealand, with their scant 7,500,000 inhabitants. And what might we expect Asia's thoughts to be on such a situation?

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MOST Australian labor is done by white men in the white man's way. The map (above) shows how its location makes Australia the outpost of Western civilization in the Pacific. (At right) The principal centers of population in the island continent.

Now let us take a look at Australia itself. Though similar to the United States in size, Australia is very unlike America in most respects. To begin with, since Australia is in the southern hemisphere, its geography is literally upside down. In Australia, the north is hot, the south is cold, and the seasons are just the opposite of ours, so that Australians swelter Christmas Day and shiver on the Fourth of July.

Another point of basic importance is the fact that Australia's good land lies mostly on or near its coasts, the interior being mainly arid plains or burning deserts. This "Dead Heart of Australia," as it has been called, is one of the great deserts of the world, and is one of the chief factors determining the country's development, since it sunders the habitable coastal regions.

The best part of Australia is its southeastern corner, which has a temperate climate, good soil, and adequate rainfall. Here is the natural center of population, and here, consequently, we find the most settled districts and Australia's two great cities, Sydney and Melbourne. Sydney has nearly 1,100,000 inhabitants; Melbourne more than 900,000.

The fact that southeastern Australia can support two such metropolitan centers reveals the wealth of the country and its great natural resources. Southeastern Australia strongly resembles our own Pacific Coast.

The fertile, well watered coastal strip is backed by mountain chains beyond which lie broad plateaus and rolling plains with a diminishing rainfall, so that one passes westward toward the interior through a succession of climatic belts suitable, first for wheat growing, then for cattle raising, next for sheep grazing, until one finally reaches the great central desert—that endless waste of blasting heat, stunted scrub, and wandering blackfellows which Australians aptly term the "never-never land."

Southeastern Australia contains fully two-thirds of Australia's total population. Other regions, however, should be noted as of considerable importance.

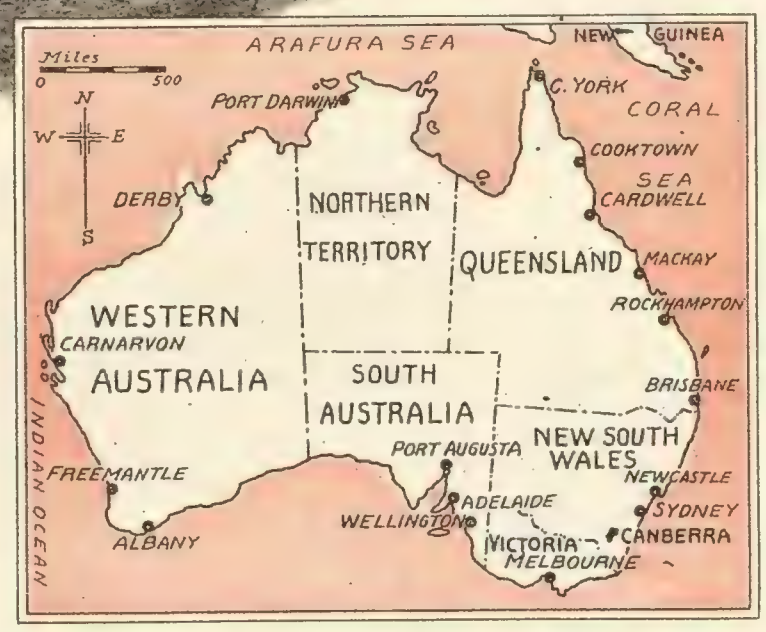
ACROSS the central desert we find in the southwestern corner of the continent a much narrower and less favored coastal strip supporting a subsidiary center of population.

Australia's third settled area is that known as Queensland. This vast region extends from the border of the southeastern area due northward to the very tip of the continent, which stretches up as a long peninsula toward the great island of New Guinea, the first link in that island chain connecting Australia with Asia.

Queensland has a climate ranging from semi-tropical in the south to full tropical in the extreme north. Its fertile coastlands grow sugar cane and all sorts of tropical products. Its interior diminishes gradually in value until it too merges with the central desert.

One other area should be noted—the region known as the Northern Territory. The Northern Territory is a great block of land jutting out of the main body of the continent. Entirely cut off from the rest of Australia by the desert, the Northern Territory is undeveloped and virtually uninhabited. Nevertheless, it has noteworthy possibilities.

Like northern Queensland, the Northern Territory is near enough to the equator to catch the monsoon rains, and thus possesses a tropical climate and a copious rainfall. Therefore the Northern Territory shares with Queensland the possibility of a great development in tropical products like sugar and citrous fruits.



The regional survey that we have just made is needed for an understanding not only of Australia's internal affairs, but also of its foreign relations—especially with Asia—which constitute Australia's great external problem. The full gravity of that problem becomes even clearer if we glance at Australia's history.

The outstanding fact which catches our eye is that Australia is a very young country. The first settlement there was not made till the year 1788, and this was only a small convict station. Real colonization did not get going until well into the nineteenth century, and only after the discovery of gold in the year 1851 did immigration begin on a large scale.

In other words, Australia as a going concern is considerably less than 100 years old. Contrast this with our own history. American colonization runs back more than three centuries, and we were a full-fledged nation years before the first settler reached Australia.

All this explains why Australia is today so undeveloped and so thinly peopled. Consid-

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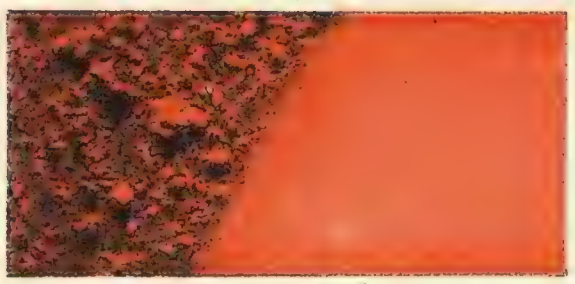

A small section of the surface of an average car magnified 20 times. The left side is still covered with Traffic Film. The right side has been cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish.

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[WHITE AUSTRALIA
Continued from page thirty-eight]

ering that the voyage from England to Australia is almost five times as long as that from England to America, the building up of a fine Australian commonwealth of 6,000,000 souls is a wonderful achievement in so short a period.

Only give Australia time and security from the Asiatic peril, and she ought ultimately to become a nation strong enough to guard against any probable attack. Thus Australia's foreign problem really simmers down to a race against time. How big will young Australia have grown when the Pacific storm winds begin to blow?

That Australians are well aware of the potential perils that beset their future is shown by their recent achievement of a strong political union. The attainment of political unity in Australia was no easy matter.

The first British colonists settled in small groups here and there along the coasts, where they developed into separate colonies so jealous of one another that when they built their railroads they actually used different rail gauges, thus making it necessary to change cars on crossing colonial borders.

What broke down these intercolonial jealousies more than anything else was a growing consciousness of that Asiatic peril to which they were all exposed. And what made that peril clear to the average man was Asiatic immigration. A certain number of Orientals had drifted into Australia from the earliest days of British settlement, but it was not until after the gold rush that Asiatic immigration began to assume menacing proportions.

The discovery of gold led to a great scarcity of labor in Australia, as it did in California at about the same time. And in Australia, as in California, Chinese coolies began to flock into this tempting labor vacuum.

In both cases the results were the same. The thrifty Chinese, working an incredible number of hours and able to "live on the smell of an oily rag," hopelessly undercut the white Australian workmen.

And still the coolie ships came, faster and faster, landing their human cargoes in such numbers that every far-sighted person could see that unless the Oriental flood was stayed, Australia would soon cease to be a white man's country!

However, in Australia, as in California, the threat was averted by vigorous popular action. Alarmed and infuriated, the Australian workers began rioting. Chinese were mobbed and coolie ships forcibly prevented from landing at Australian ports. Most of the colonial governments hastily passed laws restricting Chinese immigration, and later these laws were broadened to keep out all but white immigrants.

Such general exclusion laws were seen to be vitally necessary if Australia was to be kept a white man's country, because, as time passed, Asiatics of every description followed the Chinaman's example in trying to get in.

Ewing Galloway photo

The Commonwealth does not wish this Oriental market scene in Java duplicated anywhere within its borders.

Malays and Timorese from the island chain to the northward; Hindus, Sikhs, and lascars from India; ambitious, self-assertive Japanese; even Syrians and Levantines from far-off western Asia—one and all, they came knocking at the door, desperately eager to profit by those high living standards and golden opportunities that to them spelled an economic paradise. And to this challenge of hungry, man-stifled Asia the Anglo-Saxon pioneers grimly answered:

"White Australia!"

White Australia! That is the watchword that unites Australians of every class and creed. It is the symbol of Australian patriotism, the basic principle upon which Australians are prepared to stand or fall. And it is no narrow, dog-in-the-manger policy, but a resolve inspired by the loftiest motives.

This pioneer folk has set itself to build up a great, progressive, democratic nation, and to safeguard the precious heritage for its children. Australians know what sensible men everywhere are coming to admit: that a progressive democracy is possible only where its citizens have the same basic ideals, standards, and general outlook on life.

The principle was never better stated than by one of Australia's best known statesmen, Sir Henry Parkes, who said nearly forty years ago:

"We should not admit amongst us any class of persons whatever whom we are not prepared to advance to all our franchises, to all our privileges as citizens, and all our social rights, including the right of intermarriage.

"I maintain that no class of persons should be admitted here who cannot come amongst us, take up all our rights, perform on a ground of equality all our duties, and share in our august and lofty work of founding a free nation."

The passionate determination that inspires the Australian people is strikingly revealed in the following lines from another of its spokesmen:

"The White Australia idea is not a political theory. It is a gospel. It counts for more than religion; for more than flag, because the flag waves over all kinds of races; for more than the Empire, for the Empire is mostly black, or brown, or yellow; is largely heathen, largely polygamous, partly cannibal. In fact, the White Australia doctrine is based on the necessity for choosing between national existence and national suicide."

Taking Australian wool to market. This is

© De Cou from Ewing Galloway

Coolie labor as it is used in Hongkong, China. This is forbidden in Australia.

SO the Australians defy clamoring Asia and swear to keep Australia a white man's land, or go down fighting to the last!

Under the spur of this imperious necessity, it is easy to see how local jealousies should have faded before the need for common action, which could be realized only by a strong political unity. The upshot was the creation of the Commonwealth of Australia—a federation of all the Australian colonies in what was really a nation within the framework of the British Empire. The Commonwealth was proclaimed on January 1, 1901.

The new Commonwealth government at once got to work on its two most obvious tasks: the drafting of a Federal immigration law, and the creation of a Federal system of national defense. The Australian military system proved its worth during the Great War, when the Australian and New Zealand soldiers (the famous Anzacs) made such splendid records from Gallipoli to Flanders.

Australia's immigration law is especially noteworthy. This interesting piece of legislation is unique in the way it discriminates against undesired immigrants without doing so by name. At the outset the Commonwealth government was faced by two sharp protests—one from Japan, the other from India.

The Japanese government served notice that it would object most strongly to a law that would classify Japanese differently from white immigrants.

And Indian public opinion demanded even more vehemently that Indians seeking entrance to Australia should be treated just like any other inhabitants of the British Empire. Thus the problem that faced the Australian legislators was how to keep out Japanese and Indians, in company with other Asiatics, without arousing resentments that might prove disastrous.

Well, the Australians did solve the problem, by a device that is as ingenious as it is effective. This device is the so-called "Dictation Clause." The law reads:

"Any person unable to write out, at dictation by an officer, a passage of fifty words in length in any prescribed language" cannot enter Australia.

The clause does not mention the class of immigrants to whom the test is to be applied, nor does it specify the language to be used. It gives the immigration authorities complete discretion and places all races and all languages on an equal legal footing. What could be more impartial?

Such is the law. Now let's see how it works. Stand with me behind an Australian immigration officer on duty. Here comes an English workman or a Scotch farmer. The officer reads a few lines from the morning paper, or a passage from the King James Bible. The applicant writes it off easily and hands over the prescribed form.

"Perfect!" announces the immigration officer. "Glad to see you here. Walk right in!"

A moment passes, and along comes a Hindu coolie or a Japanese laborer. The officer solemnly reads him a passage from the Czecho-Slovak constitution, or perhaps a verse from the Kalevala, an epic poem of Finland.

The Hindu scratches his beard and the Jap perplexedly bows. They are completely stumped. A pause. Then the immigration officer says, tactfully but firmly: "Very sorry; but, really, you know, you've failed in the dictation test, and so you positively cannot enter Australia. Next!"

It's a great little scheme, and, like the old story of Columbus and the egg, it's so simple when you know how. And does it really work? I'll say it does! The records show just one solitary case where an Asiatic got by the test who wasn't intended to.

© Brown Brothers

...rincipal commodity of the land.

And just remember that, though the dictation test is ordinarily employed to keep out Asiatics, it may be used just as effectively to keep out undesirable Europeans. Australia wants all the white immigrants it can get—of the right kind. But the Australians are a long-headed folk, who go in pretty consistently for quality rather than quantity. Among other things, they have profited by our own immigration experiences.

Consequently, now that of late years some of the immigrant tide from southern and eastern Europe which we barred from America by our Quota Law has flowed even to distant Australia, the authorities there have looked those prospective immigrants over very closely and have admitted only a few of the more promising varieties. Australians believe, with Sir Henry Parkes, that the only admissible immigrants should be those who look as though they can make good and become full-fledged Australians.

They realize that alien, unassimilable blocs, even though white in color, would be a source of weakness rather than of strength in the days of supreme trial that may lie ahead.

FURTHERMORE, the Australians do not rely solely on immigration to fill the empty spaces of their continent. In this task they count largely on themselves. Australia has a saying that we would do well to remember. That saying is: "The baby is the best immigrant." It is true, with their high living standards, Australians rarely have huge families. But Australians know how to save their babies.

Australia and New Zealand have the lowest death rates on earth—especially infant death rates. Therefore, notwithstanding a moderate birth rate, the population of both Australia and New Zealand grows fairly rapidly.

This healthy natural increase, combined with a large immigration from the British Isles, plus lesser contingents from northern Europe, renders Australia more secure with every decade, and at the same time keeps both the racial quality and the economic well-being of the population at a consistently high level.

Ewing Galloway photo

Bondi Beach, near Sydney, is similar to any American or European pleasure ground.

© Brown Brothers

A thriving business street in Melbourne.

How large a population can Australia support? This point has been much debated, the most reliable estimates indicating somewhere between 25,000,000 and 40,000,000 whites, living on present economic standards.

The wide difference between these estimates is explained by the question whether or not the tropical parts of Australia can be settled by white men.

In our regional survey of Australia we noted two great areas, Queensland and the Northern Territory, with a hot, well watered climate fit for the growing of sugar and other tropical staples. The point at issue is: can white men do the necessary field work in those hot regions, and can white women rear healthy children? In short, can tropical Australia support a large acclimated white population?

Until recently it was generally thought that the tropics could not be settled by whites. But of late years expert opinion has changed, and this changed attitude is largely due to the apparent success of Australia's experiment in Queensland.

When the Queensland sugar plantations were laid out, they were worked first by Chinese coolies, and later by South Sea Islanders known as Kanakas. But when the Commonwealth definitely decided on its White Australia policy, the Kanakas were sent back home, the Australian people being determined that the plantations should be worked by white labor or not worked at all.

The planters set up a great outcry and declared they were ruined. But, despite high wages, white labor proved so much more efficient than the former that the Queensland plantations were soon paying better than they ever had.

In Queensland today blond Anglo-Saxons are doing the heaviest work in the blazing tropic sun and keeping perfectly fit, while their womenfolk are raising fine broods of rosy-cheeked Anglo-Saxon children. In the late war some of the finest physical specimens of Australian manhood were Queenslanders of the second and third generation.

The Queensland experiment thus seems to prove that white colonization of the tropics is perfectly feasible. The reason that white tropical settlement has otherwise failed in the past is, apparently, not the climate, but the presence or introduction of a low-standard colored population, usually saturated with tropical diseases. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of many leading experts, including our own General Gorgas, whose sanitary campaign made possible the building of the Panama Canal.

IN Queensland there is no colored population to underbid white labor, and no grave tropical diseases to undermine health. And the White Australia policy sees to it that those handicaps shall not be imported.

The apparent success of the Queensland experiment removes the last logical plea of Asiatics for admittance to Australia. The stock argument of Asiatics has been that, since Australia's rich tropical regions could not be settled by white men, it was a selfish dog in the manger attitude for Australians to keep those regions empty, rather than let overcrowded Asia send some of its human surplus to develop them. But if Australians can settle those regions themselves, what moral claim has Asia to any part of the heritage of the Australian people?

Now, remember: this is a matter that touches us Americans very closely. For if Asiatics have any "right" to spill over into Australia, they have just the same "right" to spill over into our thinly settled Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain States, and into western Canada, and into every part of the white world that has not as yet been fully settled and developed.

We deny that Asia has any such right. So does Canada. So do Australia and New Zealand and the other white pioneer lands. One and all, we believe that the exclusion of wholesale Asiatic immigration is literally a life and death issue.

Such is the bond between us. That is why we should all stand together on this basic principle of self-preservation. And that is why, if Asia ever challenges white Australia, we Americans will be in it too. Because, as already stated, "the guns would go off of themselves"!

THE END

The Silver Oar

A Tale of a Buccaneering Madman

By

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by
NORMAN PRICE

Then came Mr. Rhett's familiar voice: "I give you good

(Reading time: 15 minutes 30 seconds.)

CHARLES EDEN, Governor of North Carolina, sat dead in his easy-chair under the magnolias in his garden, a book open upon his lifeless knees.

A capable, kind, and gentle man. The best Governor that North Carolina yet had had.

Dead of fright!

And now I found myself in a dismal perplexity concerning my own affairs. Because there was no longer a Governor in North Carolina, I took it that there was no government; and resolved not to trust my money there, but to carry it instantly into Charles-Town, where, God knows, there was government both capable and severe.

Nor would I tell anybody that I possessed near £100,000 in Arab gold tied up in little bags woven out of reeds.

For I feared all law, particularly Admiralty Law in South Carolina; and could not guess how it might use an indentured servant.

All I knew was that this Arab gold had been my father's lawful spoil. That it had been foully taken from him at the cost of his life by the known pirates Israel Hornygold and Tom Cocklyn, and concealed near Topsail Inlet. That I had discovered it. That it belonged to me, doubly now, and rightfully; and not to Mr. Maynard's crew, nor to His Majesty's station ships in the James River.

There it lay snug in small, marl-smeared sacks aboard my canoe moored at the water stairs. I had saved it from Mr. Teach and from Lieutenant Maynard; and now I had no intention of taking anybody whomsoever into my confidence, lest some unjust law I never heard of should give my Arab gold to the King of England and his mariners.

I WALKED with my friend Lieutenant Rhett to the Eden Arms Tavern; and there he bespoke a private room, and there made me eat, and drink a glass of Madeira which heartened me; for my heart was very heavy of the tragedy of Mr. Eden.

"Nancy Topsfield," says he, "why do you still wear your boy's clothes who have no need to any longer?"

"Because," said I, "a lonely boy has more security in this world than a girl. It is true that I am given a few kicks; but none suspects my sex, and I do very well."

"Yes," said he; "but Lieutenant Ross means to adopt you when he returns from the sea."

"I am not sure," said I, blushing, "that it would suit me to be adopted by anybody."

"Do you know," said he, "that a Court of Vice Admiralty has made Mr. Ross a wealthy man?"

I told him I was at ease to hear it; but said never a word about my own newly found fortune. My business was my own, and not Mr. Rhett's.

"I should suppose," said he, "that you had had enough of vagabonding and would be glad of a surcease from all roving."

I had had more than enough of it, but did not choose to tell him so; and only replied that, so far, I had kept body and soul united, and preferred freedom to shift for myself rather than be adopted and so beholden to anybody.

The wine mellowed him, I think, and loosened his tongue somewhat; for presently he told me that I made a pretty boy and was like to make a prettier girl when properly dressed as one; and that no doubt Mr. Ross thought so too, for he seemed very fond of me.

"Also," said he, "you are close to an age, Nancy, where you are like to learn something of love. And I envy the man who first teaches you. Have you made any choice of a teacher, yet?"

I turned sulky at that and made him no answer, for it was plain he thought me handsome; but my mind was too full of Mr. Ross to notice other men with kindness.

Yet, Mr. Rhett was agreeable and elegant and had a kind of reckless charm about him where

quarters, Major Bonnet, but if you touch your pistols you are a dead man!"

he lounged on his chair, a-squinting at his brimming wineglass, which he held up in the sunshine, and a-cracking walnuts now and then.

"I'll tell you this much," said I. "If I were truly at heart the vagabond gypsy I seem, then, no doubt, I am at an age—or nearly—when I might take a sweetheart where I found him. But, though misfortune hath made of me an orphan and an indentured servant, nevertheless I was born daughter to Captain Topsfield of The Fancy Nancy; and am the kind of woman a man has to church if he would possess me."

"YES," said he soberly; "and if *you* possessed a *fortune* you might marry even a gentleman; because you are a very, very pretty creature, Nancy Topsfield."

"Though mouse-poor," said I, "only a marriage ring buys me. And if any gentleman thinks otherwise, though it broke my heart, I'd send him to hell to light his candle."

"A gentleman," he explained with kindly patience, "does not marry destitute beauty in these days."

"Then," said I, "no gentleman can have any lighter traffic with this destitute beauty—if there be any such beauty as you pretend in this thin body and freckled face of mine."

"Wait," said he, laughing and filling his wineglass; "you will not always remain so ferocious, pretty one."

He drained his glass and gazed at me reflectively.

"What a life!" said he. "And why we all do not turn rogues like Stede Bonnet is a very mystery to me.

"Look at these pirates, how some among them become rich in a six-month.

"Look at Bob Culliford! He, in The Mocha, with his consorts The Pelican and The Soldada, shared three hundred thousand pounds! Yes; and then six thousand dollars; then eighteen thousand, and then four hundred pounds each man out of three Moor ships! Lord, I think I am the most virtuous man on earth not to take my own ship!"

I said that I could not eat even an ash cake which had been stolen, for it would choke me.

"No," said he; "nor I, dammy! That's why you and I remain poor. But all honest men are not so nice as I am. No! Look at Frederick Phillips, the rich New York merchant, whose great ship The Pembroke traded with Bob Culliford and Captain Shivers—two of the damnedest pirates afloat! Well, here be I, who risk life for a pitiful pay in His Majesty's Navy —and am like to risk it again very soon. Heigh-ho! What a life!"

"Sir," said I, "do you mean to take the sea shortly?"

"Tomorrow. Why," says he, with a bitter laugh, "there are today two thousand pirates ashore at New Providence, pretending to await the King's pardon, but all ready to fly the bones at first opportunity.

"There are twenty-seven ships with three thousand pirates afloat off our coast twixt Cape Canaveral and Cape Cod!

"I do not know why His Majesty's West Indian station ships are not more active. But all that our ships in the James can do is to send out sloops when these sea-rogues harry the Carolinas."

"Whom do you sail to take this time?" I ventured to ask.

"Why," said he, "that great fool Stede Bonnet. I caught him a week since inside Cape Fear, and he struck his black flag to me, and I carried him and his rogues into Charles-Town for Nicholas Trott, Esquire, to hang them.

"Now comes to me a messenger saying Stede Bonnet has escaped; and I am sent to catch him again and fetch him back to be comfortably hanged."

I SAID nothing. I was considering how I was to get my little bags of Arab gold into Charles-Town and yet say nothing about them lest an unjust law take them from me. Yet, how was I to accomplish this, with all the coasts and inlets and sounds so swarming with sea rogues?

"You know," said Mr. Rhett, "this Stede Bonnet is a strange fellow. I think he is mad."

"Mad?" said I absently.

"Why, yes. Otherwise, how could he turn pirate who had no need to?"

"Was he not poor?"

"Poor? No; he had a fortune. He was born a gentleman. He is a man of fine education; has been a major in the King's Life Guards. He has a rich plantation in the West Indies, where he was respected and thought much of. He possesses wife and children, wealth and friends.

"Suddenly a whim seizes him to turn pirate. He knows naught of the sea; cannot sail his own ship. But he buys a schooner, hoists what Francis Farrington Sprigg calls the Jolly Roger—which is a black flag bearing a death—and stands for the Spanish Main to take all nations! Therefore I say he must be mad."

"Holy angels!" said I. "Is this the escaped madman you sail to recover?"

He nodded. "Stede Bonnet and no other. . . . Well, Nancy, now that Mr. Eden is dead, where do you mean to go until Mr. Ross returns from the sea? Why do you not await him here at The Eden Arms until you can exchange 'em for Mr. Ross' arms?"

But I said I had a canoe and must be making sail for Charles-Town. And what he said about Mr. Ross madded me; and I would not listen to any advice from him, being in my secret mind determined to carry my bags of Arab gold into South Carolina, where was security and government, and there await the return of Mr. Ross.

So I had from the tavern a bag of hard bread, a cheese, some parched corn and sugar, a ham, and a cask of sweet water, all of which a servant carried to the water stairs and stowed aboard the canoe.

Mr. Rhett, standing above and looking down,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SILVER OAR
Continued from page forty-three]

and a little tipsy, asked me why I had stowed aboard me all those little muddy sacks in a row.

"Ballast," said I rudely.

"What kind?" asks he, laughing.

"Oh," said I, "the bags are full of hen's eggs and oysters—or whatever your curiosity prefers," said I, with all the impudence in the world. "But the truth is," said I, "that they're full of Arab gold in bars, grains, dust, and lumps, worth one hundred thousand pounds. Will you marry such an heiress, Mr. Rhett?"

Which he seemed to think a great joke; for he laughed very heartily, balancing there on heel and toe and a-blowing kisses at me.

SO I hoisted my lateen and cast off the painter, and, blowing him a cat's kiss, stood for the inlet, scowling.

"If you're lonely," called he, "send express for me to lay you aboard, my dear!"

Which vexed me; for my mind and heart were too full of Mr. Ross to jest lightly with other men. So I made him no answer.

Over the bar I saw Mr. Rhett's sloop beating up toward Edenton; and knew it had come to take him in pursuit of the escaped madman, Stede Bonnet.

I had a fair wind and sailed smartly before it, southward.

All afternoon I sailed; and, when it became dark, I landed, and ate a piece and then slept in the canoe moored close inshore.

Morning broke fair and very warm, and I heard many land birds singing on the dunes, although it was November.

All day long I sped southward before a light but constant wind; and that night I put into a creek where great trees overhung a beach of whitest sand, and everywhere, in the early moonlight, mullet were jumping to catch stars.

Now, where I came ashore was an island. Others had been there before me, for I saw a broken cask and the ruins of a hut.

I was too tired to make a fire and cook, so I ate a bit of hard bread and some cheese, seated among trees a little way from the beach. It was deathly still in that place. A thin shroud of fog dimmed land and sea; and there was a gibbous moon, around which the mist spun a kind of ghostly glory.

Tall and spectral the trees rose against sea and sky, and no wind stirred them; and I heard no night bird cry in the far silence, nor any sound, only the making of the tide near to its flood.

Then, of a sudden, I was aware of a man moving between me and the sea.

He was pacing the strand in the foggy moonlight—a tall man in a full-bottomed wig, long, laced coat, and boots; and his laced and feathered hat he carried in his hand.

When he came opposite to where I sat under a tree, he paused and looked toward me, and I could not doubt that he saw me.

But presently he moved on, tall, erect, and paced the sand as far as where the broken keg lay. Here he paused, and passed one hand over his shadowy face and brow, and pressed his fingers hard against his eyes, as though in perplexity.

Then back he strides along the seething edges of the tide; and stops again to look at me; and then, with bent head, on for a dozen paces.

Now again he turns and back he comes; but this time bends his steps toward me; and I felt a slight chill of fear roughen my body and stir my hair.

When he came to where I sat, I could see moonlight touching the pistols in his belt and shimmering along the gold lace and buttons of his sleeves; but his long face lay within the shadow of his wig, and the moon behind him made of his tall body a silhouette.

"Boy," said he in pleasant but hollow tones, "life is a sad and strange affair. In the end all find it so. It is because the brain grows old that the world ages and saddens."

I knew not what to say. He stood and passed a long, uncertain hand over his eyes, and over and over again, as though to clear his thought and vision.

Then he reached up and took off his long, heavily curled wig; and was a tall old bald man—or his head had been shaven for all that false brown hair.

"The human skull," says he in his hollow, cultivated voice, "should have a lid, so it could be lifted to cool the brain. . . . Boy, have you ever felt that your brain needed fresh, cool moonlight?"

"N-no, sir."

"Silvery, chilly moonlight? To cool and sooth the burning brain?"

"No, sir," I whispered.

He shook his head. "Life is a strange and dreary dream," said he. "Because the brain goes old. . . . Do you know the poets?"

"No, sir."

"I am one of them."

THERE was a silence. Then he seated himself near me with a strange, stiff dignity.

"This," said he, "is a poem I have made. I will recite it to you for your pleasure and instruction."

He lifted his long hand and beat time to accent the erratic rhyme; the cavernous mouth in his long horse face opened; from it, in precise and fastidious accents, poured a kind of husky chant:

"Now sounds the hour!
Passes the power
That Youth once flaunted;
Wasted the dower
That Love once vaunted.
O God of Sins untold,
Which my dark mind have haunted,
Fold upon fold,
My brain grows old—
That weary brain *she* taunted—
It was not gold I wanted!—
Thou knowest it was love, not gold.
So, knowing, let Thy tall storm cloud tower!
Let ruin lower!—
I stand undaunted."

As he ended, a pale, infernal light played in his shadowy eyes, then went out like heat lightning.

"I know not," said he in his husky, pleasant, and well bred voice, "whether I am a good poet. The world grows strange when the brain ages. . . . How old are you, my lad?"

"Seventeen, sir."

"Well, then, love of woman is still a pretty word to you and not yet a passion. Nor is love of gold. No, not yet, my lad. . . . The world and the brain are born upon the same day. And are young together. And together grow old—old. . . . There is another love: the love of glory. But it is as vain as are all other loves and passions. Even the love of God."

HE took a long horse pistol from his sash and examined it.

"A medicine for aged brains," said he. "I wonder? . . . Good medicine, perhaps, for fools. But that I am not—though some say I am a fool. And Black-Beard made me play the fool. So I sailed to pay him, but could not find him. And now he's dead. Which is the fool, my lad, the quick or the dead? . . . They're busy a-hanging many sea-rogues now. They hang 'em; then they gibbet them to swing and sun-dry. . . . And if the choked soul cling to the body, clutching it like a starved cat? I wonder! . . . It would be a dreary time for the soul while the body hangs in chains a-curing."

Chill after chill crawled over my body and through my hair as I looked at this tall old bald man in the foggy moonlight a-playing with his pistol.

"Sir," said I in a small and fearful voice, "I do not follow all that you are pleased to say to me; but you seem to be unhappy."

"I have been that so long," said he, "that I would not know Happiness if I met her. Happiness is a nymph who plays sweetheart to you now and then. It has been a long time since she has quit my bed—this lovely light-o'-love."

He cocked his pistol, and the sharp noise of the lock startled me. But he uncocked it, absently, and shoved it into his body sash.

"No," he said to himself. "No."

Presently, looking up at me: "Happiness is a trull," said he in his husky, pleasant voice. "I sought her in the army. I became a major in His Majesty's guards. But I did not discover Happiness there. The jade had gone.

"I married a wife. And had children. I was possessed of wealth; I enjoyed the respect and friendship of men. But Happiness, whom I had thought to wed when I wedded my wife, proved unkind. Then it was that first my brain troubled me; and grew very, very old. . . . And the world, too, grew old around me.

"So I bought me a ship and a black flag. Perhaps I might find Happiness aboard a ship, thought I. . . . And, to woo her, I determined to take all flags and all nations; and so I sailed

I saw them move away along the beach, Stede Bonnet's tall figure towering among them.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-NINE]

57 flavor

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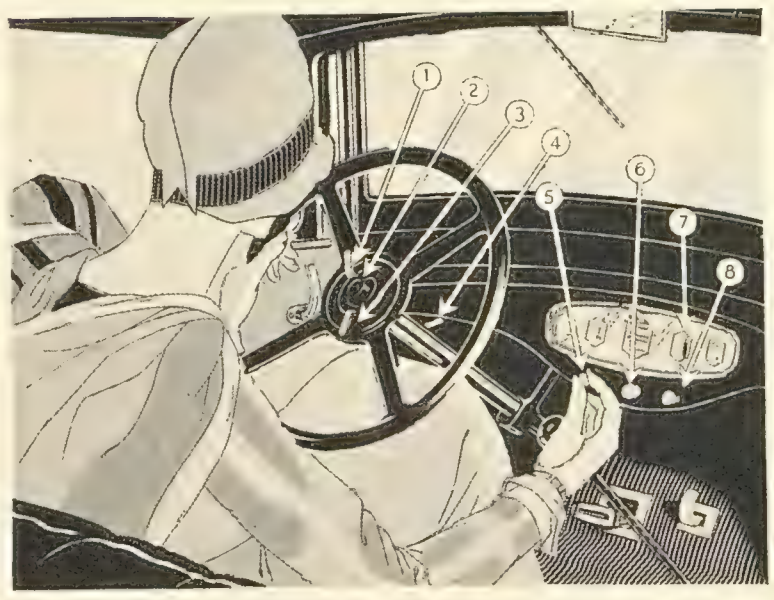

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

On The Account in The Red Sea Trade. And flew a death and a bloody flag and a black pennant, too. To woo her when she came aboard me. . . . She never came.

"And, to woo and entice her, I took The Anne of Glasgow and The Endeavor out of Bristol. And sixteen more vessels off Carolina between New York and Cape Fear—snows, pinks—and a Martinico man off Cape Henry, and two snows off the Delaware. . . . In my ship The Revenge, schooner. . . .

"But Happiness would neither ship aboard me nor sign my articles. . . . And my brain and the world grew old and very grey and vague. . . . Boy, I had no need of money. I loved neither the sea nor ships; nor could I make sail or navigate a ship; but had a sailing master to teach me.

"Yet, for all that, I am no fool. Only my brain is very restless, what with age and pain and memories of what hath been and what has died. . . ."

He rubbed his eyes and brow for a while with his long fingers; then held up his great wig to air it in whatever wind was stirring.

PRESENTLY he put it on and arranged the thick brown curls on his shoulders. Then he clapped his laced and feathered hat upon his head.

"Boy," said he, "is that your canoe yonder?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said he, "I have a pinnace in a cove not far away, and if I am not a fool I should go aboard and make sail. For," says he, "man's enemy—that hag whom we call Death—hath already offered me a bony and froward hand, which I refused. And lest she follow me here to make more free with me, I ought to hoist sail and stand for distant latitudes."

He rose with powerful grace and dignity and called out: "Harriott! I say, Harriott! Have you filled the water butt?"

The roar of a heavy musket answered him, and I saw the red flash of it among the trees.

I was on my feet instantly, and hid behind a tree. But he seemed dazed, and stood there in the foggy moonlight, passing his long fingers over his brow, gazing into darkness.

Out of it ran toward him a dozen men, the sparkle of moonlight on their weapons, and closed all around him, hedging in on him with naked swords.

Then came Mr. Rhett's familiar voice:

"I give you good quarters, Major Bonnet, but if you touch your pistols you are a dead man!"

Stede Bonnet stood rubbing his brow and his delicate, high-arched nose, and his large, prim mouth. Then he took off his hat to Mr. Rhett and made him a leisurely and courtly bow.

So the man-o'-war's men came to him and took the pistols from his sash and the sword out of its sheath, and then tied his wrists in front of him with his own body scarf.

"Any more of your company except Harriott here?" inquired Mr. Rhett.

"No, sir. Did your shot kill poor Harriott?"

"He ran. We shot him," said Mr. Rhett coolly.

"Dead?"

"Quite."

"Well," said Major Bonnet with pleasant composure, "it's a strange world, Mr. Rhett, and has grown very old since I was a lad in England. . . . Have they tried any of my company in Charles-Town since my escape?"

"All have had fair trial."

"The verdict?"

"All condemned save four."

Chill after chill crawled over my body and through my hair as I looked at this tall old bald man in the foggy moonlight.

"Which were they who have been found not guilty?" asked Bonnet gravely.

"Nicholas, Rowland Sharp of Bath-Town, Clark of Charles-Town, and Tom Gerrard of Antegoa."

"And Bob Tucker?"

"Hanged."

"Neddy? Timberhead? Jim Rattle?"

"All hanged."

"On what charge?"

"Piracy. The Francis and The Fortuna affairs."

"Is that the charge against me?" asked Bonnet pleasantly.

"It is."

"Very well, sir; let us go to meet it, then," said Major Bonnet calmly.

I SAW them move away along the beach, Stede Bonnet's tall figure towering among them—dread and ghostly silhouettes against a gibbous moon.

Then, at the water's edge where a shallop was riding, I saw one of the man-o'-war's men pick up an oar; and he carried it before Mr. Bonnet. And—oh, God!—the moon silvered it, and it seemed to be the Silver Oar which is carried in the death march to the gallows before all men condemned for piracy. And I knew that this man was doomed to die.

. . . . .

They say that he was hanged in his wig; and that when the cart started and the rope choked him, his full-bottomed, curly brown wig fell off, and left a tall bald old man a-hanging there, with his long hands tied in front of him and his glazing eyes fixed on the horsemen saluting him with poised pikes.

For there is government in South Carolina—just, they say, and both capable and severe.

And it is a strange world at best; but a young world, still, to me; like my heart, which is very young, and was the world's twin when both were born.

A terrible fate was reserved for Francis Farrington Sprigg, sea-rogue and dandy. You'll learn how he met his end in next week's story, entitled: A Younger Son.

Two-Color Rotog
in New Shapes and Sizes
—an *Exclusive* LIBERTY Feature

LIBERTY'S two-color Rotogravure is proving a great success. More advertisers have used this method of presentation in the first three months of this year than used it all of last year.

Two-color Rotogravure provides the flexibility so highly desirable in many types of make-up. It requires no plates.

Perhaps your advertising would benefit by the advantages of these new shapes and sizes. The diagrams on the opposite page indicate layouts available for advertisers.

Below is a list of some of the advertisers who have used LIBERTY'S two-color Rotogravure.

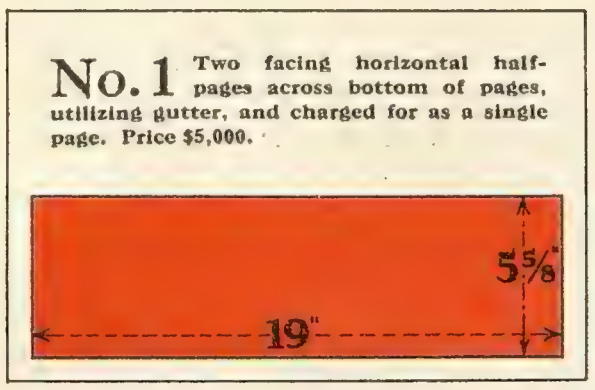
A LIBERTY representative will be glad to call with further details and samples.

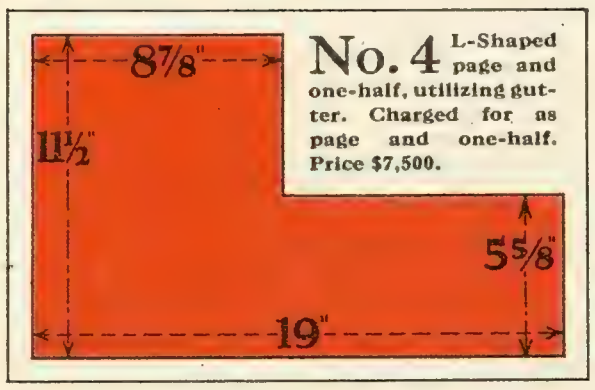
SOME OF THE ADVERTISERS IN LIBERTY'S TWO-COLOR ROTOGRAVURE

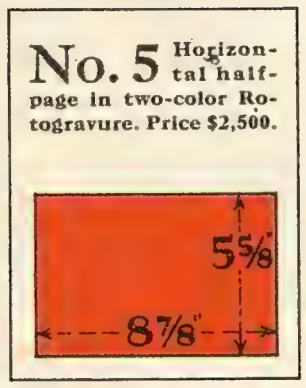
ALLEN AUTO SPECIALTY CO.
ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SO. CALIF.
AMERICAN CHAIN CO. (WEED)
AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP.
BAY STATE FISHING CO.
BIRTMAN ELECTRIC COMPANY
BURGESS BATTERY CO.
CARROM CO.
CARRYOLA CO. OF AMERICA
CHAS. H. INGERSOLL DOLLAR PEN CO.
CUTICURA SOAP
DOMESTIC ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR CORP.
DORFAN CO.
DWINNELL-WRIGHT COMPANY (WHITE HOUSE COFFEE)
E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
FEDERAL RADIO CORP.
FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES
FLAX-LI-NUM INSULATING CO.
GENERAL PENCIL CO.
HOUBIGANT, INC.
JAS. S. KIRK & COMPANY
LIFE SAVERS, INC.
LIONEL CORP.
LLOYD LOOM PRODUCTS
MOON MOTOR CAR CO.
MOTO METER CO., INC.
O'CEDAR CORP.
ROYAL EASY CHAIR COMPANY
SAPOLIN CO., INC.
SHIRTCRAFT CO.
SNIDER'S CATSUP
TAVANNES WATCH CO., INC.
THERMOID RUBBER CO.
THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
THE LANE COMPANY, INC.
THE REYBURN MANUFACTURING CO.
THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON CO.
THE WAHL COMPANY (EVERSHARP & PEN)
WAHL CO. (SPRING BRAKE)
WHITE STAR LINE
WM. H. PASCOE CO., INC.

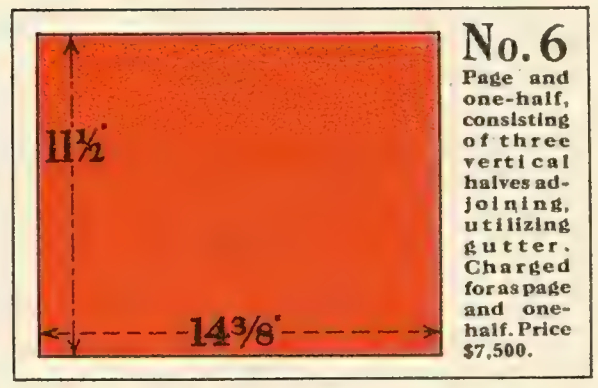
Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

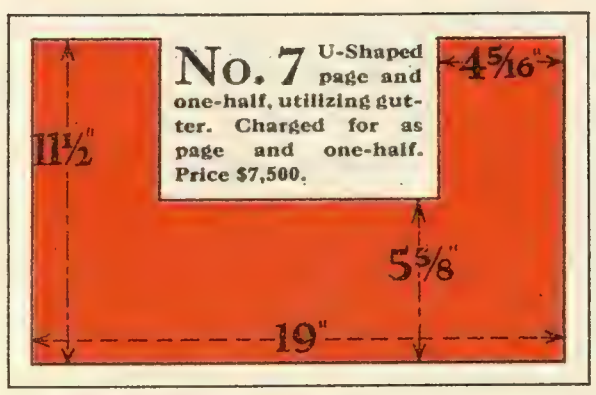
ravure Advertising

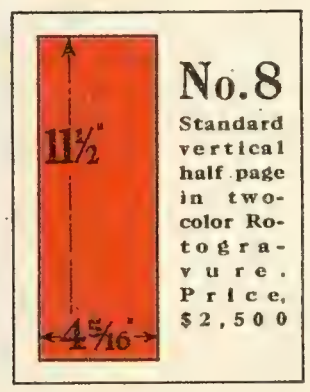


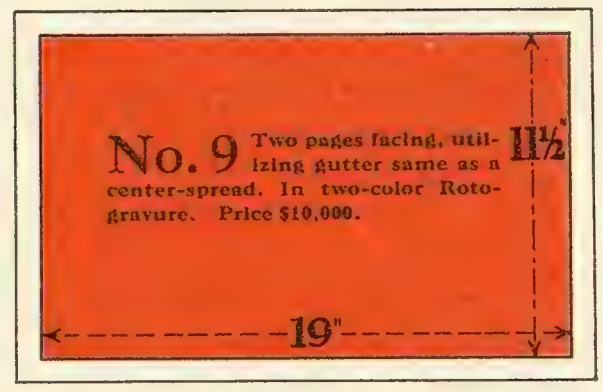












NOTE: In the above diagrams the Red represents the position of the advertisement; the white shows editorial reading matter.

Choice of Two 2-Color Combinations

LIBERTY offers Rotogravure advertisers choice of *two* two-color combinations. Either orange and black or red and black may be used, in all their various tints and values. (See pages 37 to 44 and 49 to 56 inclusive, in this issue.)

Closing Date

MATERIAL must be in LIBERTY'S New York office six weeks in advance of date of issue. Color desired must be specified one week in advance of this closing date.

Preparation of Copy for Rotogravure Advertisements

THE ideal way to prepare a rotogravure advertisement is to have all the elements mounted in position as a complete advertisement so that the entire subject may be reproduced as a unit. When this is impossible, the various elements may be submitted as separate pieces.

When there are several pieces, a complete layout must be furnished to show the proper position of the various elements of the advertisement. If color is to be used, the layout must indicate the strength of color and where it is to appear. If the advertisement is made up as a unit in one color only and two color is to be used, an overlay should be made indicating where color is to be placed.

Copy for illustrations must be original drawings, paintings or photographs. If colored illustrations are to be used for black and white rotogravure reproduction and the originals cannot be supplied, photographs of the illustrations must be furnished. These photographs should correctly render in one color the approximate color values of the originals and it is advisable to make them larger than the size to be reproduced.

COPY for all type matter should be furnished either in manuscript with type size indicated, or complete proofs of actual type to be printed. When in proof form all type matter should be clean and sharp. These proofs may be engravers' proofs, but preferably proofs pulled on onion skin paper and dusted with lamp black—commonly called "lamp black" or "gold" proofs. They should be mailed flat and not rolled.

Half-tones, electrotypes, nickel types, steel types, stereos, matrices or proofs of any of these cannot be used. Proofs of a plate consisting wholly of line work or line work and type can be used as the original copy.

DO NOT use type smaller than 8 point. When it is planned to use "white" type on dark background, type smaller than 10 point should not be used.

On any of the various rotogravure spreads the gutter is available for use. However, type matter, small illustrations, etc., should not be placed in this gutter or across it, but a gap should be allowed for the folding of the magazine.

FROM the material described above a negative and then positive films are made. The copper printing cylinders are etched from these positives. If preferred, the advertiser may use positives made by firms who specialize in the making of rotogravure positives.

Blue-print or photostat proofs of the complete advertisement will be submitted by LIBERTY for O.K. if requested.

AS it is impossible to furnish reprints of rotogravure advertisements, tear sheets may be secured in any amount at 2¢ each approximately one week in advance of sale date.

PARIS FORBADE FAT

Then modern science found an easy way to lose it

SOME two decades ago, Paris decreed that fat was unfashionable. She created all her styles for the slender. Thus Paris succeeded where doctors failed, in bringing about a change. Women by the millions began to reduce, then taught the fashion to the men they liked. Now excess fat is everywhere regarded with disfavor.

Science soon came to their aid. Reduction had been a hard task, often harmful. Too strenuous exercise might over-tax the heart. Starvation diet often led to malnutrition. Yet the effect on fat, in many cases, was but slight or transient.

Research men took up the study, both in Europe and America. They found that the cause of obesity often lay in a deficient gland. In a gland which largely controls nutrition. Then they sought out ways for correcting that deficiency.

The method was soon found, in feeding that gland substance taken from food animals. Thousands of experiments were made on animals. It was found they not only lost their fat, but gained in health and energy. Then tests were made on human beings with the same results. Many doctors, the world over, began to use this method. Some of them have watched and recorded the results in many hundred cases.

Then came the Marmola prescription, to embody that method in tablet form. The formula was perfected by a great American medical laboratory. It has now been employed for 20 years—millions of boxes of it. Users told others the results, the others told others. Thus the use has developed to very large proportions.

Note how conditions have changed. Slender figures now prevail. Excess fat is nowhere as common as it was. You see it in every circle. If you ask the reason, many of those slender people will give the credit to Marmola.

Marmola is not a secret. A book in each box gives the complete formula and explains the reasons for results, both in lower weight and new vitality. This is done to ward off any fear of ill effects. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. No abnormal exercise or diet is required, although moderation helps.

Excess fat is a blight to beauty and to health. Every man or woman should combat it. Marmola has done this for so long, and for so many, that you owe yourself a test. Learn what it means to you. Do this now, for every week of excess fat reduces the joy of living.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber.

MARMOLA

Prescription Tablets—The Pleasant Way to Reduce

"Our Father—"

A May Evening Drama at the Morses'

The Latest Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Continuity

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

SANDY'S business-trip buoyancy carried his right foot over the doorsill, but before his left settled on the rug he sensed an ominous atmosphere in his father-in-law's house. Not a hello greeted him. Not a whistle. Sandy didn't quite know where Pompeii was, but he felt as though he were walking through its deserted shadows by moonlight. Home, Sweet Home with a question mark.

"Whit-whit-whit!" he whistled. But not even the dog came; he'd been sent to board at a kennel.

"Sh-sh-sh!" This warning came from Ma, who'd knocked an ankle against a rocker in her haste to stick her head over the rail.

"What's the matter?" Sandy whispered. Somehow he felt that the bunch of flowers he'd brought for his wife might be a floral donation to a funeral.

"It's Lil," Mrs. Morse whispered. "She felt very sick. She's asleep. So take your shoes off and keep quiet. Some cheese sandwiches are in the ice box, and iced coffee. Heat it if you want it hot. Then go out to the drug store and get this prescription filled."

A little round pill box came rolling down the stair runner. It separated, the bottom detouring into the pantry and the lid bouncing behind the hall chest.

"Good trip?" Pop asked, appearing at the cellar steps. He'd been painting a clothes basket white—a temporary cradle for his grandchild. Boy or girl? He held sixty-three dollars in bets, pro and con, made by his joshing lodge pals!

"Four good orders," his son-in-law boasted. "And one promise."

"Well, don't count your promises before they're hatched, young feller," Pop grunted. His spirits were very low: Lil's being ill worried him. Not being allowed to turn on the radio peeved him.

Sandy was hunting around for a vase. He'd spent two dollars at the station for Lil's bunch of sweet peas. What he had planned to say with these flowers now gave him a terrible lump of despair in his throat. She was very sick. . . .

He dumped a cigar coupon and old movie program assortment out of a green vase Ma had won by mistake at a bridge, filled it with water, and stuck in the already wilting posies. Their inartistic effect would have won the booby at the County Fair flower show! He offered them humbly to Ma—like a native African handing his written prayer to a white goddess in the Oo-la-oo-la temple.

"For her!" he whispered, and then rushed to the drug store.

Mrs. Morse kept watch over Lil *à la* Swiss Guard all evening. She wouldn't permit Sandy to cross the doorway. Lil was her chick—and no rooster could hover in her vicinity. Sandy didn't dare even a good-night peck at his wife or mother-in-law.

"Good night, Ma!" he whispered. "Call me if you need me in the night."

"If I need anybody—it'll be the doctor!" she told him.

When Sandy got up to the guest room, his eyes blurred. He sank right down at the foot of the bed.

"Our Father," he began to pray . . .

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Importance of Being Four

My husband's business necessitates our living in hotels all the time, and I find it hard to get my four-year-old daughter, Jean, away from the lobby when it is time for her to retire.

The other evening she was playing telephone when I called her to come upstairs with me. She did not come and I grew impatient and told her to come at once.

She sweetly answered, "Mother, I can't leave now, as I am waiting for a long-distance call."—Mrs. David Evans, Penn Alto Hotel, Altoona, Pa.

The Worm Turned

Robert's mother illustrated her admonitions to not do this and not do that with examples of what dreadful happenings befell a little boy she knew who did similar things.

Robert listened patiently for a long time. One day, when his mother told him that "she knew a little boy who fell in the river and was never heard of again," Robert looked at her in desperation and said:

"Momsie, didn't you ever know a little boy that nothing ever happened to?"—George E. Drach, 425 East Washington St., Springfield, Ill.

Games *with* DEATH

A Chronicle of Dreams and Lions

BEING SOME FURTHER MEMORIES OF A YELLOW JOURNALIST

By
ADA PATTERSON

Picture by Joseph A. Maturo

(Reading time: 20 minutes 40 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In a previous article Miss Patterson—one of America's best known newspaper women—told how she saved Annie Bradley, who was tried for murdering Senator Arthur Brown, from the gallows. This is the second of a series of articles based on her experiences.]

YELLOW journalism is the best school of fiction. Nothing within the ken of my rather long and wide experience is better training for the imagination.

"When I write a short story or a novel I choose some fact or relationship in life and add to or subtract from it, multiply or divide it," said a so-called vivid realist. "The result is fiction."

"At all costs interest the reader," is the slogan of that method of newspaper making called yellow. Often the offender is the complaisant person who is granting an interview to the saffron press.

"I don't know what to say. You can say it better than I can. Write what you wish," says the person who feels that his own story of the experience that has befallen him in the *comédie humaine* will be trite or dull. He is frightened by the bogy of words.

The first wife of Howard Chandler Christy, the illustrator, smilingly offered me *carte blanche* to write what I wished of life in artists' studios for her. Caution prevailed. The requested story did not appear.

The signed story, or authorized statement, is usually the result of an arrangement representing complaisance on one side and a check on the other. If the pseudo-author of the resultant effort utters an outcry of protest, there is his signature to the article, or to a contract for a series of articles, to silence his ineffectual protests.

Outstanding in my recollections of twenty years of yellow journalism is the signed and authorized story of Martha Place's emotional experience under the death watch.

I LOOKED at the jury outside the cage. No, I would not display a white feather to the gaze of that jury.

Mrs. Place had married a widower. She lived in what seemed contented obscurity in an average home in Brooklyn. But beneath the calm surface of her life flowed the tumultuous current of jealousy.

The widower had a daughter, fifteen years of age.

Mrs. Place was frantically jealous of her husband's affection for the daughter of his prior love and marriage.

She brooded long on the tenderness which seemed to be greater than that which her husband manifested for her. After months of brooding she brutally murdered the girl and took measures to remove all trace of her crime.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[GAMES WITH DEATH
Continued from page fifty-three]

Suspicion fell upon her. She was tried and found guilty. Despite mighty efforts by her defenders, the picturesque and now obsolete firm of Howe & Hummel, she was sentenced to death.

The firm was composed of huge Mr. Howe and tiny Mr. Hummel. Both were men of adroit minds. Both specialized in the practice of criminal law. Each had a keen sense of dramatic values which he employed for the benefit of his clients.

MR. HOWE affably related an experience that illustrated this power.

"Every successful criminal lawyer must be a great actor," he once said in his office in the small, square, red brick building at Franklin and Center streets that was gaped at by eager sight-seeing visitors.

"To make this clear I will tell you a story of a vivid experience of my own.

"I was defending a man charged with murder. It was a peculiarly atrocious crime. He had murdered a man to get possession of money, the prosecution claimed. To free that man, or to secure a light sentence for him, was at first a baffling problem. The evidence was piled mountain high against him. There was practically nothing to rebut it. I searched his background. I delved into his domestic life. A ray of hope dawned.

"I rose to plead for my client's life. The jury turned chill, curious eyes upon me. A smile passed around the courtroom.

"'What can he do?' uplifted eyebrows asked. A shrug answered the question.

"I hastened over the evidence. The horror of it would only have been impressed upon the minds of the jurors if I had lingered on it.

"I approached the motive. I attacked it. I granted the hideousness of the murder.

"'But, gentlemen,' I cried, 'what could have induced an otherwise sane man to perpetrate such an atrocity? He did not commit the crime. My client did not kill the man.'

"This was the cue. From the rear of the courtroom an assistant hurried, leading a veiled child. I lifted the child in my arms. I tore away the white veil that had hidden her face. The gesture revealed the most beautiful child face I had ever seen. It was like that of an angel. A tender, spiritual, surpassingly innocent countenance.

"The lovely features glowed with the light of a cherubic smile. The child stretched forth her arms toward the wretched man at the bar of justice.

"'Daddy!' she cried. 'Come home with me, daddy!'

"'Gentlemen,' I shouted, 'my client did not commit the murder. This child did. It was love for her, his yearning to provide for her comfort before he left her alone in the world, that guided his hand in the deed we all deplore.'

"My voice rose. 'Gentlemen, she did it! She did it!' As an obbligato to my peroration, the little girl, nestling in my arms, looked at the prisoner, repeating, 'I love you, daddy. Come home with me.'

"The hard face of the prisoner melted. He burst into tears.

"Yes, he was freed."

© P. & A. photo

Martha Place, who murdered her stepdaughter, and the electric chair at Sing Sing, where she died.

TO this firm I went with my request for an interview with the condemned Martha Place. The tiny Mr. Hummel, who previously had said to his staff, "This is my sweetheart. Give her anything she wants from this office," regarded me.

"You are to be excused for making such a request," he affirmed, "for you are a stranger in this city and a newcomer to Park Row. But your editor ought to know that no prisoner is interviewed under the death watch. It is against the law."

My visage, round and rubicund, must have registered abysmal disappointment, for he said quickly:

"But I can give you her signature and you may write what you wish.

"The correspondence in the case of the State *versus* Martha Place," he called to his clerk.

His keen, cool eyes scanned the few, short letters. From the briefest of these he severed with a pearl-handled penknife the uneven signature.

He handed it to me, bowed smilingly, and, while I was closing the door, turned to another case.

I returned to the newspaper office, repeated the conference, extracted from my purse the precious bit of paper bearing the scrawled name, and waited.

"Can you do it?" asked the editor.

"I think I can."

"Then go ahead."

I can best describe the state of mind that

Don't be fooled by

Trade-mark Registered

THE bally-hoo artist of the circus, with all his noisy bragging, is still a comparatively innocent chap. You know it is "applesauce."

But "cheap" paint bally-hoo often entices some unsuspecting or inexperienced home owner—who buys in good faith. *His* losses are often likely to be tragic.

To be *really economical*, paint must be made of finest materials, *which are costly*.

Fine old SWP House Paint, for example, costs more per gallon. That is because it is made of *superfine materials* under supervision of the great Sherwin-Williams Paint Laboratories.

But, because of this superfine manufacture, only *7 gallons* of fine old SWP will give the average size house a beautiful finish.

To give the same house a *cheap-looking* finish, *over 11 gallons* of "cheap" paint are usually required.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

ensued as a trance. Youthful, inexperienced as I was, I was wise enough not to write such a story without leisurely preparation, without inducing a mood, creating mental atmosphere.

I re-read every line I could find in the "morgue," or reference department, about the celebrated case. I sought the files of the newspapers and read, word by word, the records of the trial. When I had finished, no report of the case had escaped my eager eyes.

"And now," I said to myself, "step out of your skin. You are no longer an ambitious young cub from the West. You are a lodger in Martha Place's skull. A woman who is in love and is jealous of her mate."

I tried to picture my meeting with the attractive widower. I moved, step by step, on the road of love. I conjured my elation when he reached the point of proposal of marriage. My coy delays. My seemingly reluctant "Yes."

The wedding journey. The home-coming. That girl. I had felt the thrill of hate when he had shown me her photograph and said with undisguised pride, "My little girl."

When I saw her fling her arms around his neck, heard her say, "I am so glad to see you are home again, father!" a spark that had smoldered in my heart burst into flame. A flame that scorched my breast. A flame that neither reason, nor the overtures of the girl who bore my husband's name, nor time, nor a Herculean effort of will, could extinguish.

IT burned on and on in my breast. Fanned by some commonplace, trivial matter in the household, it blazed high. I charged my husband with loving his child more than he did me, his wife. My husband, amazed at the outbreak, appealed to my reason. I shrieked defiance at him. My young stepdaughter laughed at me. I threatened her with uplifted arm. My husband caught my arm and spoke sternly to me.

My stepdaughter went on laughing. I screamed in fury. She put on her hat and started to school. My husband, having reprimanded me, left me sobbing.

He went out without his usual good-by kiss. He slammed the door. I heard his footsteps echoing along the sidewalk. They seemed to me the footfalls of fate. Footfalls foreboding what?

It had been a hot family quarrel, paving the way for future fiercer quarrels. Always I was the aggressor. Always I complained of my husband's greater love for his child.

Always he rebuked me. He commanded me not to be foolish. He explained that the love of a man for his mate and the love of a father for his child were farther from each other than the south pole and the north.

MY stepdaughter laughed. The laughter maddened me. It seemed to me derisive, triumphant, mocking. Some day, when my brain cleared, I should know that the laughter was a child's frightened hysteria.

But now each peal was a stab in my heart.

So, gradually, I came to the point of meditation upon revenge. With thoughts of revenge came the insane one that if the girl with the wide eyes and delicate face—the girl whose frequent use of the word "father" turned a knife in my heart—were gone, I should regain my husband's lost love.

So one day I waited for her return. When she came I struck the blow.

She screamed. She flung out her arms; then lay very still. Her face was upturned. Her dead, open eyes stared accusingly at me.

The smoke above the jealous flames cleared. I must act. I must act with the utmost coolness and deliberation. There must be no mistake.

I hid every sign of the struggle and the crime. I met my husband with much more than usual friendliness. His suspicions about his daughter's absence I allayed.

© Brown Bros. photos

Abe Hummel, of Howe & Hummel, noted criminal lawyers, and (left) W. F. Howe.

THEN came discovery. Accusation. Arrest. The trial. I remained defiant.

My brilliant lawyers used every expedient to save me. But the jurors either looked coldly at me or avoided my gaze. The word "Guilty" fell from the foreman's lips.

The trip to Sing Sing Prison. The blue stretch of the Hudson. The high gray walls of the prison. The warden's grim face. The book in which to write my name—and not my address. My address for a long time would be Sing Sing Prison. And—afterward—I stumbled blindly after the keeper to the cell.

Then the hideous uniform. The long hours of monotonous work. Worse, a thousand times worse, the long black hours when I sat or lay in a stupor on the iron cot. The heavy, unmistakable prison odor. The despair.

Clarifying of my vision. Acute perceptions of what I had not suspected. The normal love of father for daughter, of daughter for father, that trespassed not at all on the domain of my wifehood. Why had I asked all from life in-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"cheap paint" Bally-hoo!

That four gallon difference makes the "cheap" paint cost *practically the same* as SWP, *by the job*. So the low price per gallon is just applesauce.

A finish of SWP House Paint will last for five years or more. In the same five-year period, "cheap" paint will need two, three and even five repaintings. You avoid this big repainting expense by using fine old SWP.

The Master Touch

In addition to superfine materials and a "proved" formula, there is a priceless element in SWP House Paint that can be found in no other paint. It is the "Master Touch" of the scientific men in the Sherwin-Williams Laboratories.

These men are to paint what Edison is to electricity—what Marconi is to wireless.

Their experience and genius have made SWP House Paint the standard of quality for the world for over 50 years.

Even the most skillful cannot *duplicate* the Master Touch. And the "cheap" paint maker, of course, does not even attempt it.

See "Paint Headquarters" and save money

Before you start any painting, varnishing, lacquering or enameling job, see your local Sherwin-Williams dealer. He is the recognized "Paint Headquarters" in your locality. Get his advice and material estimates.

If you want literature on any S-W paint, varnish, lacquer or enamel, and a copy of the famous Sherwin-Williams Household Painting Guide which saves costly mistakes in painting, write us.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Up-to-date Painters endorse and use fine old SWP. They know that its equal in flowing, covering, hiding, durability, colors, cannot be produced by hand mixing alone

SWP HOUSE PAINT

PAINTS · VARNISHES · LACQUERS · ENAMELS

Trim Your Store Windows Frequently it Means Increased Sales and Profit

REYBURN ART CREPE

THE LOGICAL WINDOW TRIMMING MATERIAL

The Reyburn Unit Plan

If you would take 100% advantage of your sales opportunities, trim your store windows frequently and attractively.

The merchant who realizes the full import of this practical message and who adopts the Reyburn Unit Plan of window trimming, will obtain greater sales volume and greater profits than he has ever imagined possible.

Window Trimming is the most important part of a merchant's sales effort. Drab or poorly trimmed windows are a severe handicap to retail store success.

Your windows are the eyes of the store.

The practical **Reyburn Unit Plan** of window trimming makes it easy for you to always have fresh, attractive windows—change as often as you wish.

No need for you to be a window trimmer—the plan takes care of that. You save money by purchasing your windows ready to use by this practical plan.

Ask your wholesaler—he is in a position to give you complete details—or write direct.

Reyburn Window Trimming Contest

Contestants may send in as many pictures as they wish each month. The judges will be a committee appointed by The Reyburn Manufacturing Company and their decision will be final.

$3,000 in prizes

Every month, until further notice, The Reyburn Manufacturing Company will offer to all dealers, wholesale or retail, anywhere, $250 in cash prizes (34 prizes) for pictures of the best-trimmed window displays.

Each month's contest begins on the first of the month and closes on the final day of the month.

It is suggested that some nationally-advertised products be used in window (this is not obligatory).

It is not necessary to have a picture taken of your display by a professional photographer. Merely take a snapshot with your own camera and send us one picture. When sending in your pictures to us be sure to write the name and address and city and state on the back of the picture.

Combine your Reyburn entry with the Liberty Dealer $1,000 a month prize offer and perhaps win two prizes. Details of the Liberty Dealer contest can be secured by writing to us.

Reyburn Utilities

Shipping Tags; Merchandise Marking Tags; Pin Tickets; Red Border Gum Labels; Cloth Reinforcements; Index Tabs; Cloth Mending Tape; Bill Straps; Coin Wrappers; Embossed Paper Napkins; Crepe Paper Novelties; Art Crepe, etc. Catalog on request.

THE REYBURN MANUFACTURING CO.

32nd St. & Allegheny Ave. *Mfgrs. of Reyburn Art Crepe* Philadelphia, Penna.

THE REYBURN MANUFACTURING CO.,
32nd St. and Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen: Find enclosed money order, check or C.O.D. for $.....

½ gross Reyburn Art Crepe— 12 most popular colors (sufficient for 12 average windows) **$7.20**

West of Mississippi . . $7.80

1 gross Reyburn Art Crepe— 24 most popular colors (sufficient for 24 average windows) **$13.80**

West of Mississippi . . $15.00

Carrying charges prepaid to any part of the U.S. Money back if not satisfactory.

STANDARD TRADE MARK

Suggested color ideas, with complete instructions for trimming windows, accompanying each package.

Name.....

Street..... *City*..... *State*.....

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[GAMES WITH DEATH
Continued from page fifty-five]

stead of what was my share? We may not be too greedy. We must not ask too much of life lest it take from us what we have.

Now, lying on my cot, I understood all. A flood of tears came, and with it repentance. Oh, that I might sponge out those awful thoughts! That I might undo that ghastly deed. The fires of jealousy burned low; went out.

She had been a lovely child, my stepdaughter. In her eyes I remembered that I had seen a question. Then I could not read it. Now it was of sunlight clearness: "Why won't you love me—mother?"

What I had lost! What I had destroyed! I thought of my husband, mourning his murdered daughter. His thoughts of hatred swept over me as a wave.

I knelt and prayed. But God seemed very far off. He seemed to answer: "Not yet! Not now. You must suffer much and long before you can atone. I cannot at once forgive one who has tortured and killed an innocent child."

Then I flung myself on the hard cot. I beat my hands against its iron sides. Blood trickled down my wrists. I moaned. The pacing steps of the guard paused before my door. I covered my mouth with my hand. The guard listened. Waited. Went on.

TERROR filled me. There would be no relief from this torture until—the guard would halt for the last time before the door of my cell. The key would turn in the door. I would walk beside a good man who spoke words I was too stupefied to understand.

Then a little room at the end of the corridor. A group of men waiting in silence that hurt. And in that room a grim shape. The shape stretched forth waiting arms for me. I sank slowly into the fateful chair. Straps were fastened about my wrists.

I screamed.

Attendants ran to my cell. "I was dreaming," I sobbed.

"They often do," they answered half in pity. But only half. No one could wholly pity Martha Place. . . .

These were the moods I induced. These the figures I conjured. When they were of cameo likeness I put them into the form of the written word.

Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, visiting New York, greeted a writer from California.

"Yesterday I read the best story you ever wrote," he said. "It was not signed by you. It was signed by Martha Place. But I knew you wrote it."

"Then the best story I ever wrote was written by a friend of mine," she answered. "Ada Patterson covered that assignment."

Martha Place—it being agreed by all, save her lawyers, that she had had a fair trial—died, as the court had decreed, in the electric chair at Sing Sing Prison. No, I was not asked to write a first-person story of her sensations during that final function.

WHILE the process of a murder trial within the grim walls of the courtroom has the harshness of wheels grinding against metal rails, the wheels and the rails are oiled by occasional unexpected humor.

When the dainty French seamstress, Berthe Claiche, first to be endowed with the title "white slave," sat in the chair of waiting, she laughed. Just once.

During the rest of the weeks in which Judge Rosalsky and four other lawyers wrestled with the District Attorney and his assistants to save her life, her pretty, dark face was stern and sad.

I came in and sat beside her through a recess.

She told me with tears of mortification that she had been so nervous that morning that she had been ill in the way actors sometimes are at a first performance of a play, and that a court attendant had had to remove the traces of that illness from the floor.

I tried to soothe her by saying that nervous indigestion is so common that it has been called New Yorkitis. She still bent her smooth dark head in humiliation at her share in an incident so unpleasant. I tried another means.

"Have you seen the old man who has come from Michigan to marry you?"

"No," she answered; "but I have had more than a hundred letters from him."

"Have you answered them?"

A shake of the head that conveyed a world of emphasis. "Men—I hate them!" whispered hissingly the girl who for six years had been a creature of the streets, at the command of her master, the giant Gendron, whose slavery she had flung off by the aid of a bullet.

Sing Sing Prison

I drew a picture of the small man who waited every day about the door of the Tombs, hoping that she would see him, and who, because of his declaration of *Romeo* intent, had been barred from the courtroom.

"He is about four feet ten inches tall. I should say he weighs ninety-five pounds. He has grizzled hair and meek blue eyes. He has a rather silly smile."

"What did he say?"

"He asked me whether, if you declined his hand, I would accept it."

Berthe Claiche laughed—a low laugh, her head tilted backward, her even white teeth flashing, her eyes brilliant.

"Mademoiselle, I make to you a present of him."

Again I heard laughter from the principals in that arena of the minds and hearts of humanity. It was during a recess in the second of the Thaw trials.

A prankish reporter wrote an

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

Old Briar TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE"

Judge for yourself the complete comfort, cheer and contentment in Old Briar Tobacco. Light up a pipeful and let its cool, mellow smoke justify the praise so many pipe smokers are giving it . . . Every day, from everywhere, men are sending us the message that Old Briar Tobacco is bringing to them all of the genuine pleasure of pipe smoking.

Only the choicest quality tobaccos, entrusted to experts with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, go into Old Briar Tobacco. And quantity production makes it possible at such a sensible price.

United States Tobacco Company
Richmond, Va., U.S.A.

A half-hour with a pipeful of Old Briar Tobacco costs less than one penny. Certainly you will spend that for genuine pipe pleasure.

25c Package—two pouches wrapped together. Also in 50c, $1 and $2 handsome boxes.

SPECIAL OFFER

Send the coupon below with 10c—coin or stamps—for postage and mailing expense and we will send you a generous package of Old Briar Tobacco.

Tear out and mail *with 10c—coin or stamps*—to United States Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., U.S.A.

Print Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

L. M. 5-26-28

OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

Steel Strands of Strength

Stranded cables of steel wire embedded in the bead, give to Federal Double Blue Pennant Cords their strong, rigid grip upon the rim.

The high crown tread, the full oversize air chamber, *"Equal Tension"* Cord, and the double cable bead make Federal Double Blue Pennant Cords the outstanding tires of the day for easy riding and steering, sure traction and skid prevention, throughout greater mileage than you expect from your tires.

The nearest authorized Federal Agent can help you to select the most suitable tire for your car and its service.

FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY, *Sales Division,* Chicopee Falls, Mass.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

unsigned note to District Attorney Jerome, acquainting him with the rumor that Evelyn Nesbit Thaw had fallen desperately in love with him. The official's laughter echoed through the vast room in which presently Harry Thaw was to hear the jury's recommendation that he be sent to Matteawan Asylum for the criminal insane.

The story percolated through the circles associated with the trial and found many solemn-visaged believers.

WHILE I have imperiled life and limb in many adventures in the service of golden-tinted journalism, the most outstanding of all was my emulation of Daniel.

Like Daniel, I was in the clutch of circumstances. Else neither of us would have invaded a lions' den.

The newspaper I served desired to advertise that purchasers of it would receive a season ticket to Dreamland at Coney Island. The idea had merit. But Samuel W. Gumpertz, manager of Dreamland, saw none in it for him.

He asked the business man's question: "Why should we throw open the doors of Dreamland to a horde of your readers? What is there in it for us?"

A weary young assistant-assistant-assistant editor returned vexed and perspiring from his fifth interview with the acute young man who was to be dined and crowned as the King of Brighton and Coney Island.

"Any headway?" asked the editor.

"He is unyielding. What do you think he asks? He has made an impossible condition."

"What is that?"

"That Miss Patterson go into the lion cage, and that you publish a page feature about it."

The editor sent me a look of inquiry.

"I will go," I said.

Why? the startled reader may well ask. The human equation enters into the answer. I had known the impresario of Dreamland in the West. Known him to be humane and likable and just. He would not sentence any woman, or man, to certain death in a lion's jaws. There must be mitigating circumstances. He knew those circumstances. I believed that I might intrust my safety to such a manager.

Second, I knew the enormous advertising value of the plan for the paper. Circulation would leap instead of languishing in the summer months of dragging dullness if the plan could be effected.

Therefore the vexed and perspiring young assistant-assistant-assistant editor lifted his desk telephone and announced exultantly: "If you can make the arrangements, Miss Patterson will be out this afternoon."

Through the arched white entrance to Dreamland to the manager's office. A hurried handgrip. A few words of greeting and a reassuring, "The keeper will go into the cage with you, of course. No one ever goes in without him."

Then to the animal arena, where a lion roared ominous greeting.

On a green bench outside the inclosed arena sat a young man of swarthy face and sullen manner. His head was swathed caplike in folds of white gauze.

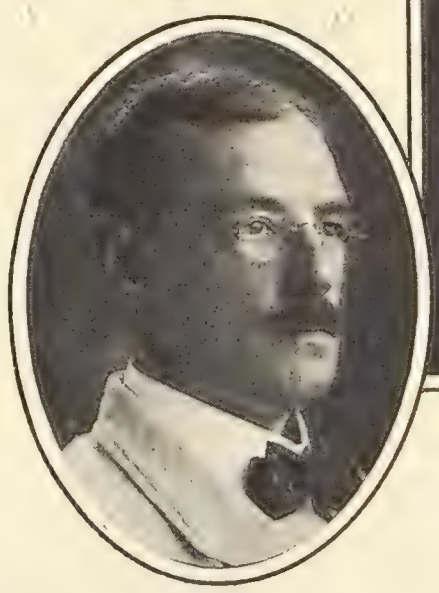
"A lion clawed his temple. He's nursing the bruise. He's a Cuban. Come here, Roveri, and meet the lady who is going into the cage."

Roveri came forward with unwilling feet. He nodded and grunted and went back to his bench.

His head sank upon his breast. He closed his eyes.

"What a surly creature," was my comment.

Not surly, but pitying, as I afterward learned. Roveri would not look at me because he believed that I would be rent by the claws of the beasts. He was overcome by what he believed would be my fate.



© Brown Bros. photos

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw and (left) former District Attorney William Travers Jerome.

"It is suicide," he had said. "I won't look."

Joseph G. Ferrari and I stood in his animal arena and looked at the huge circular cage in which the daily and nightly exhibitions were given. The great half circle was railed by iron bars thirty feet high, finished at the top with white and gilt spikes.

AT the back were blue and white paintings of Roman matrons looking down upon such an arena as this. They were reproductions of scenes in the capital of the animal trainer's native country.

"Yes," said Signor Ferrari, a thin, watchful-eyed, smiling man, who more resembled a dancing master in a girls' school than the famed conqueror of the king of beasts; "ladies whom I know can look unmoved upon such sights, but they cannot take part in them. No. They do not go among the lions. They are afraid."

He escorted me to the "greenroom" of the arena. An odd, green-painted room, cluttered with red and blue stools.

"What are they?" I asked of a man with a huge purple bruise on his forehead, who ran in at one door and out at an opposite one, snatching and carrying out the stools.

"The pedestals of the lions," he flung back over his shoulder, as he lurched out with two more. They talk little in animal colonies. Silence seems to be a condition of not being eaten alive and unaware.

At the side of the greenroom, in a rough wall of heavy, unplaned boards, were three square peepholes as high as my waist. A sliding, velvety sound near them arrested my attention.

Something yellow and plushlike appeared before the peepholes, then vanished. Bending and staring through one of the holes, I counted five long bodies swaying past on flat feet that were nearly soundless.

"The lions," announced the man with the livid, mortal-looking bruise upon his forehead. The yellow bodies shot through the dark runway. The man with the purple lump on his forehead, pointing to that forehead, said:

"Things happen that the audiences never know."

HE slid past the iron-barred partition of the greenroom, and bounded through the narrow door, not so high as a man's head, into the arena.

There was a sound of snarls, of a big, thunderous roar, then a man's voice, half threatening, half coaxing:

"Sultan! Rosie! Lina! Come, good girls! Fatima! Up! Sultana!"

It was a strange roll call, interrupted by heavy pounding upon a resounding floor, by a rageful roar, a loud, vicious snapping. Then the ominous little door shot back. A voice with a French accent called in a quick, peremptory tone:

"Madame."

Beside the door stood a small man with thick black hair that curled crisply about his face, a determined jaw, and a restless pair of eyes. One of the eyes was fixed upon me. The other never seemed to leave the big yellow group opposite the door and near the railing.

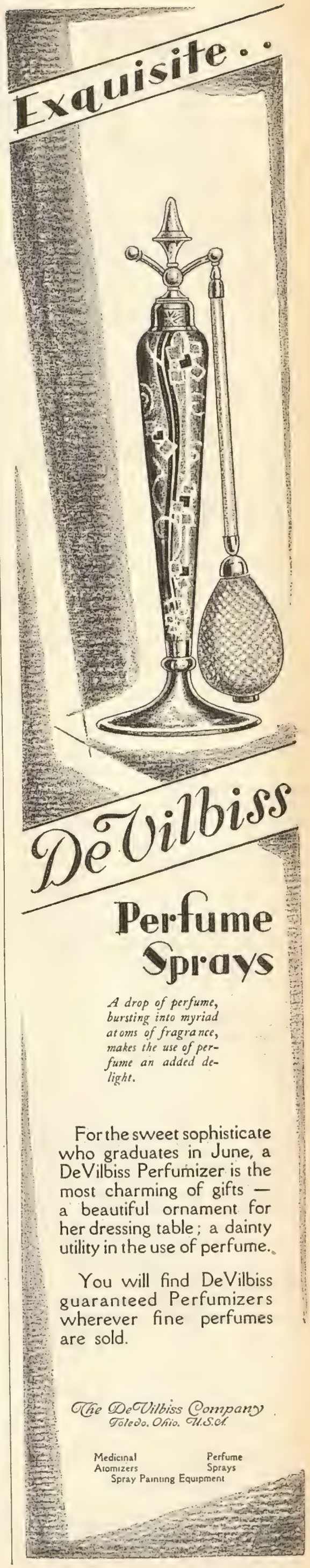
The tawny beasts had been coaxed upon their pedestals.

Sultan, his head looking as large as his body, squatted on the highest of the blue stools. On the lower stools that surrounded him were perched the lionesses, Rosie, Lina, Fatima, and Sultana. All regarded me with smoldering eyes.

I stared back at them, remembering what I had read of wild beasts of the jungle that had been tamed by a steadfast look into their eyes. But there were five of these and the range of vision covered a space of ten feet. How could I look steadily into the eyes of each?

I selected Rosie of the face oddly mottled, as though she wore eyeglasses. She shook her head and opened her cavernous red mouth

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Complexion poor?..*Get at the cause this way*

WHEN a woman discovers that her complexion has become broken out and unlovely, what is her first reaction?

Almost invariably she applies to her skin an external preparation of some sort—she tries to cover up the blemishes.

This local treatment may be helpful—but it is at best only a half-measure.

For a poor complexion comes from trouble within, and to have a skin that is clear, smooth and healthy, the system must be kept internally clean.

The approved way to do this is with Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline.

By stimulating the natural secretions of water in the intestines, Sal Hepatica corrects constipation and sweeps away the poisons of waste that render the blood impure and cause the skin to become blotchy and broken out.

Sal Hepatica is also widely used in the treatment of stomach disorders, colds, headaches, rheumatism, kidney and liver troubles, auto-intoxication and many other ills. For it combines the same health-giving salines as the famous European spas where so many physicians send their patients to "take the cure".

Dissolved in a glass of water, Sal Hepatica bubbles up into a foamy, sparkling drink. It is delightfully bracing—refreshing as a breeze. It acts promptly, gently and pleasantly.

Send for our booklet that explains more fully how Sal Hepatica helps correct skin blemishes and relieves many common ills of life.

Please address
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. A-58, 71 West St.,
N. Y. C.

Sal Hepatica

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[GAMES WITH DEATH Continued from page fifty-nine]

with its intimidating show of pointed teeth. Recalling that Captain Bonavita had told me some lions, like some humans, do not like to be stared at, I transferred my strained gaze to Lina.

Why had they chosen one lion and four lionesses to receive me? Every trainer will tell you that lionesses have the "meaner" dispositions.

"Come closer."

Trainer Riccordo's crisp, peremptory tones slashed through my timorous thoughts.

"Come closer, madame."

Closer to those yellow, staring beasts, two with mouths widely and anticipatively open! I looked at the little door.

I remembered that the man with the livid gash in his forehead had warned me not to open that door. For when it slid back ever so little the lions understood the sound as a signal for their exit. They would make that exit though giants or cannons or oceans stood in their way.

I looked at the jury sitting on the green benches outside the cage: Bonavita, whose sleeve a lion had emptied. Mr. Revick, who had admitted he was nervous because the lions were restless that day. Roveri, who had growled his warning and sat with eyes shut lest he see its fulfillment. No, I would not display a white feather to the gaze of that jury.

"Come," adjured the trainer.

I OBEYED. But my steps seemed immeasurably small, incalculably slow.

"Hurry, madame. Lions are impatient. We must not make them wait."

"Closer," commanded the trainer.

"Rosie!" reprovingly to the lioness that had fixed her gaze upon me and had shaken her head.

Slowly she turned her head toward him. I stood within two inches of the long body that was so thin that it looked as though sunset-colored velvet had been draped about a skeleton of steel.

The trainer slipped the whip from his hand to the hollow beneath his shoulder. He laid his right hand on Rosie's back. She looked inquiringly at him.

"Good Rosie," he said, coaxing her to rest her front feet on one of the red stools, her hind feet on another. He stroked her back. She twisted lazily her thick, clublike tail.

"Rosie," he said, the crispness of his voice lost in a tone like a caress, and to me, quickly, in an undertone: "Now, madame."

His hand slid slowly off the yellow back. My own hand sought the spot his hand left. A slight shiver shook the sunset-colored hide. The tawny head slowly turned.

The golden eyes, with flames in them, looked back into my face.

"Rosie!" shouted the trainer. His tone was commanding, though he had walked ten feet away. Rosie's head slowly turned back. Her eyes contemplated Lina perched on the opposite stool.

THERE was a blow from behind that pushed my hat over my eyes. A whisk of Rosie's clublike tail had nearly knocked it off my head.

"Ready! Steady!" called the photographer from the open door. There was a red flash. The furry hide on which my hand rested quivered a little and was still. Rosie and I had been snapped.

Sultan, at the trainer's command, slowly and clumsily descended from his blue stool and lay down while I stood close beside him. He roared his protest.

Lions, I thought, make the ugliest faces in the world.

Fatima and Sultana roared in unison. If lions could swear, the air would have been full of profanity—as full as is a newspaper office twenty minutes before going to press, when lifelong friends generate feuds, and an editor that may have been likable turns fiend.

But, while I realized this, a friendly feeling for the beasts was growing in me. I admired the huge golden spots on their sides. They looked less sullenly at me. The genial process of growing acquainted was taking place.

"Finished?" asked the trainer.

"Yep!" returned the photographer.

"Then go. Go out backwards."

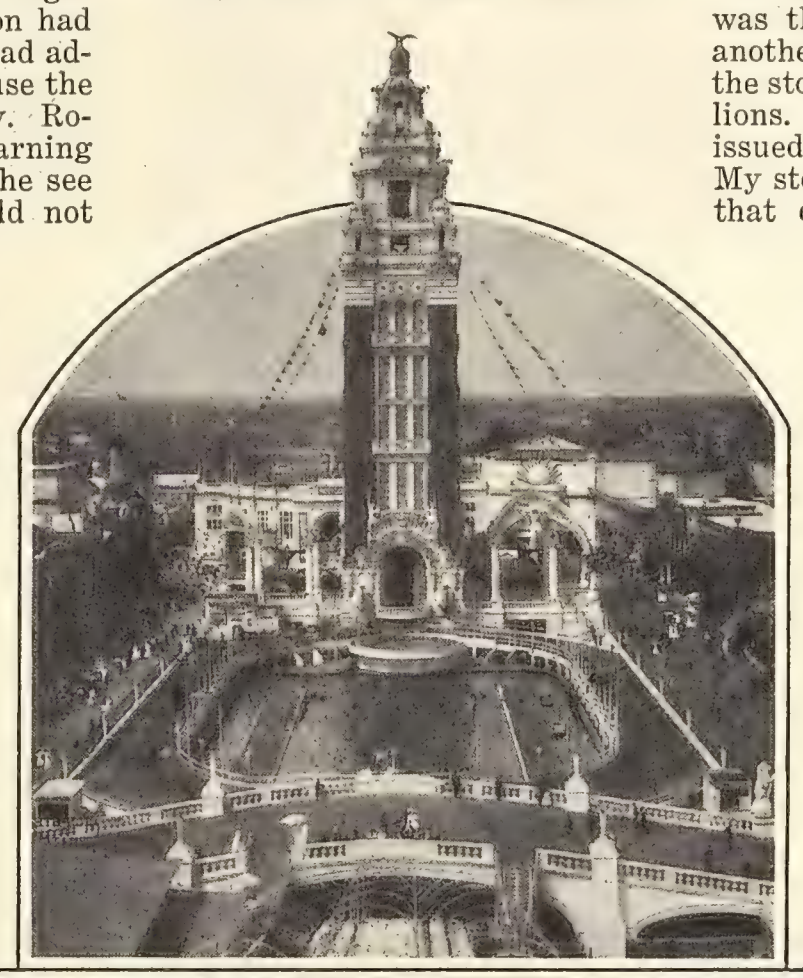
The photographer and his camera vanished through the narrow door.

"Smith!" shouted the trainer to the man with the empurpled forehead.

The bolt on the other side of the door shot backward. Five long bodies sprang from their blue and red stools—five yellow-flecked bodies that pressed about the door and, one by one, vanished through it. Woe and death to anyone who stood in the way. The velvet-padded feet pattered back through the dark, narrow runway.

The next morning, with my fruit and toast, came the news that Dreamland had been burned to the ground. In the blaze, Sultan had picturesquely perished. The lionesses survived him. The negatives for which we had posed were a lump of melted glass.

"Risked Her Life for Nothing" was the headline a chronicler on another newspaper printed above the story of my adventure with the lions. For no passes would be issued for nonexistent Dreamland. My story was forgotten, except by that chronicler, until a worried assistant's assistant exhumed it and scheduled it for a filler.



© Brown Bros. photo

The lion den at Dreamland, Coney Island. Above: Dreamland before the fire that destroyed it.

HUNDREDS of times I have been asked how members of the yellow tribe "get their stories." My reply has always been that honey, or its equivalent, has a more attractive quality than lemon juice or a corresponding acid.

Yet one of the best newspaper go-getters I have ever known was a handsome bully. After my interview with one of his clients, a lawyer remarked: "I was surprised by your consideration for the poor girl. Pardon me. I did not know that newspaper women ever used such tactics. One of your confreres I met raging up and down the corridor of a theater shouting, 'Get out of my way, you dirty theatrical people! How dare you try to keep me out of that dressing room?'

"I hurried to the dressing room, which was occupied by my client. I flung open the door and invited the lady in. She was trembling. Her aristocratic nostrils quivered with rage. About her hung the odor of having dined well."

"She obeyed the first and last commandment of a newspaper of-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

Janet *wondered*..were all MARRIAGES *this way?*

IT hadn't been the child's fault, really. But somehow the least little thing nowadays was enough to make John practically jump out of his skin. Nervous, excited, irritable—even at meals.

It was bad for the children. Slowly it seemed to be destroying their happiness. Janet wondered whether all marriages got this way sooner or later. Or was there something that could be done about it? Some way of staying fresh and eager—for life and for one another!

SHE suspected that the commonest of all physical ailments was at work . . . She knew that when poisons are bottled up in the intestines they don't stay bottled up—they go through your system, sapping energy and fraying nerves!

She had tried the whole range of ordinary laxatives; some taking weeks to act—others so violent that they left the system tired and shaken .... Until the remedy had come to seem almost worse than the disease—

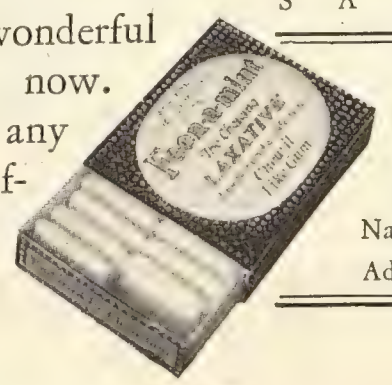
Feen-a-mint is Different

You don't swallow it hastily—you *chew* it, exactly as you would a delicious bit of chewing gum. And as you chew, its tasteless yet almost magically effective laxative principle begins to mix with the mouth fluids and actually becomes a part of the digestive process!

So, instead of striking the body a blow without warning, as it were, Feen-a-mint gently *helps the system to help itself!*

At last—science has solved one of mankind's most serious problems!

Results are amazing. A new vitality and a sense of fitness—a fresh, clear-eyed, up-in-the-morning-early feeling, as hundreds of thousands of men and women know. You will find this wonderful laxative at your druggist's now. Take a Feen-a-mint tablet at any time, confident of feeling a different person in six to eight hours.



FREE: If you have never tried Feen-a-mint, we shall be glad to send you samples free—together with "The Mysterious 35 Feet," an authoritative booklet on constipation, its causes and treatment.

SAMPLES FREE

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Dept. 4-B, Newark, N. J.
Send me free samples of Feen-a-mint—also a free copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet, or 85% of America."

Name .....

Address .....

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KAYWOODIE

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

THE MODERN PIPE DRY

No. 08 Thorn
$4.00

Smooth $3.50
Premier (Virgin Grain) $5.00
Relief $7.00

No matter how many pipes you own, you need a Drinkless Kaywoodie—the modern pipe! Here, at last is the pipe that gives a dry smoke—sweeter, smoother, cooler. The Drinkless Attachment stops all moisture from the bowl as a damper stops a draft. 100 personable styles, smooth or thorn; for every fancy and every face. $3.50 to $7.00. Write for illustrated booklet.

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There is only one *genuine* Drinkless Kaywoodie Pipe. You'll have no trouble in identifying it. It must have the Kaywoodie clover leaf inlay on the mouthpiece; and the Drinkless attachment shown herewith. The word Drinkless is also stamped on the attachment. Any other offered you as Drinkless is an imitation.

All cigarettes are kind to your throat in Drinkless Kaywoodie Cigarette Holders.
Price $1.50

[GAMES WITH DEATH Continued from page sixty]

fice, 'Get your story,'" I answered. "I assure you there have been many times when I wanted to translate inward rage into outer. But I couldn't do it as well as she did."

JUST once I voiced my chagrin. It was in Brooklyn, on a night of heavy rain. In Brooklyn, in a heavy rain, I am at my worst.

A girl who had been engaged to a young physician had tried to kill herself because, yielding to his mother's influence, he had broken their engagement. At the door of his shabby little office he met me with the smirk of vanity.

"I have nothing to say," he declared. "Why should the public care anything about my affairs?"

Flashed the person, unknown to me, that dwelt within my breast:

"I don't know why the public should care. Personally, I don't care how many girls try to kill themselves for your sake. But it does care. And my paper serves the public."

He opened the door, invited me to come in, and told me all about it. I had bullied a bulliable man.

Miss Patterson tells of her exploration of the old red-light district of New York in the third installment of her series, which will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page eighty-three)

1—What is the name of the result obtained by division?

2—Of what grand opera is *Elsa* the heroine?

3—Which one of the United States is called the Gem State?

4—What is common to these names: Clydesdale, Orloff, Galloway, Suffolk?

5—With what sports are these women's names associated: Horn, Fry, Wightman, Leitch?

6—Which of the following institutions are colleges and which are universities? Pennsylvania State, McGill, Bucknell, Colby.

7—What is the capital of Nicaragua?

8—What does Sc. D. following a name stand for?

9—Who was Liliuokalani?

10—What is the colored portion of the eye called?

11—What is a cairn?

12—What is meant by going berserk?

13—Where is the Tombigbee River?

14—Where is the tomb of the United States' Unknown Soldier?

15—Who was Marie Antoinette's husband?

16—Who are the Basques?

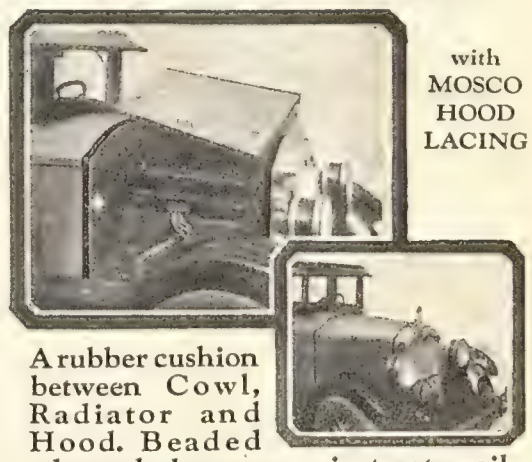
17—What is sago?

18—How did Alexander Hamilton die?

19—What device symbolizes Mohammedanism?

20—Who was Nancy Hanks?

Stop Hood Squeaks
Stop Cowl Leaks
Stop Radiator Rattles



with MOSCO HOOD LACING

A rubber cushion between Cowl, Radiator and Hood. Beaded edge seals the seam against water, oil or grease. Stops rattles and hood end play. Easy to attach with split rivets—greatly improves appearance of car.

Order Now — direct from manufacturers

$2. Postage Prepaid and absolutely guaranteed

When ordering, give name or make of car.

F. C. HERSEE COMPANY
Watertown, Mass., U. S. A.

Stenographer Earned $1000.00 During Lunch Hours

Showing New Style
Christmas Cards
That Sell on Sight!

Clerk earned $800 evenings. Esther McCall, Ark., earned $59 first day; Mary Kline, Pa., $64 in 4 days; W. C. Allen, Ohio, $1000 in spare time showing our **Personal Greeting Cards.**

No Selling Experience Necessary

Think of your many friends and neighbors that sent Christmas Cards last year. They would rather order from you this year than from a stranger. Now is the time to start.

Weekly pay checks. Bonus checks every month. No money required. We furnish everything.

$10 Outfit FREE For limited time only. Write quick! Start at once turning your spare hours into dollars.

John A. Hertel Co. 318 W. Washington St. Dept. 500, Chicago, Ill.

ASTHMA

Standard Remedy

For 60 years Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthma Compound has successfully and quickly relieved the distressing paroxysms of Asthma. Two sizes, $1 and 25c., also cigarettes (box of 24, 50c) at your druggist's or sent direct post paid for cash. FREE TRIAL box of 6 cigarettes with treatise on causes and treatment of Asthma, etc. sent on request.

J. H. GUILD CO., Dept. 4, Rupert, Vt.

Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Pills (a Diuretic Stimulant for the Kidneys) 60c. for package of 72 pills.

NO MORE PAIN

Amazing relief for you. Stops burning, aching, tender, swollen, calloused, turturing feet. Foot trouble mastered in marvelous CAL-O-CIDE. Wear shoes you like. One application of CAL-O-CIDE and corns and callouses gone like magic. At druggists, or send 35c.
MEDCO CO., Dept. J, Dayton, Ohio

Cal-o-cide FOOT REMEDY

Cuticura Talcum
Unadulterated
Exquisitely Scented

WHY BALD AT 40?

LUCKY TIGER stops falling hair like **Whyte-Fox** knocks pimples. Both sold under Money-Back Guarantee. Barbers or druggists

LUCKY TIGER

9214

The Story of a Plane with Nine Lives

By

Elliott White Springs

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

Suddenly there was a blaze like a flash of lightning.

(Reading time: 18 minutes 50 seconds.)

THE afternoon patrol had just landed and taxied up to the hangar. The flight commander cut his switches and leaped from his plane as soon as it came to a dead stop. He pushed back his goggles and hurried over to another machine without even unbuckling his heavy flying suit.

"Say, James, what's the big idea?" he demanded of its pilot. "What's the matter with you? Haven't I told you not to lag behind after we cross the lines? Haven't I explained to you the importance of a close formation? It isn't because it's pretty and it isn't a drill. You aren't doing it to please me. It's for your own protection as well as for mine.

"You were two hundred yards behind today, and I had to turn back for you twice, with six Fokkers sitting over me like buzzards. Then, when they came down on us, you didn't stay for the fight. What's your alibi? Think fast."

"It's—er—er—this machine, Henry," James stammered, flushing. "I had my throttle open all the way and still I couldn't keep up with you. There's something wrong with this plane. I reported it to the sergeant day before yesterday, but it's no better."

"I was throttled down to twelve fifty."

"I was doing thirteen fifty all the time. And I couldn't get above twelve thousand at all. When the Fokkers came down I had to make a quick turn and the plane went into a spin. I lost a thousand feet before I could bring it out. That's the truth."

"Get out and I'll soon see whether it is or not."

Henry got in the other plane and the mechanics put blocks under the wheels and started up the motor. The sergeant came over to him.

"You going to take up ninety-two fourteen, sir?" he asked.

"Yes. Is there anything wrong with it?"

"Not that I know of. But nobody likes that ship. They say it's slow; but the motor will turn up thirteen fifty."

Henry tested the motor for a second and then waved to the mechanics to take the blocks away. He opened the throttle, ran along the ground for 200 feet, and rose from the ground in a steep left turn. Before he reached 1,000 feet he had looped, spun, rolled, and stalled. Then he came across the airdrome a few feet off the ground to test the speed with the throttle wide open.

He landed and beckoned to the sergeant.

"This plane is all cockeyed, sergeant," he announced. "No wonder it couldn't keep up today. I could only do ninety-five level, and the wings flopped like an ornithopter. I thought I was going to lose the center section in that last spin. It's rigged all wrong. Get the crew to work on it right away and superintend the job yourself. I'll try it again in the morning. What chance would it have against a Fokker doing one thirty?"

The next morning Henry took 9214 up again. In five minutes he brought it back and landed.

"How was it, sir?" the sergeant asked anxiously.

"Terrible," Henry told him. "It's worse, if such is possible. It's as tail-heavy as a tame duck and climbs like a *pomme de terre*."

"That's the best we can do, sir," the sergeant told him. "We haven't any more threads on the turnbuckles, and if she's still tail-heavy we'll have to get some new struts."

They walked into the flight office still arguing over the matter.

"Let's see the log book," Henry suggested.

The clerk handed it to him and he studied it for a few minutes.

"Listen to this," he said:

> "January, 1918, Sixty-third Squadron, crashed after sixty hours. Sent to Number One Aircraft Park and rebuilt. February, 1918, Fortieth Squadron, thirty hours. Crashed. New undercarriage and engine bed, new motor, new rudder and fin. March, 1918, repairs to tail surfaces, fuselage re-covered. April, 1918, crashed, pilot killed. Sent to One A. P. Returned to England for salvage. Rebuilt with four new longerons and sent to training brigade. May, 1918, crashed. New top wing and lower longerons spliced. June, 1918, crashed, pilot killed. Rebuilt. August, 1918, turned over to U. S. Air Service.

"Well, I should think it was about time. The R. F. C. and R. N. A. S. and R. A. F. certainly got their money's worth out of that bus. Now it's our turn at it. It's so heavy from patching and re-enforcing that it won't fly in any direction but down. No wonder it's tail-heavy. It's tired! Let's get rid of it."

"Fine, sir," agreed the sergeant. "I was going to suggest that to you. But how?"

"I'll report it unfit."

HE went over to the equipment officer's quarters. In ten minutes he was back with a disgusted look.

"Nothing doing. We've tried that before, it seems. The A. P. doesn't exchange stale goods. Now we've got it, we gotta keep it until we lose it in action or bust a longeron in a crash. The A. P. is run by Scots whose ancestors came from Jerusalem. They won't take back any crashes for repair unless a longeron is busted."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A toilet secret of Ever-fascinating
H·A·I·R

The dainty, natural beauty of Renee Adoree's hair is one of the wonders of all movie land

I DON'T mind one bit telling the innermost secret of how I keep my hair up to a standard that exceeds my best wishes.

Whether I am in the West, or the East, I never think of allowing my hair to be rinsed with anything but real, fresh lemon juice.

Of course, everyone knows that all soaps leave a thin, viscous curd and the thing, after shampooing, is to get rid of it *completely*. Water seems powerless, and other things I do not like very well.

So, when the shampooing and the plain water rinsing to get out the free soap, have all been done, my hair dresser adds the juice of two California Lemons to an ordinary wash-bowl of water (I think about four quarts) and rinses thoroughly — say, several times. Then comes a rinse in plain water. That's all there is to it.

I know you will see the difference quickly. For, with lemon juice for a rinse, your hair is exactly as it should be. And, extra glossy, I'd say.

Renée Adorée

EVERY modern woman should understand the value of fresh lemon juice as a toilet requisite. Send the coupon today for our informative booklet, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," containing tributes from screen stars.

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 905, Box 530, Station "C,"
Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me free book, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

9214

[Continued from page sixty-three]

"That oughta be easy," the sergeant suggested. "You gotta couple of new pilots that could crash an ice wagon on a prairie."

"All right. See that they always get ninety-two fourteen, and I'll send them out to practice landings in a bad wind until a longeron goes."

The next day was very windy, with strong gusts coming up the hollow, and Henry sent his new men out to practice landings and hopefully awaited news. None came. Ninety-two fourteen was on the line and ready for the next patrol. Again it lagged behind, leaving an exposed flank, and forced Henry to throttle his own motor to the stalling point to let it keep up. When he landed he was in a fury.

"For God's sake, sergeant, put a new crew on that plane and do something to it!"

"The only thing you could do to improve that plane would be to give it a decent burial," the sergeant informed him respectfully. "Lemme drop a match in the cockpit."

"No. I don't want to have to court-martial you for carelessness. I'll get rid of it. Send the orderly for Lieutenant James and tell him to practice cross-wind landings for an hour. Fix a tire valve so it'll leak, and then he's bound to nose over. Keep the ambulance cranked up and watch him. He's not very good, anyway."

But 9214 bore a charmed life, and when the next patrol took off, 9214 was trailing 1,000 feet below.

NEXT day Henry was walking down to the hangars when the commanding officer hailed him.

"Hey, Henry, I just got a message from the Colonel," he told him. "There's a balloon over at Marcoing that is directing artillery fire on to our troops and holding up an advance with a counter-barrage. He wants us to get it if we have to shoot it on the ground. He sent over after it this morning twice, and they pulled it down each time."

"I know that balloon," Henry informed him. "I had a good look at it last week. They've got it ranged by four Archie batteries and a dozen machine guns and pom-poms. Besides that, the Fokkers have an emergency landing field right near there and they take off as soon as the front lines telephone back we're on our way over. Fat chance we've got to get it! A Camel can't dive fast enough. They'd blow it to pieces before it got down in range of the balloon."

"The Colonel knows all that. But he says he's got to have that balloon if he has to go after it himself."

"All right; I won't stop him."

"Never mind that. If he sends over a big patrol they'll pull it down, and if he only sends over one plane the Fokkers'll get it. He's already sent the S. E.s after it. Here're his orders. He wants you to take five men and cross the lines ten miles north of Marcoing at five thousand feet and act as if you were going after something up there. Nobody will bother you at that altitude."

"Only about eighty Fokkers and ninety-six Archie batteries."

AN orderly brought word that Henry was wanted at the hangar at once.

"You'll have to chance that. Anyway, you're to get east of Marcoing and come back over it. Then one man is to drop down and get that balloon if he has to tear it up with his propeller. Fill the guns with Buckingham and send along four phosphorus bombs. The five of you will keep the Fokkers off the man who goes down. Understand?"

"Sure. But what if the Fokkers jump on us instead and we have nothing upstairs to help us?"

"What if you fall down and break your leg or you cut your mouth on a glass and get blood poison?"

"You don't want to go with us, do you? I'll let you get the balloon if you insist."

"No, thanks. It's your lead."

"Who'll I send down?"

"I'll leave that to you."

"Thanks. I'm glad you are going to leave something to me."

"I'd suggest your most worthless aviator. But that would be a hard man to pick. They're all so splendid!"

"Yeh. I'd miss them, too. I've got two new men I'm going to shoot down myself so I can get replacements. You don't expect this hero to come back, do you?"

"No. He can just land after he gets it. Not even try to come back. It's useless. The Colonel said that if the balloon was down low by the time he got to it, to make sure of it if you have to take a second crack. If the first man misses, send another."

"That's kind of you. But I don't like those blonde German girls."

"You may learn to. I've heard good men are scarce in Hunland. Better get off as soon as possible."

"All right. See you in hell."

There was one bright spot in the program, and Henry chuckled as he called for the sergeant.

"Sergeant, get out ninety-two fourteen and load the guns with Buckingham and put on four phosphorus bombs."

Buckingham was phosphorus-filled machine-gun ammunition and was used only against balloons. Of course, if a patrol was out after balloons and a German got in their way, they couldn't help it if they set him on fire as well as let daylight into him. And the Germans were so optimistic about Allied balloons that they never went out on patrol without it.

The German variety was soft-nosed as well as flat-nosed, and when it hit it mushroomed and made a wound like a shell crater, which, thanks to the phosphorus, never healed.

"Better put a piece of that quarter-inch armor plate in the seat too," Henry added. "It might stop an embarrassing bullet. But guess it would scare the pilot out of two months' pay if it did. Imagine feeling a kick in the pants at two thousand feet. Anyway, we're going to get rid of this cripple this afternoon, so you can begin to put a black border on the log book."

"What's up, sir?"

"Balloon strafe."

"Where're the S. E.s? Gone to Paris for the week-end?"

"Suppose so. The idea of this is to fool the Huns. They don't think a Camel will come down after a balloon now. They think we've learned something from experience. We only lost the last forty-two that tried it. Talk about British bulldog tenacity! The Colonel is going to fight it out on these lines if he loses every life we've got."

THE other five pilots of his flight came straggling down to the hangar and Henry got them together.

"The Colonel wants that balloon over by Marcoing, and we've got to get it," he told them. "One man has got to be the matador and dispatch the animal. As a reward for this, he isn't expected back for supper. The Colonel says it'll be all right for you to land over there. Here's a chance to spend the rest of the war on Uncle Sam's bounty in perfect safety. We'll protect above and make sure nothing stops you before you get the balloon. Then land. Don't try to come back. There wouldn't be a chance for you. Who'll volunteer for the job?"

There was complete silence.

"Come on, don't all speak at once. Soft job—make a hero out of you in five minutes. I'll see that it gets to the home papers."

Still there was silence. Henry glanced at his pilots and noticed that their faces were white and their lips drawn.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

Woman the Purchasing Agent

IT is estimated that 85% of all purchases at retail are either made or influenced by the womenfolk.

She buys her own numerous needs and those of her minor children. She buys for the table and for the home. Hers is also the last word in the purchase of the home itself. She has created an annual two-billion-dollar market for beauty aids and a many-billion-dollar market for miscellaneous luxuries. Where she doesn't actually buy or select her husband's clothes she at least influences his taste.

Advertisers recognize her purchasing power. A survey of the spring automobile advertising, for example, showed few cars with a man pictured at the wheel; invariably it was a woman. And the motor-car was until recently a man-appeal product.

1928 color-schemes for motor-cars duplicate vogues in woman's textiles. Note these selections from current motor-car advertising: Damson Plum; Dove-Grey; Burgundy; Deauville Sand; Tapestry Blue; Butterfly Wing Blue; Angel Fish; Bird of Paradise; Duskblu; etc. Little is said these days of "performance." Now the industry phrases its advertising to mode, luxury, smartness—elements that appeal to *women*.

Man has willingly made woman *the* purchasing agent. Her present-day close contact with him socially, commercially and politically; her right to go where men go and do as men do has broadened her understanding of man—his aims, his tastes and his needs.

She reads the same books and newspapers he reads and keeps in tune with his changing thought, styles and activities. Reading has given man and woman a "oneness" in understanding.

Why, then, shouldn't she read the same magazines?

The answer is: ***She does!***

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Hotel Lincoln

EIGHTH AVENUE
44TH.-45TH STS.

1400 new rooms, each with sunshine, bath, shower and servidor—modern rooms at moderate prices at the hub of the business and pleasure zone. $3 to $5 single and $4 to $6 double

Lackawanna 1400
TIMES SQUARE
NEW YORK

JAMES T. CLYDE
Managing Director

Now—You can tour and be ready for DINNER or DANCE

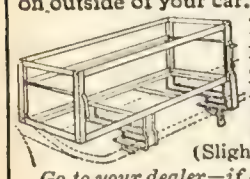
You can now tour and have all your garments hung securely away from dust and moisture—free from wrinkles—uninjured by the longest journey's travel—and fresh and clean to use when you arrive at your destination.

Knapp's Patented and Improved

TOURAC

Auto Luggage Carrier

Fits any car, absolutely thief-proof and rattle-proof. Holds luggage as solidly as if locked in a vice. No tools needed—no holes to drill—no straps—easily attached in 30 seconds. Models for both sides. Now you can securely lock luggage on outside of your car. **Tourac** is finished in black enamel with nickel plated handles. Weighs only 17 lbs. Holds cases as large as 21½x10 in. by any height. Right or left side models. **Price $7.50.** (Slightly higher west of Rockies)



Go to your dealer—if he can't supply you with TOURAC, order direct. Use attached coupon.

A. S. Knapp & Co., 1433 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.
Enclosed find $.....[write for price if west of Rockies] for which ship.....Touracs.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

9214

[Continued from page sixty-four]

"Come on," urged Henry. "You should all step forward together. Haven't you ever been to the movies? Haven't you ever studied history? Somebody has got to do it, if it's the C. O. himself. You wouldn't embarrass the C. O., would you? Who'd take care of his dog? Well, you'll have to draw straws for it."

He picked up five straws and turned his back to arrange them. Then he turned around and held out his hand.

"One straw has a joint on it. Whoever gets it is going to a beer party."

He held out his hand to James, who was immediately in front of him. He'd only done about ten hours over the lines and had yet to fire at an enemy. He reached for the straws, but his hand shook as if he had the palsy, and Henry drew back the straws.

"Easy now," he told him. "If you're that bad off, you couldn't get the balloon if you got down to it. Brace up! Say—"

HE paused and looked at each man. Then he threw the straws away.

"I've been to the movies," he told them, "and I can't make one of you do what I don't want to do myself. Lord knows I don't want to go down on any balloon—but I'll be the goat—"

"I'm sorry I hesitated. I'll go," James interrupted him. "We can't spare you, and I'm not—" The others started to talk now. Each one was willing to go down after the balloon.

"Shut up and get your suits on and study your maps," Henry snapped at them. "I'll dine on schnapps and dachshund tonight."

He turned away and walked over to the ambulance.

"Drive me down to my hut," he told the chauffeur. "I'm in a hurry and I've got to get some things."

At his hut he packed his toilet articles into a musette bag and got his best tunic and Sam Browne belt. He put on breeches and boots and began to look like a soldier. He put in all the cigarettes he had, several cakes of soap, stuffed a big roll of francs into his pocket, and hurried back.

He was not nervous; he was simply mad. The idea of throwing away his life on a fool errand like this—making a present of his body to the Germans, lifeless or otherwise! Think of sacrificing the best patrol leader the United States army had, just because the fool had gone to the movies. Ass!

He stowed away his baggage and gave his pilots final orders. Two of them had tears in their eyes as he gave them their instructions.

They took off and climbed 5,000 feet by the time they reached the lines. Henry was in a hurry to get it over with and headed straight into Germany. They were welcomed with a shower of Archie. He dodged, changed his speed several times, and turned south.

There was Marcoing five miles ahead. He could see the balloon as the sun was reflected from its glittering bag. That was his tombstone: "Here lies Henry—" Steady. This was no time for such thoughts. He whistled a few bars of Chopin's Funeral March and changed his course for the balloon.

SUDDENLY the Archie ceased. Fokkers! He saw them now, mere specks in the distance, climbing up beyond the balloon. The Archie gunners didn't want to frighten him away.

He worked on south, giving the Fokkers time to climb out of his way. They were pulling the balloon down. He turned toward the lines and made a feint of returning so they would stop. He could see where the artillery was firing—a flash beneath him and then a line of shrapnel bursting beyond the lines. They needed the balloon badly to register the barrage and he guessed they would keep it up high if possible. They counted on the Fokkers to protect it.

Here they came. Five Fokkers. Good. Six to five. He welcomed the fight. Then his heart sank as he remembered he must leave—go on down on that balloon before they pulled it down. He'd better. Ninety-two fourteen couldn't dogfight with all that extra weight.

"One straw has a joint on it. Whoever gets it is going to a beer party."

The Fokkers were closing up. All right. He'd start down under them, they'd jump on him, and the others would come in from above at an advantage.

He waved, opened his throttle, and dove in a straight line for the balloon, which was now at 1,500 feet. One hundred—115—125—130—140—160 his air-speed indicator showed. The wires were screaming so he could not hear his guns as he pressed the trigger to warm them up. But he could see the crank arms moving, so he knew they were firing.

He looked back and saw a Fokker diving down behind him. And behind the Fokker was a Camel. Good. Somebody was on the job.

The balloon was going down slowly—too slowly. He could see it through his sights now. The sky around him was black. He could see tracer bullets and phosphorus pom-poms going by his wing tips. Archie had gone mad. The area was well ranged. He'd never get through that barrage.

The balloon was getting bigger. Archie had stopped. Too much danger of hitting the balloon now. He saw two observers jump out and one parachute open. Both his guns were going. Why didn't something happen? He could see the streaks of phosphorus ahead. He could smell it as he followed in the wake.

WHY didn't something happen? Surely he was hitting it. Would he have to ram it? All right, here goes! Suddenly there was a blaze like a flash of lightning, and he pulled back on his stick desperately. He was so close he passed through the smoke of the blazing balloon and was thrown out of his seat by the inertia as the plane leveled off. He was doing 200 and was at 500 feet.

In ten seconds he was out of range of the guardians of the balloon, who were firing at him frantically. Where were the Fokkers? He looked back and saw nothing. Then he caught sight of a plane spinning lazily down from above—burning. He couldn't tell whether it was a Camel or a Fokker. Anyway, the Fokkers were engaged above. He might make it!

He kept his nose down to maintain his speed. One hundred and sixty—150—140—130—120—110. Damn this 9214! It seemed to be dragging an anchor. He had forgotten his bombs. He released them quickly. Three minutes and he would be safe. He'd fool the Colonel and cheat hell. He zigzagged on down to the tree tops. The three minutes dragged like hours. One hundred and five—100—95— What a plane! He crossed the lines at 100 feet and throttled his motor. Safe! Thank God for that!

He flew on back to the squadron and landed in front of his hangar. He was the first back. The sergeant rushed out to greet him.

"Glad you're back, sir. What luck?"

"Rotten," said Henry. "I brought this damn ship back."

"You might have been worse off, sir."

The other planes were returning now. Henry counted four circling around the field. Where was the fifth? Was that the plane he had seen go down?

They landed and Henry met them anxiously.

"James went down in flames. We got one Fokker."

That was the report. Well, they'd got the balloon. What of it? Was it worth the loss of a man? No. To hell with the balloon! There'd be another one there tomorrow.

Henry walked over to the squadron office.

"Congratulations!" the C. O. shouted to him. "The Colonel telephoned over that the balloon is destroyed and one of the observers killed. He's tickled pink over it."

"Yeh?"

"Who got it? He wants to send his personal congratulations."

Henry reflected for a moment. Who got it? What did it matter? It cost James his life. James protected him while he did the shooting. It would be something for his folks—

"James got it," Henry announced, "and just afterward a Fokker got him. I told you it would cost a man."

"All right. Lucky it didn't cost six. Make out a combat report for James, will you? He'll get a citation out of it, and when some Congressman back home finds out about it, he'll get the Royal Democratic Medal for Regular Attendance for Fifty-two Sundays and Good Friday. Good show, Hank."

THE next morning Henry was down at his hangar inspecting his planes and cursing 9214. It had come back from the balloon strafe without a single hole in it.

"It's certainly a Jonah," Henry was saying to the sergeant as the crew was wheeling it out of the hangar. "If I had a parachute I'd take it up and jump out. But I suppose it would land itself and only blow a tire."

But just then something happened. The mechanics had picked up the tail to swing it around and a puff of wind caught it from behind. Up went the tail, down went the nose; another gust hit it as it stood on the nose, and over on its back it went.

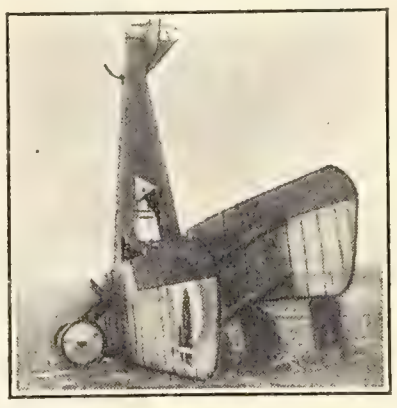
Henry and the sergeant watched, fascinated.

"It would be awfully fortunate, sergeant," Henry remarked slowly, to give his words time to sink in, "if a longeron were broken. Yes, awfully fortunate."

"I think you are right, sir," the sergeant agreed, "and I think I can see from here that the lower left one is smashed."

"I hope so. I'm going up to the mess. Send me a report up there. Don't let anyone see you do it and don't tell me how it happened."

Half an hour later an orderly brought Henry the log book for 9214. Already the entry had been made and it was ready for his signature:



Lower left longeron smashed by windstorm. Struck off strength U. S. Air Service and returned to 1 A. P. for salvage by authority. Wire 13th Wing, R. A. F.

HENRY signed it and invited the mess to drink a stirrup cup with him to the departing 9214.

The next morning Henry was sitting in the mess, reading *La Vie Parisienne,* when an orderly brought word that he was wanted at the hangar at once.

In front of the hangar, packed on a truck, was 9214, covered with dust. And gazing at it was the sergeant, his legs spraddled, his brow furrowed from thought.

"What's it doing here?" asked Henry. "The E. O. sent it to the park at dawn this morning."

"The five-fingered, four-nozzled, triple-obdurated, double-opposed, single-jetted sons of bow-legged bull fiddles sent this crystallized, soft-annealed, evil-smelling, compound-fractured, cheese-lined, brass-bellied ruin of a cuckoo cage back to us, sir," the sergeant seethed. "Rest your eyes on this luscious specimen of Limy correspondence."

Henry took the letter and read:

Sopwith Camels are no longer service machines with the B. E. F. in France, and all spare machines have been returned to home establishment. Henceforth any squadrons equipped with Camels will make their own repairs. You will therefore proceed to replace the broken longeron. A new longeron may be procured from 2 A. P. stores. By order of the commanding officer, 1 A. P., R. A. F.

"By the dancing muscles of the belle of Bagdad, by the royal hives of the Sultan's wives, fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong," the sergeant continued. "Why do they pull that on us? It'll take ten days and ten nights at hard labor to replace that worm-eaten longeron in that flea-bitten Chinese tomato crate. When Moses broke the first ten commandments he had nothing on me for being a twin brother to Balaam's ass.

"I hope King George loses his lunch. Pray God Lieutenant General Salmond has a bad dream! I think I'll walk out on this war. Sir, I am going over to the estaminet and slake my thirst with some of this Frog snake-bite tonic. Give the guards orders to arrest me for drunkenness when I get back, if I can and if they can."

"An excellent idea, sergeant, and I think I will go with you," Henry told him. "If the General can get drunk with me without losing caste, I guess I can look upon the cognac with a master signal electrician of the Air Service Enlisted Reserve Corps. You can express my feelings so much better than I can with my meager vocabulary. I envy you your training as a pipe fitter. Lead on, and we will drink a libation to ninety-two fourteen."

THE END

Are you playing fair with your wife?

I adored my wife yet I was cruel to her

by a Business Man

WE were a happy family—Grace and I and our two children. For five years everything went smoothly. Then the blow fell.

Unexpected financial troubles—business worries—failing health. Everything seemed to go wrong with me at once. Before I knew it I was confined to my bed with a doctor in attendance.

"Nervous breakdown," the doctor told my wife.

A family crisis

Our happy family had had its share of joy. Now we were to taste sorrow for a change. We had no money, so Grace borrowed from friends. I couldn't work, so Grace worked. Day after day I lay helpless, watching the tired, worried lines grow deeper in her face.

Now that I had time to think things out I realized that I had been cruel to my wife—infinitely cruel in not preparing for such an emergency as this. Why hadn't I saved money? Why hadn't I some reserve to turn to? I deplored my shortsightedness.

Several months passed. I began to get well. My weakness left me. It was not long before I was able to help Grace with the children and the housework. Before the year was out I had a job. I was earning money — paying off debts — making a second start in life.

I start life over again

But this time I decided to make a better start. I decided to figure out some way to end money worries—some way to make sure that my family and I would have money to live on, no matter what happened.

There were special things I wanted money for, too. I wanted money to send my son to college—money so that I could retire some day. How could I provide for these things? It seemed impossible with my moderate salary.

How to end money worries

And then by accident I found the answer. One day an unusual little book called "How to Get the Things You Want" fell into my hands. It told how I could provide a steady income for myself and my family, no matter what happened to me. It told how I could leave my home clear of debt.

Furthermore it told how I could send my son to college. It told how I could retire with an income at the age of 60 or 65. Best of all it told how I could do every one of these things on my moderate salary.

I followed the plan outlined in this wonderful little book. What was the result? In a few weeks I found myself happy, carefree, safely on the road which leads to complete financial independence.

Get this Free Book

Stories like this one are not uncommon. Wouldn't you like to get rid of money worries for good? You can. The coupon at the bottom of this page will bring to you, free, the remarkable book, "How to Get the Things You Want." Sending for it is the first step towards real independence—protection for you and your family, no matter what happens—an education and every advantage for your children—leisure and comfort for yourself in later years. There's no obligation. Send for your copy now.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: Hartford, Conn. First Policy Issued 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., 353 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn

Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book, "HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT"

Name ..... City .....

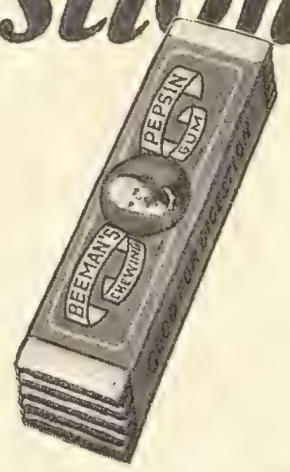
Business Address ..... State .....

Home Address ..... Date of Birth .....

Feel loggy after lunch

?

Beeman's Pepsin Gum *aids digestion*



Nothing like a stick of Beeman's after lunch to refresh you for the afternoon. Originated by Doctor Beeman more than thirty years ago, it has always been known as the quality gum. Chew Beeman's after meals. It aids digestion.

"Where's the LIBERTY *with that Story I wanted to read?"*

Gone! Accidently lost! Cut up by Junior! Chewed up by the pup! Magazines saved loosely disappear no one knows where.

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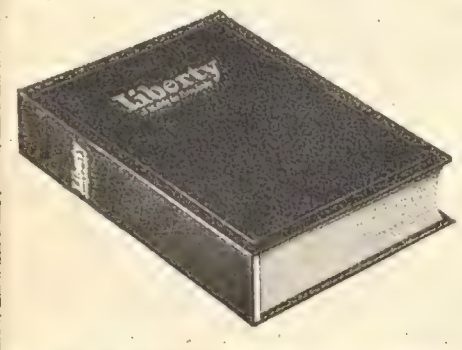

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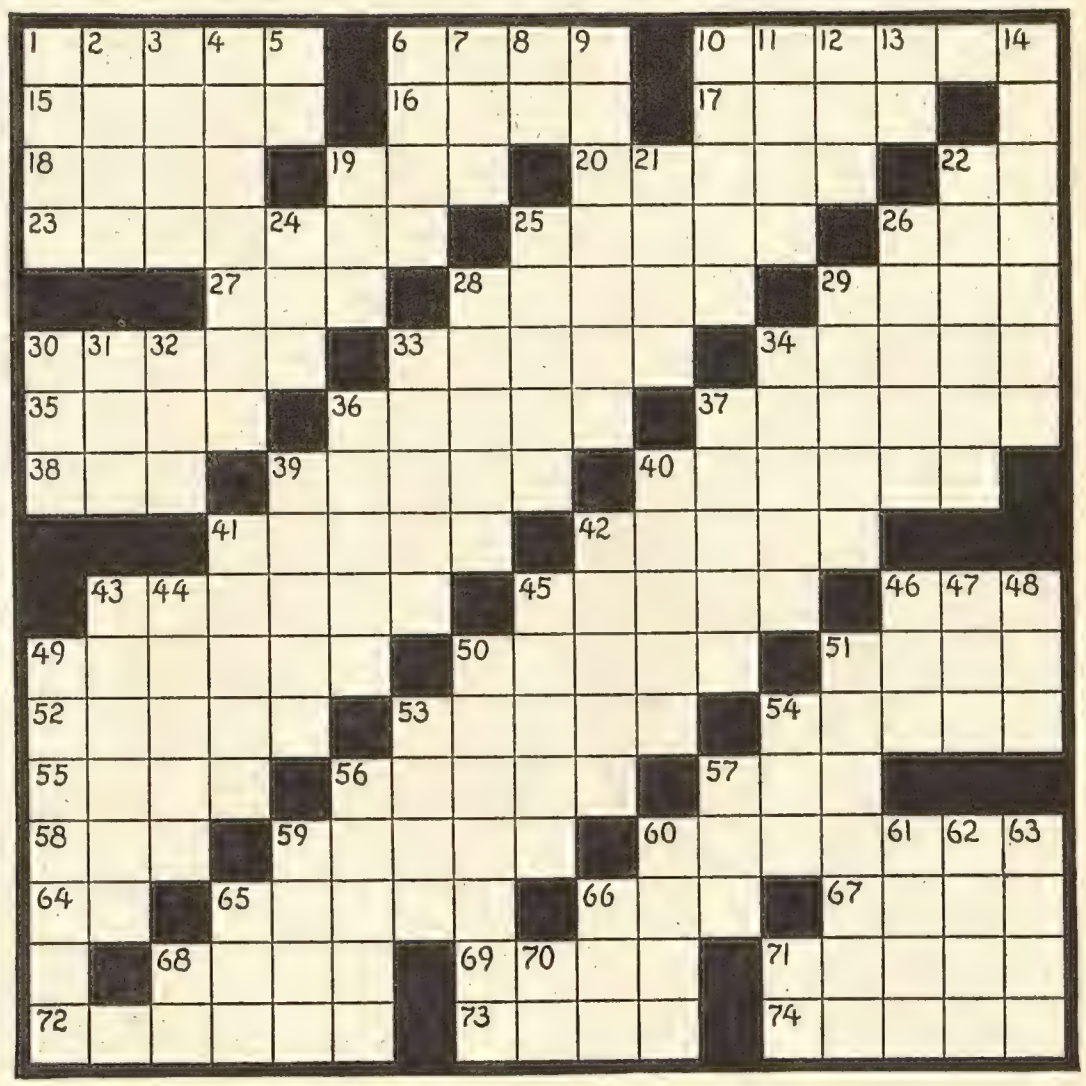
5 26-28

STEPS-OF-FIVE PUZZLE

THE newcomers at Verticals 41 and 49 should not delay you unduly. They can be developed very promptly through the relatively simple words with which they are interlocked.

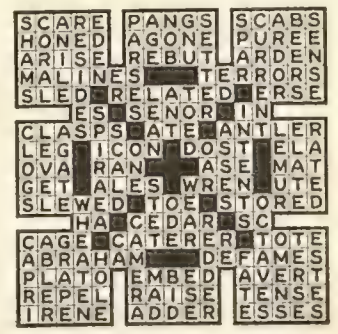


HORIZONTAL

1 A tooth
6 Illuminating device
10 Lawmakers
15 Avoid
16 Jug
17 Mohammedan prince
18 Grit
19 Pale
20 Weird; ghostly
22 A pronoun
23 Railway tie
25 Proud walk
26 Cut off
27 Immature insect
28 Vapor
29 Stringed instrument
30 Place of residence
33 Part of the head of a hammer (plural)
34 Taut
35 Feminine name
36 Got on; happened
37 Embellished
38 Fore part of a horse's hoof
39 Satisfied to repletion
40 Indites
41 Explores secretly
42 Coarse part of meal (plural)
43 Tartars
45 Soft, sticky substance
46 Seize unexpectedly
49 Plant of the parsley and carrot kind
50 Selected
51 Memorandum
52 Like an old woman
53 Former English silver coin
54 Intimidated
55 Division of the human species
56 Shine
57 One of the sons of Noah
58 Freeze
59 Vast
60 Ridicules
64 Exist
65 Small, driving icy particles
66 Point
67 River in Africa
68 You
69 Rim
71 Normal power of mind
72 The East
73 Deer (plural)
74 Measure of length

VERTICAL

1 State of disorder
2 Elliptical
3 Country road
4 Additions
5 Note of the scale
6 Titular character in a Shakespearean tragedy
7 Beard, as of grain
8 Pronoun
9 Make insincere display
10 The fluid constituent of blood
11 Overlook
12 Recline
13 Else
14 Paced
19 Moist
21 Periods
22 Domestic animals
24 Pastry
25 Charger
26 Surgeon's instrument
28 Dries up
29 Imparts warmth
30 Do
31 Exclamation designed to frighten
32 Crude metal
33 Part of the head (plural)
34 Commonplace
36 Elf
37 Dirt
39 Lean
40 Lower part of the forearm
41 Sculptured tablet of stone
42 To become dusky, as twilight
43 Best and third best cards of a suit
44 Feminine personal name
45 Young pig
46 Instantly
47 Devoured
48 Couch
49 District in British Columbia
50 Made
51 One designated as a candidate
53 Merriment
54 Vehicle
56 Salute
57 Border of a garment
59 Small valley
60 Ceases to be
61 Dent
62 Otherwise
63 Prophet
65 Pronoun
66 Period of time
68 Note of the scale
70 Perform
71 Symbol for samarium



Answer to last week's puzzle

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

HOLLYWOOD makes Paris look like a coal bin. And Kid, you should see the beautiful frails on the streets. Every one is a knockout.

So This Is Hollywood!

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 10 minutes 31 seconds.)

Hollywood, Cal.

DEAR MARG,

Well, Good Lookin, hear Im in HOLLYWOOD. Talk about the merry-go-around of America, this place makes Paris look like a coal bin. And Kid, you should see the beautiful frails on the streets. Oh Boy. Every one is a knockout, Sunkist and how. Theres 6,000 from all over the world, and most of em are out of work. Theyve come hear to crash the jumpin tintypes and thrill the folks back home.

For a fifty cent breakfast any lovely thing will tell you the story of her life that will set fire to a rubber collar. She wore cotton stockings in Missoula, Montana, to save for silk undies in Hollywood, and if you dont believe me, ask the man who owns one.

And do they know the art of make up. My dear, you dont know the third of it. Ten minutes in a beauty shop will make a Daughter of the Revolution graduate from a finishing school. A henna wash, a dozen wrinkle plasters, a squirt of mascara, and a honey facial will knock the heels from under an old hen and get her a juvenile part in the dumb drama.

I saw a seventy five year old pellican with more wrinkles than a Ford fender get herself together so she looked like Jackie Coogans sister.

On the level, you cant tell your grandmother from the one in the crib out here in Hollywood. Nobody gets old in California. Even the dead ones walk around. There aint no cemetaries out here. The Chamber of Commerce stuff em if they die.

Oh, Marg, the boolevards are gorgous. Palm trees, date trees, pepper trees, asparagrass trees, and funny lookin things they make rubber boots out of. And the orange blossoms they make here throw you into a side slip. They grow everythin but the bottles. A juniper bush from the front lawn, a gallon of water out of the battery, and a shake of an orange tree will give you enough ORANGE BLOSSOMS to floor a party of fifty. Three Hollywood drinks would make you neck the wash woman.

I was out to a party at Jimmie Cruzes house the other night. Hes the feller what directed Ben Her the famous vampire. Well, he brings out a giggle soup shaker that must a been two feet high, and he says to me, he says, Shake it up a bit. So I start shakin the thing and right away it begins playin music—Blue eyes what made you black. Grin that off.

Then he had another gag. I said to his wife Betty Compson I says, Betty, have you a stray cigar layin around the hut. And she says Sure, help yourself. So I goes over to a fancy lookin box and raises the lid and the thing starts yellin, BUY SOME! FOR GOD SAKE BUY SOME!! Well you can imagine how I felt with about thirty elbow benders standin around. I slamed the lid down and all the bunch started lafin. Gee I thought Eric Van Stroheim would blow out a rib.

Theres a comedian out here whos name I wont mention what has a nice little bungalo of about fifty or sixty rooms. When he has a week end party and the guests are a bit plastered he picks out some feller whats kind of half kocked. He suggests that he better take a shower and go to bed. So the sap staggers into a sort of a seperate bath room what he has attached to the house. Just when hes in the middle of cookin himself, somebody presses a button and three of the walls fall out. Oh, boy. Hes the life of the party.

BY the way, Marg, they had a girl out to the party what looked like your girl friend with the crockery eye. Yep. She has a china periscope too. And does she love the gleeful soup. Four or five snappy nips and she goes off the springboard. She washes her stockings in it. What a girl.

Shes stuck on a herring punisher what sticks to his religion. He eats ham sandwitches down town and motzers at home. They have a great rackit. Hes supposed to be in the movies. He moves cases of nose paint between Tiajuana, New Mexico, and California. He puts a bunch

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

boys -

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Willard Hannal of New York is one of our many happy boys making money every week.

SEND the coupon at once for full details. We will show you how to make money the very first day, working in spare time, right in your own neighborhood. No money, no experience needed. Thousands of boys, all over the country, now have a steady income every week, selling LIBERTY MAGAZINE. So can you! Every boy can now be independent and have his own money to buy the things he wants.

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LIBERTY MAGAZINE, *Boy Sales Division*,
247 Park Ave., New York City.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of boy salesmen and make money.

Name .....

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[LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR
Continued from page sixty-nine]

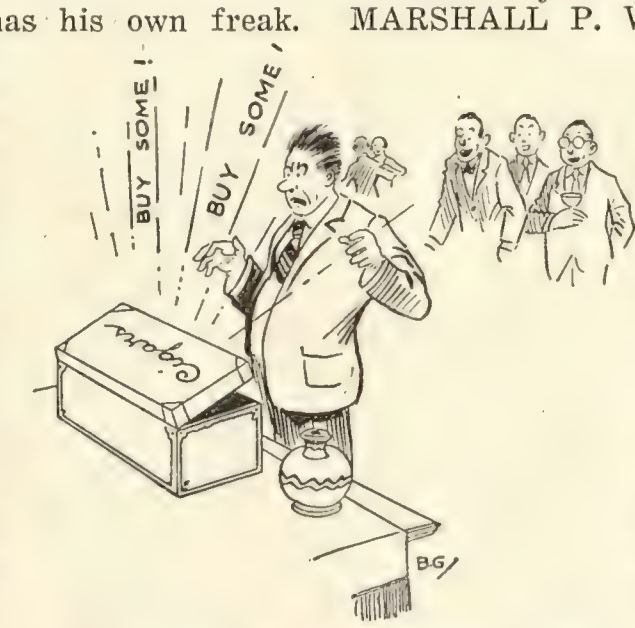
of wax heads in the back of the sedan as though it was crowded and fills the car up with leopard sweat. The motorcycle cowboys pass him up. If you should see the frail in front with the pottery eye and the wax dummies in back, it would slay you. No kiddin.

Another thing they have here in Hollywood, Marg, is honest to God traffic laws. On all the corners they have Stop and Go signals what work like the things on a rail road. They ring like an alarm clock. As soon as the arm goes up the customers on the sidewalk get ready. And on the next ring they leap for their lives. The john laws give you a ticket to the iron boarding house for crossin the street if you dont wait for the Big Ben to pop off.

And what cars they have here. Its nothing to see thirty grand on four legs standing up against an automat. Hams that just got their first break in the movies will go on the fractured line for a straight eight, thinkin theyre goin to be a bust in the cinimas. I saw a six thousand dollar dude runabout waitin for the traffic with a couple of young punks sittin in it when a Hollywood newsboy yells out, Extra, Actor makes first payment on Ritzy car. And boy, did it burn em up when the people started lookin. They nearly did a fade out.

BUT the real stars have *some* automobile jobs. Gold ones, silver ones, pearl ones, all colors to match the pocket cigar lighter. You see cars with folding beds, hot and cold running gin, humidors, ice boxes, buffets, radios and whatever. Cars with boodwar mirrors in front to see whats goin on in back. Flossy horns like dragons that play hyms to the pedestrians, and HOW!

Each one has his own freak. Freaks in Hollywood are nothin. The streets are filled with em. Youll see a guy walkin along the street what looks like the American Ambassador to Siam. He aint. He just gets seven fifty a day for opening oysters in some cheap comedy theyre makin. The fello you take for the president of a bank may be the chump what polishes Raymond Navarros shoes.



I GOES over to a fancy lookin box and raises the lid and the thing starts yellin, Buy some!

Everything is scrambled here. The bird you take for a bum is makin 5000 bucks per week directing some fathead with a heavy name. Either that, or he carries around Will Hayes cigarette papers. Looks dont count here. Take Harry Sinclair the FALL guy with the tea pot dome. Youd never think that he was a good actor, but he is. Hes got Houdini stopped.

Gag men, title writers, senario destroyers, grab enough jack per week to feed the Peruvian army, and dress as though the Salvation Army was keeping them. But, *How they lap up the adanoid soup is nobodys nevermind.* They keep Americas filling station in Canada working nights. Sandy McDonald and Col. Whiterock will give you more ideas in fifteen minutes then a Cooks tour will dish up in a month. Ideas to these guys come about as easy as a raise in salary from MacGregor and Sons.

I NEVER saw a gag man or humorist yet Marg, that didn't look as though he ran a funeral parlor somewhere. Theyre always a bit soft in the scull, half baked, half witted or half plastered. Always gloomy. As temperamental as a grand opera warbler, down in the heel and as absent minded as a crackpot with a new radio.

Listen Lovelips, there used to be a feller what was one of the best humorists on the stage. He folded the people up in their seats like a six foot rule. His name was Marshall P. Wilder. Off the stage he was about as happy as a goldfish on a chinee rug. One day when he was playin in Chicago and felt very low, he went to see a big specialist. The guy got out a hydrometer, a bag of tire irons and a brace & bit what doctors use and went to work on him.

After takin out his carbon and lookin him all over the Doc says, Why my good man, theres nothin the matter with you—all YOU need is a good laugh. You just go down to the State Street Opre House and listen to Marshall P. Wilder. They tell me hes a riot. He'll drive the blues away and make you feel like a new man.

So the other guy says—What the hell are you talkin about—IM MARSHALL P. WILDER!!!

Everythin is an idea out here Marg. On one corner of the street youll see an orange about twenty feet high and on the other a lemon the same. They aint really fruit, theyre stores. They sell lemonade and orangeaide in em. Then on another street youll see a big pail, an ice cream freezer about as high as the Svinx with the handle turnin around. Its a store too, like them Red Hot Airdale stands what they have up in Mootch Chunk. With a bit of a hangover them things make you goofy. If they only made gin bottles that big, what a sweet world this would be.

They have great taxi cabs here Marg. A small ride buys one. Six short blocks costs about sixty five dollars. I rode a mile and a half

and made the fellow a present of my bank balance, gold watch and an eight karat stick pin.

Another thing they have here Marg, is a wonderful sinamagog. Its called Graumans Chinee Theatre. And Lady what a place. All the stars go there when a new fillum busts loose for the first time. When Charlie Chaplin appeared in person with the circus under his arm they called out the militia to keep the customers away. You couldnt get an orchastra stool with a fire axe.

Listen Kid, I've been taken and plenty. No. 205 Celluloid Boulevard is a fish market!

On the sidewalk they have a nifty idea. When the cement was fresh all the different headliners came along and stood in the different squares and left their feet prints. Fur instance in one square you see the foot prints of Mary Pitchfork and Duggie with some sweet cented words signed. In the next you see the prints of Charlie's fiddle cases. In the next you see Gloria Swansons, the darling, then Harold Loyds fire extinguishers etc. Everybody stops and rubbers. Its the berries.

Oh, buy the way Marg, who do you think I ran into on Hollywood Boulevard? My old friend Jimmy McClusky who was over in France with me on Uncle Sams excursion. He had some Russians with him. Their names were Hanigan, Sweeney, Rafferty and Hogan all from Tenth Ave. Each one had a gal with him except me. Well, they was so glad to see me that they took me into a back room and began to unbutton a few quarts of Johnny Walkers panther sweat.

Rafferty was at the piano and everythin was jake, until he looks around and ketches Hogan necking his frail. Right away Hogan yells out that hes goin to sing a little ditty entitled Theres goin to be a pair of dainty slippers right next to my shoes, and the fight was on.

RAFFERTY socks Hogan a pip that blackened his lamp. Hogan grabs a bottle and began brushing Raffertys hair. Sweeney starts tryin to pry the two of em apart when McClusky thinks Sweeney is fightin. He comes over and puts a brussel sprout on Sweeneys ear.

Me thinkin my pal Sweeney is gettin the worst of it, I get in it when some punk sticks one on my button. Well, Marg, I throws away my coat and began warmin up. Just when Im measuring Raffertys chin piece, somebody sneaks up behind and lays a steam shovel on my bridge work. Im not kiddin, I was spitting out dishes for an hour.

Just when the riots in full blast, Sweeney takes the front offer the piana, and just when hes all set to lay it on McCluskys skull, a big ruff fist conects with his nose.

When everything is runnin along hotsy totsy, the fathead what runs the place hurdles the bar and sounds his A with a beer pump over Raffertys patten leather haircomb. Rafferty goes for the gong. Then, while the boss is swinging the beer pump hap hazard, Sweeney folds a Grand Rapids over his shoulders like a tent. Two down, four to go.

Well, we was all strugglin all over the floor when somebody slipped on the end of a hot mut and the troup went down. I dont remember much more Marg, because the cops came in.

Now Marg, dont go thinkin I was fightin. I wasent. I was just playin the bunch close to the cushion when I got dragged out.

. . . . .

I WOULD have mailed this letter before but Ive been laid up. And besides, since Ive been to Hollywood I havent gone near the studio until today. You remember, Good Lookin, that I met a guy on the Levynathan comin back from Paris by the name of Throckmorton and he wanted me to go to Hollywood. He said I would knock em cold in the movies. You remember me tellin you that he was goin to star me in LOVES PASSIONS, and that I paid him $2,500 for the job. Do you remember that? Heres the letter he wrote to his director. Read it—

MR. PERCY DE MILLIE,
Director in Chief
The Paradox Motion Picture Co.
205 Celluloid Bullevard
Hollywood Cal
DEAR PERCY,

I have been all over Europe to find the Male Star that you require for the lead in LOVES PASSIONS. I feel that you will agree with me that this gentleman has looks, bearing, statue and is embibed with God's gift, Romance.

This letter introduces our mutual friend, Mr. Mike Shea. Please take him in hand, introduce him to Miss Marion Davis and start production on LOVES PASSIONS at once.

Very Cordially,
WINSTON ELLSWORTH THROCKMORTON,
President

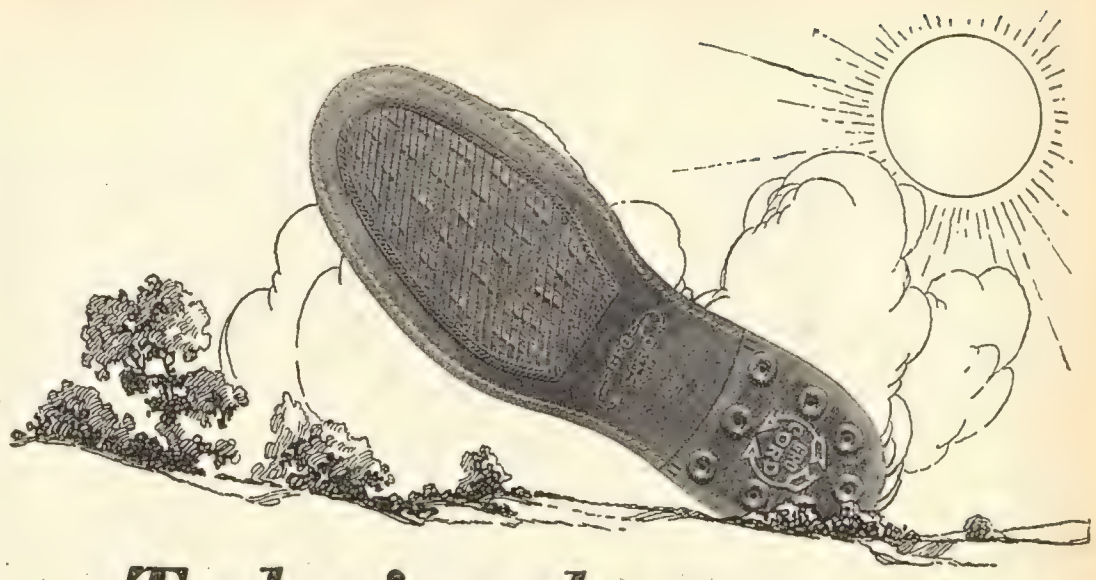
WET/OK $2,500.

Listen Kid, IVE BEEN TAKEN AND PLENTY. There aint no such place as the Paradox Film Co. No. 205 Celluloid Boulevard IS A FISH MARKET!

Yours very busted,
MIKE SHEA.

P. S. Dont crack to the family. Writin you next week.

We just knew something like that'd happen. Bet Marge did, too! Wonder what he'll do now? Well, a week or two and we'll find out.



Today's sole— and tomorrow's, too

BUSINESS men, farmers, clerks, Boy Scouts, mechanics, mail-carriers, railroad men, house wives—folks in every walk of life are finding in GRO-CORD Soles today's answer to the rising cost of leather.

No other sole is like it. Twisted cord-tire cords fused on end in live, buoyant rubber give an absolutely unique combination of flexibility, resiliency, long wear, and non-skid tread. Eleven strictly drawn patents protect you against inferior imitations. Only those soles plainly marked "GRO-CORD" have the cord-on-end construction.

When you buy sport shoes, work shoes, or street shoes insist on the genuine—

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Cord Tire Wear in Every Pair

THE LIMA CORD SOLE & HEEL CO.
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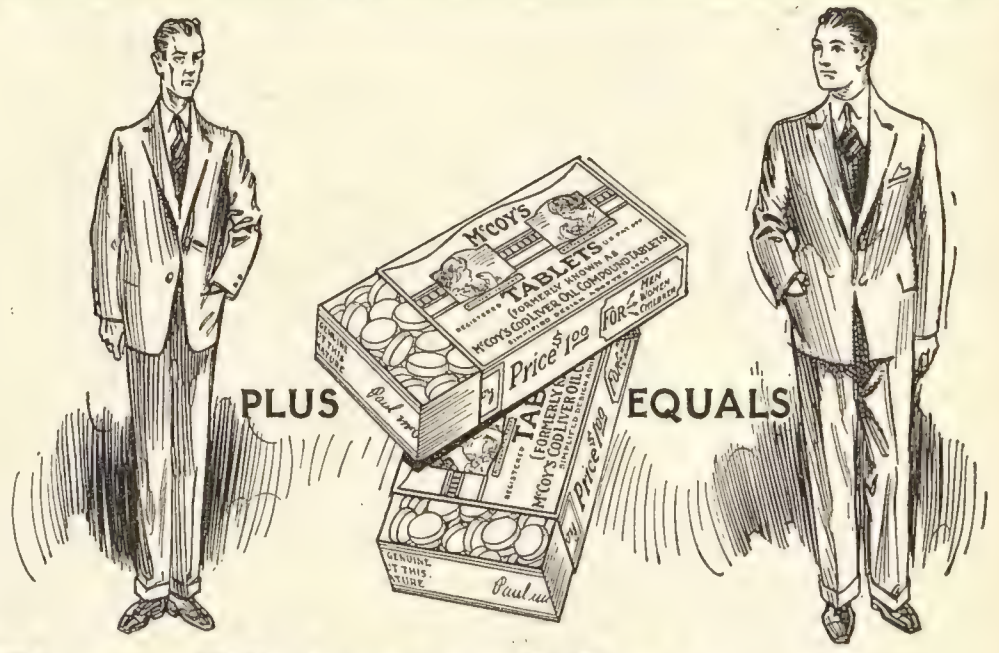

One Skinny Man Gained 28 Pounds

"Feels Like a Real Man Now—Thanks to McCoy's"

That's just what one man wrote from Atlantic City, and thousands of men and women know by experience that McCoy's Tablets, known the world over as the great flesh producer, do put on flesh where flesh is most needed.

It doesn't take but a few weeks for hollows in cheeks, neck and chest to fill out, and what a change for the better this will make in your personal appearance.

And besides looking better you'll feel better, for in McCoy's Tablets is a combination of health building agents that increase strength and bring vigorous health to weak run-down nervous men and women.

McCoy takes all the risk—Read this ironclad guarantee. If after taking 4 Sixty Cent boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar boxes any thin, underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—your money will be refunded.

The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets has been shortened—just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America.

McCOY'S TABLETS

Vox Pop

Open Mind—No Memories

FORT WORTH, TEX.—When your magazine ceases to print the hot air issuing from a bunch of shell-goofy war veterans, then it will become fit for an open-minded, forward-looking American to read. The war stuff is ten years in the rear. Let's forget it!—*F. L. Moore.*

Caddies, Beware!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Your article by Glenna Collett, called "In Defense of Caddies," was an eye-opener. I never realized, before, what a help a really good caddie could

be—in fact, a big factor in winning many a championship game. From this time on I'm going to kiss my caddies, instead of kicking them.

Carry Miss Collett's argument a couple of steps further and you'd have your famous golfer a mere marionette, worked by strings which the Omniscient Caddie controlled.—*R. Parker.*

Roxy Doesn't Think His Ushers Would Take Quarters

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The management of Roxy's Theater resents the implication in your recent article, "The Movie Usher and How He Got That Way," as to its ushers accepting gratuities. Every word about the ushers is a falsehood. And they do not accept quarters.—*S. L. Rothafel ("Roxy")—Director, Roxy Theater.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In proof hereof Mr. Rothafel incloses a round-robin signed by all his ushers, stating: "We pledge on our word of honor to you that under no circumstances have we taken any monetary award for our services." The document also states: "We do regard you as the foremost figure in the Motion Picture World."]

But It's a Noble Calling

CHICAGO, ILL.—After reading your article, "The Movie Usher and How He Got That Way," I'm afraid you have been misinformed.

You remark that the high-school usher receives his twenty or thirty dollars a week. Have your informants gone mad? For an average of forty hours a week the pay is ten dollars a week. In other words, working five days a week from six-forty to ten-forty, which is twenty hours.

Then, on Saturday and Sunday, from one till eleven, which makes a total of forty hours a week, varying a little according to the shows.

This pay is about one-half of the poorest paid factory worker's and even smaller than an office boy's.

Your story was correct in every other way. Why not correct this mistake? — *Charlie (formerly an usher in Chicago).*

Here Comes a Sailor

FINDLAY, OHIO—Hurrah! I see the navy was in the World War. How did that ever happen? A lot of LIBERTY'S readers in Findlay thought all the fighting was done in the air.

Yes, I was glad to see Frederick Palmer's article, "Ten Years Ago —How the Navy Cleared the Path." —*L. Mains.*

O Mrs. Stevens! Lookit!

CHICAGO, ILL.—In the April 28 issue, R. Harper, formerly of the Fifth Marines, A. E. F., made a reflection on marriages of American soldiers with French girls during the World War which I resent. He said: "Some have dreary lives in hospitals, others less fortunate have French war brides."

I married a mighty fine French girl in Paris during the war and we've lived very happily since. The men who met the right kind of girls in the A. E. F. think differently than does R. H.—*C. W. Stevens.*

Multum in Parvo

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The "Twenty Questions" and "Answers" that are published every week are worth the price of the magazine many times over.—*G. H. W.*

Hope Toni Doesn't See This

ESCANABA, MICH.—The face of Toni, Jr., alone is enough to cancel

any appeal your Antoinette Donnelly articles might have.

It is a devilish face behind which there might be a brain which, upon occasion, would hurl mud upon one's duck trousers or perchance fling a mean stone through an unsuspecting window.

By all means banish this Toni, Jr. —*Charles Tully.*

Maybe It Was All He Could Find

PITTSBURGH, PA.—In your issue of April 21, in an illustration for "'Mail Order' Morse," by Ford C. Frick, *Morse,* a *left-handed* pitcher, is depicted marching out of the clubhouse carrying a *right-hander's* glove —and a *first baseman's* at that.

How come, Mr. Flagg, how come? —*Southpaw Pitcher.*

Yes? And Then What?

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Your story by Ford C. Frick, "'Mail Order' Morse," was good. But I know a man in Chicago who could put Morse in the shade for pulling crazy stuff.

He sent his girl in Chi a telegram from New York City at 3 A. M. Sunday, and all it said was: GO BACK TO BED.—*O. W. K.*

Interpreting Viña

MOUNT MORRIS, N. Y.—During all the time that I have been addicted to your magazine, never have I read a rottener story than Viña Delmar's "She Saw Two Feet Ahead of Her."

According to Viña, it would be conducive to conjugal happiness for a husband to come home at night and tell his wife all about his affair with some ritzy blonde, and for the wife to tell hubby all about her latest sheik.

Mrs. Delmar suggests in her story that fidelity is not all in married life, and that compatibility and agreeableness are essential. Which is like saying that the right wing of an airplane is more necessary to it than its left wing.

Viña Delmar—Phew!—*C. J. Webb.*

Why Wait?

DENVER, COLO.—Is there any way on earth of buying a LIBERTY *one* day after it comes out? If so, please inform an anxious reader.—*W. Mackey.*

Thanks—It's Lovely

CALUMET, MICH. — Referring to your editorial, "Gardens," I see you ask your readers to supply the missing words to some verses which you quote in part.

The words will be found on a bench in the garden of Château Chenoye, near Juvigny, France. They run as follows:

A kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.

—*C. A. S.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Thanks are due also to Amelia H. Brighton, Mrs. I. R. Morrell, Frances S. Robinson, Ezra E. Clark, Charles L. Ogden, Mrs. E. W. Westley, O. Updike Kidd, and a score of others, for sending us the lines.]

The Southern Viewpoint—

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Thank God, I say, for a Southern gentleman of the caliber of Senator Walter F. George of Georgia, whose opinions were quoted in "The 14th, 15th, and 18th Amendments."

Let all who preach about the "poor downtrodden nigger of the South," come South and put themselves in our position for awhile.

If God intended the black to be the equal of the white, why did He choose His Son to be born other than in the black race? Surely that is sufficient proof that there never can or should be equal rights for the two races.

The women or the women folks of any "Vox Popper" who may in the future write of the "poor downtrodden nigger" should be locked up in a room with a bunch of buck niggers and see how quickly they change their minds.—*(Miss) K. C. E.*

—With Variations

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I want to say a few words concerning Sidney Sutherland's articles, "The 14th, 15th, and 18th Amendments." These articles will probably draw a lot of censure from the people of the North who do not understand the Southern Negro.

I feel qualified to speak on the subject for I was born and raised below the well known M. and D. line.

To me the Negroes of the South are the most interesting, likable, and most misunderstood race living. While they are loyal, faithful, and trusting, they are as emotional, irresponsible, and easily influenced as children—and are as unfit to sit on juries, or vote, as a child would be. For if there were eleven Negroes and one white man on a jury, the Negroes would decide the white man's way.

The truth of the matter is, the Southern Negro doesn't *want* to mix on equal terms with the whites. So I'm asking those who don't know conditions in the South, please not to get the idea that the Southern Negro is a poor, abused creature. He is not.

And, get this: They are the *happiest* race of people I have ever known. I have often envied them their wonderful philosophy of life, which is: "Let tomorrow (and the white folks) take care of everything."—*A Georgia Cracker.*

Now, Lee, You Behave

HOISINGTON, KAN.—"What LIBERTY Is Driving At," by Sheppard Butler, was much needed information. Most of us never knew nor could imagine!—*Lee Smith.*

Attaboy!

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.—Last night a bunch of the boys were whooping

it up about LIBERTY being the rottenest publication on earth, when I breezed in.

I got a black eye and sundry bruises, but—you should have seen them carry the other guys out.—*V. P.*

The General's I's

SARASOTA, FLA.—Of all the conceited twaddle that you have ever printed, General Mitchell's "War Diary" wins the rubber stepladder! Why doesn't he come right out and say: "*I* won the war"?—*J. F. Lobb.*

VERNAL, UTAH—That series by General Mitchell is okay—but, gosh, why pick on the "I" key of the typewriter so overmuchly, by heckly?

Give the "W" and "E" keys a chance!—*Frank Fleming.*

We Being the Sister?

VANCOUVER, B. C., CAN.—That Vox Popper, M. D. Latham, is, I think, correct in speaking of our Canadian attitude toward the States as one of ridicule. But I believe it is merely on the surface. Behind it there is deep love for our sister nation. Some day I hope we will realize it and work together like brother and sister.—*John Lawrence.*

"The 14th 15th and 18th AMENDMENTS"

A Letter to Liberty from Senator Glass

WASHINGTON, D. C.—There has been left on my desk a copy of LIBERTY, dated April 28, containing what purports to be an interview with me by Sidney Sutherland on the subject of the Fifteenth and Eighteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States. I desire to warn you that the purported interview, almost from the beginning to the end of it, is inaccurate and largely fictitious. Whatever may be my views on the questions discussed by the writer of the article, nobody who knows me or my habit of speech could believe that I had ever been guilty of the coarse utterances attributed to me by your Mr. Sutherland. I have usually managed to think and talk as a gentleman should and to use the English language in a fairly measured way, whereas your Mr. Sutherland has put into quotations and ascribed to me his own crude thoughts and objectionable verbiage.

This young man came into my sick bedroom at the Raleigh Hotel unannounced, and sought to interview me on the subject of the Constitutional Amendments which he has made the basis of his article. I positively declined to talk to him for publication, referring him to carefully prepared articles by me which completely reflected my views. Upon his insistence and purely for his own information, I consented to explain exactly why, in my opinion, there was no analogy between alleged violations of the suffrage amendments in the South and the actual violation of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Prohibition Act in all parts of the country. That was all; and nothing that I either thought or said could afford justification for the article which Mr. Sutherland wrote and which you published depicting me as a sectional ruffian, speaking harshly and intemperately of those whose views on the question involved differ from my own.

Very respectfully,
CARTER GLASS.

International photo
Senator Carter Glass of Virginia.

How My Interviews with Senators Glass and George Were Obtained

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 11 minutes.)

THIS is a Presidential election year. The question of prohibition is an important one. The politicians and the partisan editors throughout the country have revived the subject of nullification, bearing down emphatically on the strange thesis that a bargain might be struck in nullification! That if it be deemed proper for certain commonwealths to ignore the intent of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, it should be tacitly approved if certain other States and municipalities ignored the Eighteenth Amendment and its enabling statute, the Volstead Act.

On this matter, for the purpose of making a pair of articles, I especially wanted to know the Southern point of view.

I debated mentally as to whom I might approach, what person or persons were best qualified by experience, study, age, integrity, and status for the purpose of voicing the sentiments of Dixie on so delicate a topic. I resolved to interview Senator Carter Glass of Virginia.

My reasons for selecting this statesman were manifold. Carter Glass is seventy years old. Scion of a family famous in Virginia for its services to that State and to the nation, he was born in 1858 and, consequently, had spent his impressionable boyhood among the ghastly scenes of the Civil War and in the midst of the hideous panorama of Reconstruction. In early manhood, following an excellent formal education, he had entered journalism, conducting and owning newspapers in Lynchburg.

Politics had attracted him; he had served in the Virginia Legislature. Then he had gone to Congress, where his fine mind, his political acumen, his personal integrity, his genuine vision, his unquestioned courage, moral and physical, and his fiery, dominant personality had quickly advanced him to the foremost ranks of his party.

In December, 1918, during the difficult period of post-war financial readjustment, President Wilson appointed him to his Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury, and his services until he resigned the following November evoked the admiration and respect of the nation. Since that time Mr. Glass has sat in the Senate of the United States, a dignified, snowy-haired, flashing-eyed figure whose capacities and earnestness and fearless advocacy of his personal and party principles have focused the attention of the nation.

Whom else might I have approached with more certainty that his remarks on Dixie's conduct in political matters would carry the weight of understanding, sound judgment, and courageous interpretation?

I called up Mr. Glass' secretary on long distance from New York City, explained what I sought, and asked him to arrange for an appointment for me. He did so, and in pursuance thereof I went to Washington the first week in January. I called at room 330 in the Senate Office Building, and the secretary informed me that he had spoken to Mr. Glass, and that if I went to the Raleigh Hotel I would be received, though the Senator was lying fretfully in his bed because of an infected foot.

When I knocked on the door, a somewhat impatient voice bade me enter. I found Senator Glass lying on top of his counterpane, angrily nursing a bandaged toe, his hair and his pillow and his pajama coat and the bedding discomposed as he tossed to and fro.

I gave him my name and the purpose of my call. He motioned me to a chair near the foot of the bed, rumpled the pillow under his head, and exclaimed:

"I've expressed my opinion on this subject a hundred times. Why come taking up my time on something I've explained before? I don't want to talk about niggers or booze or Constitutional amendments or anything else."

"But, Senator," I said soothingly, "there seems suddenly to be a resurgence throughout the North of the subject of nullification. The politicians up there, some of them, and some of the editors, say that you violate the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments down South and that those places up North that want their liquor have a right to nullify the Eighteenth Amend—"

Mr. Glass interrupted me with a furious gesture and a pulmonary explosion which, coming from a man less illustrious than the venerable Senator, might be described as a *snort!*

"I know what they're claiming up North," he retorted. "And I've never heard such drivel as you Northerners utter in all my life. What has the attitude of the South toward those damnable wartime amendments got to do with the obedience to the Constitution and the law by the Northerners?

"What utter nonsense to talk about the enforcement of something that is not violated! No Southern State has ever violated the Constitution, even if the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments were rammed down our throats with a bayonet. . . ."

Though denounced as a Northerner and made the target, first of a quivering forefinger and then a clenched fist, I ignored the fact that I am the son of families which have lived in Texas for nearly a century—since they left Virginia, Kentucky, Georgia, and Florida and trekked to the great Southwest long before General Sam Houston incorporated dozens of my breed in the little army with which he avenged the Alamo and freed Texas from Santa Anna's rule.

One becomes thick-skinned, a little callous, if one continues long enough in the rôle of an interviewer. The thing that matters is—get the story!

AND here was a distinguished statesman swearing he would never talk, and talking! My pencil moved as swiftly as I could guide it across the sheet of paper on my knee; pausing only when Mr. Glass paused for breath, or for phrases graphic enough to encompass his passionate eloquence, or because when he had exhausted his forcefulness and his topic I thought of something else to ask him.

I would cite to the Senator some striking Supreme Court decision having to do, say, with Negro disfranchisement, and he would comment at length. I would mention some verdict having to do with property rights, and he would inform me that he was not qualified to discuss the legal aspects of that thing.

So I confined my questioning to such decisions as affected the ballot-box fortunes of the Negro in Dixie, and in not one case did Senator Glass either (1) decline to comment; (2) ask me to treat anything he said as confidential; or (3) request me to tone down the fervent quality of his responses.

But I did tone them down. First, because it would have been unfair to quote him verbatim while he was irritable as a result of the nature of the subject and peeved because of the confinement consequent upon his sore toe. Second, because the scope of his statements could not have been confined in the space allotted to me by the publisher of LIBERTY. And, third, because it is impossible to write down everything

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

extraneous an interviewee brings into the discussion of a specified subject.

When Mr. Glass had recovered his poise, I said:

"I thank you, sir, for your patient explanation of why Dixie has proceeded as she has since the Civil War. But I'm afraid my mission to Washington is only half completed. I mean that you have declined to say anything about the Fourteenth Amendment and its alleged infringements. I wonder whom I could find to help me out there?"

Mr. Glass reflected a moment.

"If you'll see Senator George of Georgia, he can help you. He has a splendid legal background—he was on the Supreme Court bench in Georgia for years—and he knows all about the Fourteenth Amendment."

I THANKED Senator Glass and went away. Presently I got Senator Walter F. George on the telephone. He was, indeed, gracious; but said he was afraid he could not see me for several days as he was leaving that night for New York City. I asked him if he minded if I traveled north with him and talked to him a while in the smoking compartment. He was perfectly agreeable to this; so I telephoned his secretary, and inquired what reservations the Senator had. She told me the number of his berth and his car, and I managed to persuade the ticket agent to give me space in the same car.

Senator George was waiting for me in the smoking room, and we talked for nearly three hours. I explained how I had happened to come to him, at his Virginia colleague's suggestion, and then mentioned to him some of the Supreme Court decisions which effectually curtailed the supposititious rights of the Negro under the Fourteenth Amendment.

Senator George was exceedingly kind and patient. At first he said he preferred not to discuss the decisions until he had had time to study their background and all their circumstances. I understood that, of course; but I observed that while copying the decisions in the law library I had copied down all pertinent circumstances and necessary background. At his suggestion, then, I prefaced my recital of each decision with the story of what it was all about.

Whereupon he proceeded to comment precisely as I quoted him in my article in LIBERTY of April 21.

I was able to quote him precisely because of the careful wording, the sound judgment, the legal knowledge, the restraint in language, and the astonishing clarity of his remarks. He comprehended that he was not only talking to a man uninformed on legal verbiage and practice, but that his remarks were to be transmitted to millions of readers equally uninformed.

And such were the patience and understanding and affability of this eminent barrister and judge and Senator, that I had no trouble in making my notes, nor in reading them and writing an article from them a day or so later.

So I wrote the articles in two installments, and they were published.

About the middle of April last I went to Washington on another assignment, and while there left a copy of the magazine with Senator George's secretary, and with Senator Glass' secretary I left an advance copy of the April 28 issue containing the Virginian's interview. Both Senators were out when I called.

A day or so later I telephoned to Senator George's office, and was

Harris & Ewing photo

Senator Walter F. George of Georgia.

surprised to learn from his secretary that the Georgian had written a four-page letter to the publisher of LIBERTY stating that I had misrepresented his statements and viewpoint.

"Does Senator George retract anything I said he said, or does he claim that I misquoted him?" I inquired.

"No," said the secretary.

"Well, what is his object in writing to LIBERTY?" I asked.

"He simply wants to clarify certain technical statements," was the somewhat astonishing answer.

If anybody is interested in the life and fortunes, and occasional tribulations, of a newspaper and magazine reporter, he will find it enlightening to compare the article I wrote about Senator George in the issue of April 21 and his letter which appeared in LIBERTY in the issue of May 19. Enlightening, because nowhere in the letter am I accused of misrepresenting him or anything he said. I really know of no reason why Senator George wrote a letter which casts the imputation that I am not a competent reporter, since he does not deny that he said what I attributed to him, nor accuse me of putting in his mouth things he did not say.

Reflecting on my interview with Senator Glass and recalling the emphatic vocabulary he had regarded as desirable to convey his meanings, it was with considerable trepidation that I telephoned his hotel. My apprehensions were not unsound.

"Your article, sir," he cried into his transmitter when I had identified myself, "is false and libelous from beginning to end. You have made me out a sectional vulgarian and an ignorant ruffian. You have put your own ignorant thoughts and uncouth grammar into my mouth, when everybody that knows me knows I never speak as you say I do, or voice my sentiments in any but the language of a gentleman."

"But, my dear Senator," I expostulated, "did you say what I said you said, or did I—"

"It makes no difference what I said, sir!" he exclaimed. "I say what I please whenever I please, but I say it as a gentleman and an educated man. You have, I repeat, sir, made me out a ruffian and a blackguard. Whereas, sir, you are merely a blackguard yourself—"

"Hold it, Senator," I said. "Hold everything! The thing for you to do, sir, is to write a letter to my publisher and express any sentiments you damn well feel like expressing. I don't know what kind of press representatives you are accustomed to dealing with, but I do know I'm about to hang up on you, since it is evident we have nothing more to talk about."

BUT the Virginia statesman beat me to it: he hung up first. I went on about my business, and when I returned to my hotel room later in the day I found that Senator Glass had phoned.

I called up his apartment, and he spoke as follows:

"Young man, I still think your article is an injustice to me, and that it is wrong from beginning to end. But, sir, I could not sleep this night until I apologized for the epithet I employed this morning."

"Senator Glass," I laughed, "you're an old darling, and I refuse to quarrel with you, so—"

"What did you call me, sir?" he shouted.

"'An old darling,' Senator," I repeated, trembling, wondering if he was going to be *emphatic* again.

"Oh, well, all right, young man," he rejoined, apparently mollified. "Nevertheless, your article is all wrong. I am so writing your editor."

"But, Mr. Glass," I inquired, "didn't you say what I wrote you said? Haven't you written the same sentiments to W. H. Stayton of the Association Against The Prohibition Amendment, and uttered identical observations three or four times on the Senate floor?"

"Certainly, sir. And I propose to keep on uttering them. But that doesn't justify your putting into my mouth ungrammatical and uncouth words that I never use, and making me appear a hot-tempered, intemperate blackguard. Whereas, sir, you—"

"All right, all right, Senator," I hastily interjected, fearing he was about to—er—ahem—misplace his poise for a moment.

Senator Glass' letter to my publisher is reproduced on the preceding page. Careful reading thereof will disclose that the Senator nowhere disputes the fact that he said what I said he said, only that he protests rather bitterly against the language I quote him as using.

Well, a reporter gets a lot of experience. But, still, a reporter does not like to be accused of lying, even though by implication. Particularly when he knows he does not deserve it.

THE END

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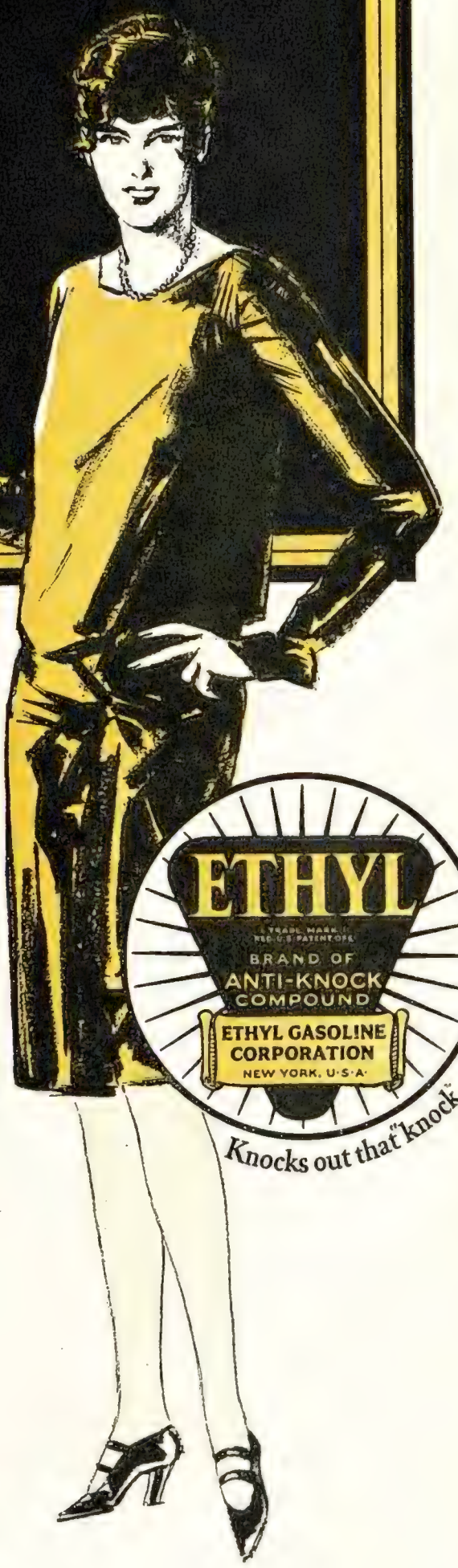

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What It Means to Be Smart

By

Mary Brush Williams

THOSE little flat bows on the third costume here presented look as if Mme. Chanel, its designer, had got tired of tying them and had stopped before she got through. That is as good a motif as any to dramatize into a style. Really, it is better than many. It expresses boredom, interest in something else, and a look as if things "came easy."

The criticism to be made of many creations, and of the French ones more than of the American and the English, is that too much effort shows in them. Those from the smart houses of America look sometimes as if too much expenditure of money and not enough of artistic creativeness had flowed into them.

We were having a conversation, the artist and I, and he has more of a flair for catching and rendering chic than anybody else I know. The subject of our talk was what constitutes the difference between being smart and being merely well dressed. The latter devolves almost entirely upon a matter of having money and a fair amount of good taste. The other depends upon one's birth, one's bringing up, one's point of view, and perhaps one's ancestry. There is an intellectual quality in it, and this doesn't mean that you have to have what college professors call intellectuality to achieve chic. You must have judgment combined with taste.

The well dressed woman has individual things that are good and usually costly, but they do not always flow into an ensemble. A rich New York woman traveling up from Asheville wore a beige coat in Washington that was gorgeously beautiful. A luncheon was given for her by the wife of a distinguished statesman, and a flapper from her seat in the foyer of the Mayflower, watching her arrive for it, called the coat a knockout.

But with the beautiful coat the woman carried a huge bag, also handsome, also costly, but in black leather, which was not the heavensent color or material to harmonize with her wrap. Furthermore, it was of the design used for traveling which was much too bulky to look well with the rest of her costume or to be appropriate to the occasion.

Louiseboulanger created an evening dress of eggshell chiffon with a brick taffeta bow.

Her shoes were blue, handmade, well designed, and costly. All of the individual parts of her costuming were excellent, but they did not combine into a unified whole.

The smart woman with chic, of whom there was a glowing example at this same luncheon, is more sure of herself. Her own interpretation of style shines through the costumes she assembles. While usually even quieter in her clothes (you would say offhand) than the merely well dressed woman who has the conservatism born of being not quite sure of herself, the woman of chic allows herself to indulge her caprices.

The well dressed woman is fashionably gotten up in things of the moment. The smart woman goes in for nuances or shadings or modifications of the obvious things that are being exploited.

The chic woman looks as if she had just sort of happened. She concentrates for a brief moment on assembling masterpieces of costuming. She carries with her a sense of privacy and gives the impression of having a gift for detail and also the decided feeling that she and her set have dressed for themselves, and the public may feel as it pleases over the result. The public is invariably admiring.

Here are some of the costumes of the typical woman of chic. They are right from the French houses. The black faille coat, which is sometimes made in a wool, such as cashmere, gets a decided tailored effect with its flat bows in the back for its sole trimming. The long seam down the back with its inverted box plait contributes individuality and chic. Worn with a close fitting dark gray hat of silk and with a pale gray fox fur, it is the outfit of the woman who deserves to be called more than well costumed and has really arrived in the rank of smart dressers. With gun metal or London smoke stockings and patent leather shoes, she is well-nigh perfectly dressed.

Brown wool for a coat over a brown and white silk dress.

A coat of black faille silk with flat bows down the back. Designed by Chanel.

Made of black satin, this coat has a satin collar edged with putty colored fox. Paquin.

NOBODY else in the world carries such a reputation for making smart coats as does Mme. Paquin. Her creations of one season will be popularized on the streets of Paris the next year.

Our second sketch illustrates one of Paquin's most recent offerings that ought to be good in Europe and on this continent in various materials for many a day to come. As the artist put it, "The grace with which this flattering collar can be arranged as a frame for the face is one of the best features of this smartly simple coat." You will observe that its fichulike lines are bordered deeply with fox fur, which is putty colored.

Sometimes this wrap is made in white wool, and again in satin, usually black. No matter what the material of the remainder of the wrap, however, the collar is always of satin. A crocheted straw hat with a band round it to correspond with the putty color of the fur makes this the costume of a woman of extreme chic.

The first model is a charming dinner frock of eggshell colored chiffon from Louiseboulanger, with looped up flounces of the material going in a double row round the skirt. The huge bow of brick colored taffeta is a typical touch of the woman of chic.

The fourth offering, I think, shows one of the smartest silhouettes for spring and summer. The costume consists of a lightweight wool coat in brown, with a dress of brown and white printed silk under it. There are graceful jabots on blouse and skirt. The cut-away hat, by Mme. Agnès, completes the ensemble.

Paris Flirts with Bows

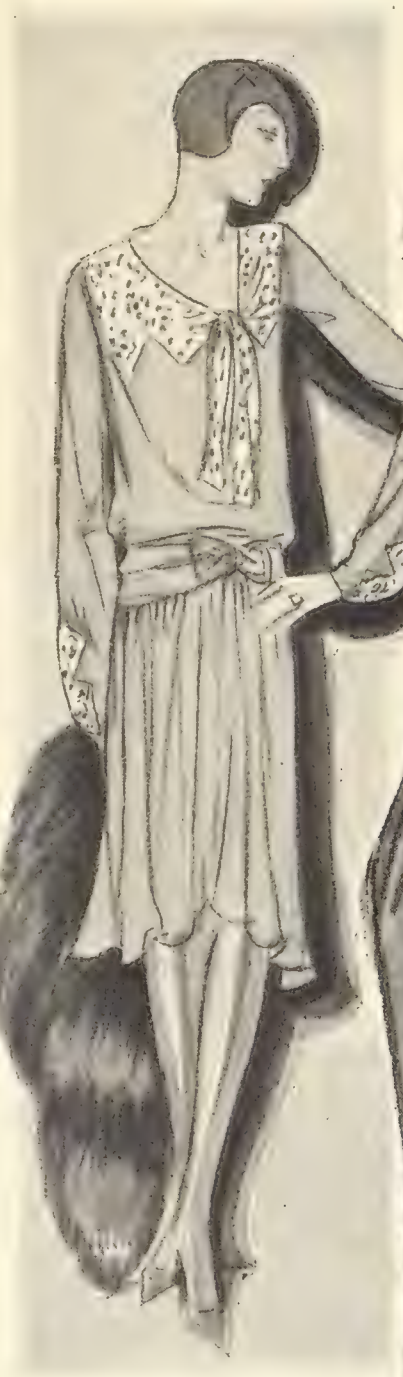
By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, April 30.

PARIS is devoted to her new bows. It looks like a permanent engagement—this tie that binds fashion. There are very few bowless frocks or, for that matter, coats this summer season. Fashion is a truly feminine creature and she must have her galaxy of bows. If you have a bow parked somewhere on your costume you may be sure you have started *right* in the summer style swim.

Sounds too easy? It isn't, however. True chic is never so simple as to be dull. There are bows *and* bows, and this season the bow is an essential part of the smart costume. It almost invariably is the binding end of some detail of the frock or coat, as, for instance, the bow at the end of a scarf collar, the bow that ties up the yoke on waist or skirt, or the bow on handkerchief or sash. Bows aren't highly important in themselves: it's what they are tied up to that makes them significant in Paris fashions.

The right way to place the bow is often a knotty problem. The lover's knot, the sailor's knot, and the bowknots of the smart yesteryear are the source of the command "Thou shalt *not*" today. Flat, hard looking tailored bows are out. They are démodé. Flaring, fluttering, feminine bows, attached to some part of the toilette that gives them a definite reason for being there, are the kind of bows which give a special chic to summer fashions.



Paquin exploits the bow in this tied lace yoke.

Black taffeta is fashionable for evening, especially with Cheruit's apron-string bow.

Two handkerchiefs form the double tunic of this black crêpe satin frock from Jenny.

Cheruit gives cachet to a taffeta cape coat by a fat bow tied under the chin.

Crisp, fat bows are new and attractive details of smart costumes in one of the smart stiff fabrics such as satin, taffeta, and moiré. Slender, sinuous knots of lace and chiffon are distinctive details of supple frocks for midsummer. Little rabbit's ears of shantung, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine, and even linen and tricot, tie up the ends of chic handkerchiefs and scarfs on sports and afternoon costumes.

The handkerchief, which this summer is one of the leading details of fashion, is almost always tied in a bow. Very particular ladies are wearing the handkerchief made of the same material as the frock and either larger or smaller than the kind which is worn around the shoulders or only at the hips.

Our Jenny model shows the kind of handkerchief and the type of bowed ends thereof which are both novel and supremely smart. This afternoon dress is of black crêpe satin, and Jenny originated a new type of handkerchief for it which makes it a fashion contribution. The frock has a slightly bloused waist with long, tight sleeves, and a skirt that flares in a circular movement ending in a pointed hemline on the left side.

On this frock Jenny places two oversize handkerchiefs of self-material. The first is spread over the right side of the frock from the underarm seam to the hemline and below. It is placed crêpe side out and brought around and knotted on the left hip. The second handkerchief is slightly smaller and is folded to a triangle. It is placed over the larger handkerchief from waistline to just above the hem, and is also brought around and tied in a bow. Half handkerchiefs, very small, make the cuffs, the points of the fold falling over the wrist.

The black taffeta cape coat from Cheruit has a scarf collar ending in a very ample and crisp bow of taffeta under the chin. Cheruit has originated the present vogue for the taffeta wrap that very smart women are wearing with their summer afternoon and evening frocks. She covers the arms, from a dropped shoulderline, with shirred, scalloped cape panels.

The coat portion of this wrap is cut on slender lines and is shirred slightly at the neck.

The scarf collar is smocked in back, and much of the chic of this wrap is found in the bow-tie ends. The drooping shoulder seams are also trimmed with bands of smocking.

Cheruit also signs the black taffeta frock shown in our large sketch. Here the bow is part of the bodice and ties like apron strings in back.

The bouffant skirt of this frock is hemmed with black lace, arranged in points, and the hipline is slightly stiffened at the sides. Clusters of organdie flowers are placed at the shoulder and the left side front of the waistline.

ONE of the greatest Paris dress designers, Paquin, believes firmly in bows for women, and shows here a favorite way of introducing them into the afternoon frock at yoke and waistline. Paquin makes the bow part of the lace yoke of this frock, the yoke itself becoming the ties. This is also true of the girdle, which is draped closely around the hips and extended into a small bow at the front.

The cuffless bishop sleeves have pointed insets of cream lace, and the gray crêpe de Chine of the frock is shirred at the top and scalloped at the bottom of the full skirt.

Obviously safe with teeth so glistening white YET..

WHAT a pity it is that so few of us give more than passing thought to health! It is priceless, yet we neglect it. And frequently this utter disregard causes endless trouble. Under the stress and strain of modern living, of too much work and too little rest, health breaks down. It surrenders to a foe that never fights in the open—the disease of neglect (Pyorrhea).

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YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

New Suggestions for Summer Salads

WITH DELICIOUS AND EASILY PREPARED DRESSINGS

Selected from

"THE MODERN METHOD OF PREPARING DELIGHTFUL FOODS"

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

THE average diet needs bulk—which green salads supply. As nature's "sun foods"—salads contain plenty of vitamins and minerals essential to proper nutrition.

In summer, especially, salads are popular. Fresh fruits and vegetables are plentiful and cheap. Easily and quickly prepared—and served with a delicious dressing—crisp, refreshing salads are ofttimes the main part of summer meals—cooling and healthful.

The recipes for dressings are simple and economical to make—you can prepare any of them as quickly as you do the salads.

APPLE AND GRAPE SALAD

COMBINE equal parts of apple cut in match-like strips and halved and seeded Malaga or Tokay grapes with plain French or French Fruit Dressing to moisten. Serve in nests of lettuce garnished with cream cheeseballs.

SUPPER FRUIT SALAD COMBINATIONS

1—Equal parts of diced apple, celery and seeded grapes and a few chopped nut meats, and Whipped Cream Mayonnaise to moisten. Serve on lettuce.

2—Alternating slices of fresh peach and pear, served on lettuce with Whipped Cream Mayonnaise, to which a little candied ginger or a few chopped nut meats have been added.

3—Equal parts of stoned red cherries, fresh or canned diced pineapple and sections of orange put together with Whipped Cream Mayonnaise. Garnish with lettuce and a few filberts if desired.

A NEW SALAD DRESSING

1 egg	⅛ teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons sugar	¼ cup vinegar
1½ teaspoons salt	¾ cup Mazola
2 teaspoons dry mustard	1 cup water

4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch

(All measurements should be level)

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but DO NOT STIR. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

FRENCH DRESSING FOR FRUIT SALADS

½ cup Mazola	3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon Karo, Red Label	½ teaspoon salt
	⅛ teaspoon paprika

BEAT until thoroughly blended and use with any fruit salad.

COOKED CREAM DRESSING

¼ cup Mazola	¼ teaspoon cayenne
3 tablespoons Karo, Red or Blue Label	3 tablespoons Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch
½ teaspoon dry mustard	2 eggs, beaten
1 teaspoon salt	1¼ cups top milk
	¾ cup very mild vinegar

COMBINE the Mazola, Karo, the dry ingredients and the eggs in a double boiler top. Gradually stir in the milk which should be scalded, and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thick like white sauce; then gradually add the vinegar, heated, and beat with an egg beater until the mixture thickens again. Dilute with mild vinegar, sweet or sour cream as needed. This may be used with any meat, fruit, fish, egg or vegetable salad.

PIQUANT FRENCH DRESSING

½ cup Mazola	2 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon Karo, Blue Label	2 tablespoons chow-chow
	½ teaspoon salt
	¼ teaspoon paprika

BEAT well and serve with any vegetable, fish or cheese salad.

SHREDDED ORANGE OR GRAPE FRUIT

PEEL one large orange or half grape fruit and shred the pulp. Add one-half cup plain French Dressing and serve with romaine or lettuce cut in quarters. Garnish with slices of snappy cheese.

LETTUCE, ROMAINE OR CRESS DRESSED AT THE TABLE

ARRANGE well-crisped lettuce or other salad greens in a good-sized salad bowl. Place beside it cruets containing vinegar and Mazola and salt, pepper and paprika shakers. For salad for six, measure three tablespoons Mazola and pour into the salad. Turn over and over with the salad fork and spoon and add salt, pepper, paprika and one and one-half tablespoons vinegar. Continue turning until the leaves look a little wilted.

VEGETABLE SALAD COMBINATIONS

1—Combine one cup shredded cabbage, one-half cup grated raw carrot, one-half cup shredded apple and sections from one orange with French Dressing or Mazola Salad Dressing.

2—One pint cooked kidney beans and one tablespoon little pickled onions (minced) combined with Mazola Salad Dressing. Serve on lettuce and garnish with cooked asparagus tips.

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THE recipes on this page are taken from Ida Bailey Allen's remarkable book "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods." It contains over 300 new, unusual recipes, suggestions and valuable hints on the care of the home. See coupon below.

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Give the Bride Your Favorite Recipe

By ETHEL SOMERS

JUNE is the month of bridal showers. Whether it take the form of an afternoon tea, a luncheon, or a supper, a shower of favorite autographed recipes is surprisingly gratifying and useful. Such a shower is even more acceptable if an appropriate gift-wrapped tool accompany each recipe.

A combination of recipes and kitchen tools may be easily worked out. For example: a recipe for French Pastry and a pastry tube; Dainty Individual Cakes and paper baking cups; Sponge Cake and a kitchen clock; Salad and kitchen shears; etc. In order that the recipes may be put to efficient use, a recipe file in a color harmonizing with the bride's new kitchen is a fitting remembrance from the hostess.

YOU might send the bride your favorite recipe for muffins, accompanied by a muffin pan. One gift should be a recipe file.

MENU FOR BRIDAL SHOWER SUPPER

Pineapple Canapé
Creamed Chicken or Sweetbreads à la King in Nests
Heart-Shaped Biscuits Honey
Glazed Strawberry Tarts

Pineapple Canapé

ON a paper doily on chilled colorful glass plates arrange the following:

In the center place an orange ring, prepared by slicing a chilled orange in ½-inch slices. Using one slice for each person, remove a 1-inch circle from the center. Fill this center with a cone of powdered sugar. Prepare by packing the sugar tightly into a pastry point. Invert the filled pastry point in the center of the service plate and rap gently with a knife until the sugar cone drops out.

Around this center of orange and sugar arrange chilled pineapple cones. To prepare these, insert the point of a knife to the core of the pineapple and, using this as the apex, cut a cone, following the natural segments of the pineapple skin. Serve chilled, to be eaten with the fingers.

Chicken à la King

- 1½ cups cubed cooked chicken meat
- ½ to 1 cup peas or sliced celery
- ¼ cup shredded pimentos
- 1 cup minced mushrooms
- 1½ cups cream, seasoned *or*
- 1½ cups *thin* White Sauce

CUT the chicken in ½-inch cubes, using only the white meat if a delicate product is desired. In cooking the chicken most excellent results are obtained if it is steamed *over* water until tender or in a *slow* oven (250° F.). This prevents any possible toughening of the muscle fibers through boiling as the chicken cooks. Sauté the mushrooms, if used, for 5 minutes in 1 tablespoon butter. Add the chicken, cream, and seasonings. Keep hot in a double boiler or bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 10 minutes.

Sweetbreads à la King

SWEETBREADS may be used in place of chicken in the above recipe, and are particularly palatable if the peas and mushrooms are used also. Select calf, lamb, or beef sweetbreads. If beef sweetbreads are used, nearly double the time of cooking, as they are larger and therefore require a longer period of cooking.

Wash the sweetbreads in cold water, removing any loose membrane. Place in boiling salted acidulated water (1 quart water, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar). Bring the water to the boiling point and then simmer gently until parboiled, about 20 minutes. Remove from the fire, immediately drain, and plunge in cold water, leaving there until ready to use. This blanching keeps the product white. To serve creamed, cut the parboiled sweetbreads into ½-inch cubes and prepare as for chicken. Asparagus tips may be substituted for the peas if desired. Heat in a double boiler or moderate oven at 375° F. for 10 minutes before serving.

Pastry Nests

- ½ cup water
- ¼ cup butter or butter substitute
- ½ cup flour
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs

ADD the fat to the water and heat until it comes to a boil. Add *all* of the flour and salt *at once* to the hot liquor and mix thoroughly by beating. When the mixture is beaten smooth, cook and stir until the ingredients are well blended and do not stick to the sides of the pan when being stirred.

Remove from the fire and, while the mixture is still hot, add the eggs one at a time, beating one until thoroughly blended before adding the second. Drop by tablespoons on an oiled baking sheet or inverted tin. Shape the mounds high rather than flat. This recipe should make 6 good sized nests.

Bake in a very hot, puff-pastry oven at 450° F. for 20 minutes, or until they are thoroughly puffed, and then reduced to a slow oven at 325° F. until the nests are thoroughly dried out and cooked, about 25 minutes. Remove from the oven and split off the tops at once to allow the steam to escape. Fill and serve.

Glazed Strawberry Tarts

LINE muffin-pan cups with pie crust made from plain or puff pastry. Prepare cake mixture:

- 2 eggs
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons milk
- 1 cup shredded coconut
- 1 cup pastry flour
- ½ teaspoon baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup butter, melted
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

BEAT the sugar into the well beaten eggs. Add the milk and coconut and beat again. Mix the dry ingredients and sift these into the egg-and-milk mixture. Beat until well blended and then add the vanilla. Add the melted butter and beat again until smoothly mixed. Into each cup, lined with the pie crust, place 1 tablespoon of this cake mixture. Put in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 35 minutes. Remove from the oven and cover with washed strawberries rolled in powdered sugar. Cover with Strawberry Glaze.

Strawberry Glaze

COOK quickly by boiling together 1 cup of sieved raw strawberries mixed with 1 cup sugar and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Remove from the fire at 220° F. Pour over the whole strawberries on the tarts. Cool and serve.

SO special an occasion as the wedding dinner or wedding breakfast demands unusual care in preparing a menu. LIBERTY'S three cookbooks contain many appropriate recipes: Bride's Salad, Butterfly Salad, Marguerite Salad, Waterlily Salad, Washington Pie, Paradise Pudding, Planked Steak, Southern Chicken, Baked Stuffed Trout, etc. *Don't delay!* Get your cookbooks now. Use the coupon, please.

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Everybody's Off Me Now!

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 4 minutes 32 seconds.)

Oh, lookit, Toni, they wiggle off.

DEAR WORLD:

"Don't read that book no more!" I tole Mary.

"Don't say NO more, Toni; say ANY more," she tole me. "And I WILL read, too.

"One day there was a little red hen—"

"What day, Mary?" I said.

"I don't know," she said.

"Was it Sunday?"

"I'll start over again," Mary said. "And don't rupt me."

"Once upon a time," she started, "there was a little red hen—"

"What's a lilleredhen, Mary?"

"It's a—dontyouknow what's a little red hen?" she tole me.

I said, "No. What's it?"

She said it's not a duck or a cat or a dog. It's the other.

"What other?" I said.

"The other that was with the duck and the cat and the dog that day."

"WHAT day, Mary?" I said.

"Dinnit I tell you what day?"

"Oh, THAT day," I said.

And she said yes and the little red hen was scratching in the yard—

"What's a yard, Mary?" I said.

"It's what you play in," she tole me.

"Oh, the park," I said.

"NO!" she said. "It's what you hang the clothes up in."

"Oh, the closet," I said.

"Toni," she said, "I won't tell you what the little red hen scrachupped if you don't listen better."

"I'm lissen," I tole her. "Did it scrachup the cat and the dog and the other?"

She said NO-O-O-o-o! It was the other. And hens don't scrachup cats. Not little red hens don't.

"Why don't they, Mary?" I said.

"I don't know," she said. "Toni, do you want to know what the little red hen scrachupped?"

I said NO. So she said it was a grain of wheat.

"What's that?" I said.

"It's a seed."

"An apple seed?" I asked.

"No," she said, "a wheat seed."

"Is it like a napple seed?"

Mary said she didn't know. But she thought so. All seeds were like. You put them in the ground in the yard. Then something came up. The little red hen put the wheat seed in the ground and bread came up. The little red hen ate it all up. She dinnit let the cat or the duck or the other have any. They wouldn't help her do anything when she asked them.

So then I said I'll help you, Mary. She said what to? I said to make the seed grow into bread. And she said what do you mean? So I tole her let's get a yard and plant a seed and then we can have all the bread and butter with jelly on it we want. She said all right, where? I said in the closet where the clothes are hanging up. Then she said where's the seed? In the apple, I tole her.

So we ate the apple and got a lot of seeds to plant in the closet—in the yard, I mean.

We planted them in the crack in the floor. Then we sat down to watch them come up.

"How long will it take, Mary?" I asked.

She said she'd go and look in the book and see what it said. It didn't say what. Only it said *one day* the cat and the duck and the dog and the little red hen were together in the yard. So Mary said she guessed *one day* was how long. And I said what day was that, Mary? Was it Sunday? And she said doan ask me that again or I won't let you have any bread when it comes up. So I said all right, I won't. Was it *one day?* And she said yes.

So then we sat down again in the closet near the crack and waited. After a long, long time I said is it one day yet, Mary? She looked in the crack and said nothing had come up yet. So it couldn't be one day yet.

So I said let's do something. And she said what? I said try on all the dresses up there. She said I can't reach them. So I said stand on that box. She stood on it. But not long. The lid fell in. Mary fell in, too. There was a hat in there. It was one I hadn't seen for a long time. I guess I won't see it for a long time some more. Auntie said we made a German pancake out of it. And I said what's that? And she said don't you talk to me. I don't like you.

I put on Auntie's coat. I smiled like Auntie does and said aren't you too sweet to bring orkids. They're presh-us!

But that was after Mary got up out of the box and said Oh, lookit, Toni, they wiggle off. And I said what? And she said the dresses. It was after we wiggled all the dresses off on to the floor. No, it was after that. Because after we wiggled the dresses on to the floor we tried them on. I tried on the white one with the electric lights on it. Mary tried on the tan one with the lace all over it. We looked at ourselves in the mirror on the other side of the door.

Mary said Am I cu-u-te, Toni? I said Y-e-s, I'm cu-u-te, too, Mary. And she said y-e-s. Let's try on some more.

SO we threw those in the corner and I put on Auntie's coat that she puts on when I'm going to bed and she's going out. It's white fur. And I smiled in it like Auntie does and said aren't you too sweet to bring orkids. They're preshus! And Mary laughed.

Well, Mary wanted to put on the green dress. I said I wanted it. She said No you don't. And I said I do. She got it part over her head. I tried to jerk it off. And so we got into a fight. Only for that we could have stayed in the closet till the seeds grew up.

But the door's locked now. Nobody will listen to us trying to splain what we were doing in there. Nobody will listen to us say anything. I bet the closet's full of bread. But I don't want anything with jam on it. I only want Auntie to look at me. And Mom. My Daddy even steps right over me as if I wasn't there.

I guess nobody'll ever smile at me again.

I bet that's why the cat and the dog and the duck wouldn't help the little red hen.

If I only hadn't offered to help Mary. The nasty old red hen! I tole her don't read that book no more. Any more, I mean.

Toni discovers a new kind of hide and seek. Don't fail to read about it in Liberty next week.

DANDRUFF

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Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF

MYTH	CHEF	DOVE	WORLD	CROSS	WORM
MOTH	CHEW	DOTE	WOULD	CROPS	FORM
MOTE	CHOW	COTE	WOUND	COOPS	FORE
MATE	CHOP	COTS	FOUND	HOOPS	MORE
FATE	COOP	COOS	FOUNT	HOODS	MOTE
FACE	COUP		COUNT	WOODS	MOTH
FACT	SOUP		COURT	WORDS	

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 62

1—The quotient.

2—Lohengrin, by Wilhelm Richard Wagner.

3—Idaho.

4—All are types of horses.

5—Mrs. Horn and Miss Leitch with golf; Mrs. Wightman and Miss Fry with tennis.

6—Bucknell and McGill are universities; Pennsylvania State and Colby are colleges.

7—Managua.

8—Doctor of Science.

9—The last Queen of Hawaii.

10—The iris.

11—A mound or heap of stones erected for a memorial or mark.

12—Giving way to a frenzied fury.

13—In eastern Mississippi and western Alabama.

14—In Arlington National Cemetery in Virginia, opposite Washington, D. C.

15—Louis XVI of France.

16—People inhabiting the region of the western Pyrenees on the Bay of Biscay in Spain and France.

17—Farinaceous food prepared from the soft inner portion of the trunk of certain palms.

18—He was wounded in a duel with Aaron Burr July 11, 1804, and died the following day.

19—The Star and Crescent.

20—The mother of Abraham Lincoln.

In Liberty Next Week—

Listen in on Count Von Bernstorff's telephone — hear his secret conversations with American women — gossip, scandal, and intrigue— and learn why America had the edge on the Germans in the pre-war battle of diplomatic wits, as revealed in

Tapped Wires

By WILLIAM J. FLYNN

Wartime chief of the United States Secret Service

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By LLOYD LEWIS

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Rx for Beauty: Air—Sunshine—Water—Rest

By EILEEN BOURNE

If they realized how important to good looks is sunshine, ladies of leisure would do their idling in the parks.

TO aid beauty is one thing—to produce it, another. Cosmetics, creams, facial treatments, even operations, may be useful as temporary helps to your looks. But health measures alone make an honest complexion and a graceful figure.

So today we're going to file past four milestones on the straight and narrow path to beauty. For if we continue to take tricky detours we'll soon forget that, clever as we are, we still are children of old Mammy Nature, after all.

AIR—The basic element to good looks is air. And I know you're going to say at once that here you are in your element and that you don't need a pilot. You're going to remind me that from childhood you have slept with your windows open at night. Excellent! Never abandon the habit—even in France, where they'll think you crazy in consequence! But do you ever take air baths?

We are all becoming far too sensitive in our steam-heated houses just for lack of courage to give our skins a good airing. However, perhaps that's only to be expected of people who use only half of their lungs.

Most of us breathe with only the upper section, you know. We carry the lower lungs along as supercargo and seldom require them to work out their passage. Many persons positively don't know how to take a deep breath. Put your hands against your lower ribs and see if you can push them forward by filling your lungs completely.

We are literally too lazy to breathe. Yet most of us know that the more fresh air we take into the lungs the better is the body's chance to oxidize the blood. Deep breathing has a direct effect upon the complexion. Didn't you ever observe that most singers have good natural color and clear skins? Take some singing lessons; get out and walk hard on a windy day; climb a mountain; practice the crawl—do something to set those bellows working.

SUNSHINE—"I live in a wonderfully sunny apartment," protested a woman to the doctor who was scolding her. "It can't be lack of sunshine that makes me so pale and lifeless."

But it was. For that woman merely enjoyed *looking* at the sunlight. She never sat in it or walked in it. How many of us do? Just because city dwellers get less and less of this life-giver into their systems, they are becoming constantly more subject to troubles that range from sallow skins to sinus infections. If we don't reform we're going to be pasty-faced, cross-grained, devitalized women with all the attractiveness of lumps of putty.

Don't think for a moment we can't do something about it. What American women want they get. We can't prevent buildings from growing so tall. Nor can we all live in the country. But haven't we daylight saving? Haven't we Sunday? If they truly realized how important to good looks is sunlight, ladies of leisure would do their idling in the parks and busy workers would rise early enough to soak up a few morning rays.

In very hot weather, of course, it is bad for both hair and skin to linger for hours in the direct rays. Nevertheless the violet ray, if not too viole(n)t, found in sunshine is absolutely essential to health.

As an American doctor put it recently: "People who are not out in the sunshine as much as possible between May and October are not going to be well next winter." And I always think a girl with a snuffy cold or sinus trouble or the look of a cellar plant lacks something of dash and brilliance.

WATER—Do you drink? If so, how much? When it comes to water there are too many teetotalers in this country. If you don't get thirsty you never think of swallowing a drop.

But it's a great mistake to wait until you "raise a thirst." You must pour two glasses of water down your throat the first thing in the morning just as automatically as you brush your hair. Six glasses, at the very least, must be taken every day. There's no medicine so good as water for helping to eliminate waste from the body; and to accomplish that is the very A B C of the beauty book.

Remember that the water cure is of special importance while you're traveling. If you don't trust what you find in the water jug, buy bottled water. It pays.

Now, as to whether you may drink water during meals, opinion has changed. Doctors now tell us we may—provided we don't forget to chew our food, merely washing it down. At the same time, experts on reducing—athletic trainers, for instance—say that water drinking has a tendency to add weight. If you wish to avoid this result you'd better do your heavy drinking between meals and add the juice of half a lemon to each glass.

In the external application of water American women need no urging. A daily bath is our universal rule. Certainly it is the only good rule to follow. For that imperceptible moisture which the body is always giving off must be bathed away every twenty-four hours if we wish to be considered civilized.

Of course it is a moot question whether or not the face should be washed. If you feel that creams and lotions cleanse it more thoroughly and less irritatingly than soapsuds, it's your privilege to use them. Yet it does seem a shame to deprive your face of the exhilaration of the cold shower. And certainly the benefit to the skin of salty ocean water is beyond question.

REST—Here we are at the last milestone. What about it? *What* about it? No matter how important a woman is to her family or her job, no matter how frail she is, rest is the last thing she ever thinks about. We go till we drop. And, instead of thinking this omission criminal stupidity, we're rather proud of ourselves.

The modern woman lives in a City of Sleepless Night. And she goes on masking her fatigue by some stimulant until a nervous breakdown is the result. Moreover, lack of rest is just as hard on her looks as it is on her health. Nothing produces wrinkles so quickly.

If you believe you're helpless against the tendency of a hectic age, listen to this: A girl who wished to carry an important job and still have some fun in the evening discovered that by resting for one hour before dinner she felt quite fresh enough to enjoy a dance or a play. Can't you do that?

And, please, when you do stretch out, assure yourself a comfortable bed. It has been proved by scientific experiment that six hours on a soft bed with good springs is worth eight on a hard cot. Don't economize on your resting place. Let it be wide enough to permit turning over, and let it be furnished with light, warm covering. Furthermore, if and when possible, use a sleeping porch.

Air—sunshine—water—rest! Here's an absolutely free course of beauty treatment. It doesn't cost one cent to try it. On the other hand, if you neglect these elements of health it may cost you thousands for repairs.

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My Job
And Why I Like It

By Twelve Successful Secretaries

Gladys A. Wethcrell, secretary to Howard Coonley (right), Boston manufacturer.

Keystone photo

Mary M. Millea, secretary to General James G. Harbord (right).

Keystone photo

(Reading time: 15 minutes 40 seconds.)

LIBERTY recently sent a questionnaire to secretaries of well known business and professional men. The object was to ascertain what interesting and helpful facts they could tell girls working in offices. The replies of these successful young women were enthusiastic and enlightening.

We pass on to LIBERTY'S readers the most outstanding of these comments as a source of inspiration and assistance to every self-supporting girl whose aim is the cream of office jobs: an interesting, character-developing, well paid secretaryship to an executive.

Our questionnaire read as follows:

Name in order the three most valuable qualities a girl should have, to attain to a responsible secretarial position.

Why do you like your job?

Need marriage interfere with success as a secretary?

What is the best educational preparation for a secretarial career?

Why do you prefer a man as an employer rather than a woman?

Which of your duties do you regard as the most difficult: Taking dictation properly? Interviewing callers? Or handling telephone calls diplomatically?

What qualities do you regard as most essential to a successful executive?

How important is dress for the woman in business?

Here are the replies, which should interest America's 570,000 women stenographers and typists:

NONA M. DOUGHERTY, secretary to Roger W. Babson, founder of Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, says:

The three most valuable qualities a girl should have for a secretarial position are: character—including integrity, courage, loyalty, and responsibility; ability—including intelligence, education, training, and skill; and application—including industry, initiative, and persistency.

I like my job because it gives me a share in activities which help people, such as steadying business conditions, encouraging sound investment, and replacing guesswork with facts and figures. Also I like the interesting people I meet.

Marriage need not inevitably interfere with success as a secretary. But, as a rule, shouldn't marriage mean specializing as a home maker rather than trying to divide oneself between home and business?

The six I's are the most essential qualities in a successful executive: industry, integrity, intelligence, initiative, intensity, and inspiration.

Dress is decidedly important for the woman in business, especially with respect to neatness, good taste, and appropriateness.

Picture by KENNETH CAMP

Gladys MacMillan, secretary to E. H. Philips (right), a leading executive of Thomas A. Edison, Inc.

Mary Swanton, secretary to William Wrigley, Jr. (right), Chicago gum and baseball magnate.

VIRGINIA D. ELLINGER of Governor Albert C. Ritchie's Executive Department, Annapolis, Maryland, says:

To reach the secretarial goal a girl should possess courage, experience, loyalty, and an enduring capacity for work, hour by hour, day by day. Forget the clock! Attention divided between work and time is shattered interest. Never let the clock control your working hours.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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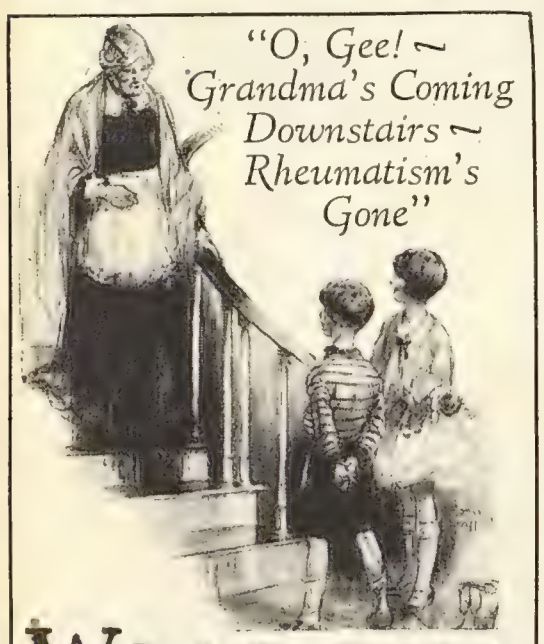

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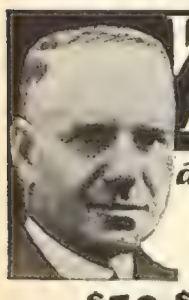

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[MY JOB AND WHY I LIKE IT Continued from page eighty-seven]

One of the most important factors in making yourself invaluable to your employer is the merging of yourself so completely in your surroundings that time is forgotten. Remember that your secretarial duties should supersede your own interests.

Make your employer's work and interest *your* work and interest. Give of yourself unstintingly. Success is sure to follow. (And may I slip in a tip for employers? Permit your secretary to feel that she is working *with* you; never *for* you. Your return will be tenfold.)

Cultivate poise, judgment, balance. Gladly do more than asked to do. By forgetting yourself your work will count for much more.

MARTHA ROBBINS GOLD, secretary to Senator George H. Moses of New Hampshire, says:

I like my job because it is educational; it deals with public questions and affairs in which I have always been interested.

Regarding marriage and a secretaryship; most of my time, strength, and energy are given to my work. If a married woman can carry the responsibilities of a home along with those of her work, there is no reason why her marriage should interfere with her success as a secretary. But I do not think the average married woman can do so.

Any woman who expects to be successful in a secretarial position should have at least a high-school education. My first office work was addressing and filling envelopes. While doing this I studied stenography—the stepping stone to most clerical positions.

I did every kind of office work before achieving the place I now hold. Such work is the best preparation for a position which requires executive ability. With such training, a secretary should be able properly to direct the work in an office. Few secretaries, especially women, ever start at the top. I also have the degree of LL.B., and find my knowledge of law exceedingly helpful.

GERTRUDE F. HARCOURT, a secretary to former Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr., of New York, says:

I like my job because I am sharing in the making of actual history. There is something vital about such work which keeps the hard hours from becoming tiresome. This is particularly true when one works, as I have, for a man whose first thought is for the benefit of his nation and the people he serves.

No, marriage should not interfere with a secretary's success if one is particularly fitted for the work of a secretary and has learned that the hours of a working day should not be counted. To make good, one must place her duty to work before outside interests during working hours.

Regarding education and its effect upon the secretarial career: At least a good high-school course—with business training. College is, of course, very helpful. But ambition to make good and loyalty to one's job will yield good results in secretarial work.

I have been with Mr. Wadsworth for six years. More than 2,000 telephone calls have been taken care of and more than 1,000 visitors interviewed in one month. Therefore these duties are highly important. Three thousand letters have been sent out in a single month, and this should prove to would-be secretaries the necessity of handling correspondence efficiently.

Keystone photo

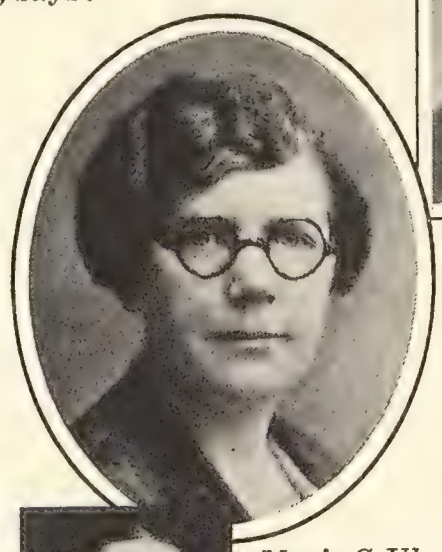
Stone-Raynor photo

Underwood photo

Gertrude Stone, secretary to Thomas E. Wilson (upper left), Chicago meat packer.

Martha R. Gold, secretary to Senator George H. Moses (right) of New Hampshire.

International photo



Keystone photo

Marie C. Ulmer, secretary to Louis K. Liggett (at left), United Drug Co. president.

Appropriateness should be the keynote in dressing for business. Just as the strains of a hurdy-gurdy would be discordant in the midst of a lovely symphony, so would elaborate clothes be in an office. Neatness and evidence of personal hygiene and good health—these are, of course, imperative to progress.

M. LOUISE MACLEOD, secretary to Bruce Barton of Barton, Durstine & Osborn, New York, says:

I like my job because, by making me responsible for my employer's interests, it permits me to be an individual and express myself.

The qualities I consider most valuable in a secretary are unquestionable integrity and loyalty; quick, active intelligence; tact and courtesy.

I do not consider that marriage need necessarily interfere with business success.

The best educational preparation for a girl's secretarial career is college, if possible. That is, if a young woman is fitted for college. Secondary school in any event, broadened and rounded by reading of classics and current history. Train in a good business school in stenography and typewriting, with some bookkeeping, and add a knowledge of banking.

I prefer a man as an employer rather than a woman. His experience is broader than a woman's. While he may demand much he is not so apt to be unreasonable. He looks upon his secretary as a valuable assistant; not as an employee in the usual sense of the word.

Courteously and tactfully disposing of persistent people who have no real claim upon my employer's time—whether by phone or in person—this requires all the finesse and good nature I possess, and is the most difficult of my duties.

Then, regarding the essential qualities in an executive: ability to delegate responsibility, thereby freeing himself for those things which only he can accomplish—this is the most important quality; next, consideration for those who work for and with him; and he must also have tact, sympathy, courtesy, and cheerfulness.

Dress is very important for the business woman; it should be simple but smart. The successful secretary should be well groomed.

GLADYS MACMILLAN, secretary to E. H. Philips of Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, New Jersey, says:

Industry, initiative, and tact are the three most valuable qualities a secretary should acquire.

I like my job because it keeps me "on my toes." Every day brings new, interesting problems and opportunities for using initiative. The secretary to an executive has a comprehensive knowledge of the business as a whole, in contrast to a routine job which might carry with it an equal degree of responsibility. Then there is a significant reason for enjoyment of secretarial work—the satisfaction of knowing that you are in a small way responsible for your employer's success.

Need marriage interefere with success as a secretary? I believe that it does.

The best preparation for a secretarial career is a college course, including secretarial and business training; otherwise high school or its equivalent.

Frankly speaking, I prefer a man as an employer rather than a woman. One woman understands another woman too well. I think the average woman in business is less broad minded and tolerant

than the average business man.

Handling telephone calls diplomatically is my most difficult duty. This is true because the personal element in an interview is lacking.

An executive should have the ability to analyze a situation quickly and arrive at a proper decision, also the faculty of properly delegating work, trusting to the individual that it is carried out. The executive who keeps in direct contact with his subordinates inspires greater co-operation, efficiency, and loyalty than when an aloof attitude is maintained and instructions are issued through intermediaries.

The ideal executive has either been through every step of the business himself or is thoroughly familiar with the details. He then knows what he is asking his subordinates to do.

Appropriate dress is no more important in business than in any other walk of life—but it is equally as important.

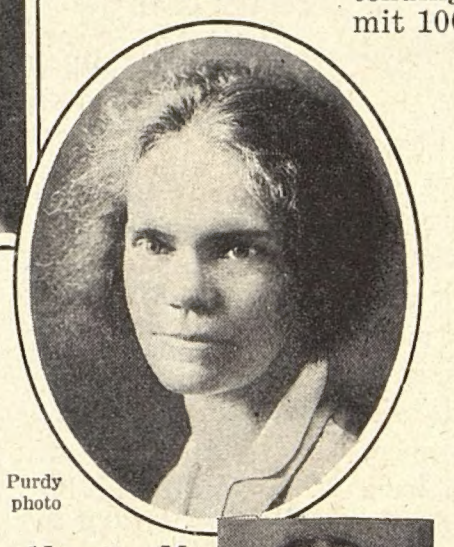
Underwood photo

Keystone photo

Keystone photo

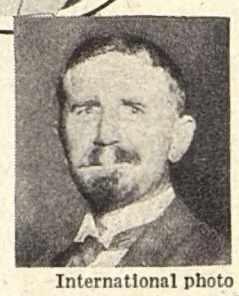
Gertrude F. Harcourt, secretary to ex-Senator James W. Wadsworth (left) of New York.

Lida Woods, secretary to Hamilton Holt (upper right), president of Rollins College, Florida.



Purdy photo

Nona M. Dougherty, secretary to Roger W. Babson (right), statistical expert.



International photo

MARY M. MILLEA, secretary to General James G. Harbord, president of Radio Corporation of America, says:

Intelligence, poise, and training are the three most valuable qualities in a secretary.

I like my job because, working for a man with the experience in military and civil life that General Harbord has had, one realizes the opportunities afforded.

My work is so varied there is slight chance of its becoming monotonous. It is exceedingly interesting because radio is a new art and is changing from day to day. My work is an education in itself.

In most cases marriage should not interfere with a woman's secretarial success. But, naturally, this success would be measured to a large degree by the attitude of her employer and that of the man to whom she is married.

None of the duties mentioned in your questionnaire are difficult for me to carry out. I enjoy them all—especially interviewing callers, because of the various types one meets.

Dress for the woman in business is very important. She should dress neatly and becomingly. The first impression gained of her is generally due to her appearance. In the business world, where acquaintance is usually limited to business transactions, this impression lasts.

The successful executive must be a leader of men, an organizer, and he must possess foresight.

GERTRUDE STONE, private secretary to Thomas E. Wilson, president of Wilson & Co., Chicago, says:

Personality, tact, and intelligence are a secretary's most important qualities. A cheerful and vivacious personality—the kind that suggests sincerity, convincing and dignified, yet neither domineering nor masculine. Tact should be practiced always, with proper poise and self-control. The keen, common-sense sort of intelligence, ever mentally alert, with ability to instantly analyze and diplomatically handle a variety of situations, is a wonderful asset.

I like my job because of its interesting contacts and diversified business associations, and the natural satisfaction that comes through being busily associated with "bigger things."

I believe that marriage might interfere with a girl's success as a secretary because of its natural call upon one's mind and time. To be thoroughly efficient it seems to me that a secretary's sole interest should be in her work.

As complete a school education as possible is the best background for a secretarial career. Follow this by as much broad, intensive business training and practical experience as can be secured. Add, too, what might be called a certain polish or background which comes through one's interests in and personal contacts with the world, its people, its arts, its activities.

Perhaps I prefer a man employer because I have always had one. The scope of a man's viewpoint seems broader; his mind and vision more virile. The successful executive should have a forceful, magnetic personality, vision, sincerity, and a capability of judging human nature. He should have vigor and ability sucessfully to shoulder great and varied responsibilities.

Interviewing callers is my most difficult duty.

MARY SWANTON, secretary to William Wrigley, Jr., president of the William Wrigley Jr. Company, Chicago, says:

A girl aiming at a responsible secretaryship should be apt, versatile, and efficient.

I like my job because it is my means of livelihood—and a very remunerative one. Besides that, I have, I think, the most considerate and appreciative business executive of the twentieth century—a man from whose judgment and sagacity I have learned much.

I am unmarried and devoted to my work. I fear marriage and its attending obligations would not permit 100 per cent devotion to duty.

I have never had a woman employer, but I feel that man's aggressive and decisive methods as an executive give him my preference.

Ability, aggressiveness, force, broad vision, and honor—all of which Mr. Wrigley embodies in the fullest measure—these are the qualities most essential to a successful executive.

Dress? Good taste demonstrated in dress is evidence of good judgment in business.

MARIE C. ULMER, private secretary to Louis K. Liggett, president of the United Drug Company, says:

The outstanding qualities a secretary should possess are ability to assume responsibility, tact, and reliability.

I like my job because it gives me a wider range of thought. It brings to my door people of all stations in life, and also I am in contact with some of the biggest minds in the country.

This, to me, is education not found in books. My employer is one for whom it is a great privilege to work—one of broad vision, patient, generous minded, and one who tries to inspire confidence in one's own ability rather than to impress one with his.

I believe that marriage will interfere with a secretary's success if she is to be thoroughly and wholly loyal to her job.

It would be a mediocre job that would not require one's whole attention.

The best beginning of educational preparation for a secretaryship is a complete knowledge of the three Rs. If one has not had a good grammar-school foundation it will surely crop out through the balance of one's business career. Today most positions of value require a college secretarial course. The broader the preparation the easier students will find it to fit themselves into positions of responsibility. To train one's mind to think is the basis of all education.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Vice-president of Advertising Agency tells "How To Become An Advertising Man"

Norman Lewis

In a personal letter, reprinted below, Mr. Norman Lewis, formerly of J. Walter Thompson Co., and now Vice-president of the Chappelow Advertising Co. in St. Louis, explains the simplest, surest way of gaining entrance to the advertising field.

August 18, 1927
International Correspondence Schools
Scranton, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: In my book "How to Become an Advertising Man," there is a passage which describes how one young man, some years ago, "broke into advertising." Here is an excerpt:

"His first step was to enroll with a well-known correspondence school for an advertising course. Having been out of regular school for five years, he had almost lost the habit of study, but the lessons were so interesting that he soon grew to welcome their appearance."

That young man was myself; the correspondence school was the I. C. S. Looking back, I feel today that the signing of the I. C. S. enrolment blank was one of the most important steps in my life. After completing the course, my first advertising job was as a copywriter for the J. Walter Thompson Co., well-known advertising agency. It is significant that one of the chief reasons why I was hired was the fact that I was an I. C. S. graduate. The man who hired me, now one of the best-known advertising men in the United States, always gave preference to I. C. S. students, and several that he employed are leaders in their profession today.

The I. C. S. courses in advertising are first of all interesting and easy to understand. They are practical too. The weekly assignments, and the helpful personal letters of criticism, are outstanding in my memory. I certainly can heartily recommend the I. C. S. to any young man or woman who wants to learn something of the great business of Advertising.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Norman Lewis
Vice-president
CHAPPELOW ADVERTISING CO.

Few professions are more fascinating, more varied—or more remunerative — than advertising. Further, it is growing, expanding steadily as its potential power is increasingly understood and intelligently applied.

If you revel in the amazing things that printers' ink can do; if you feel the urge to create vivid, pulsing pictures—with colors or with words; if you are absorbed by the intricate problems of merchandising and management that advertising presents, you can well consider Mr. Lewis' advice. Many other men and women, eminent in the profession today, have proved his system—the I. C. S. system—sound.

Frank E. Fehlman, formerly Vice-president of Lord & Thomas, President of the New York Advertising Club for two terms, and now Vice-president of the Dorland Advertising Agency, New York, is one of these I. C. S. alumni. So also are James D. Woolf, Production Manager of J. Walter Thompson Company; Arthur Freeman, President of the Einson-Freeman Co., New York; D. L. Weston, President of the Montreal Publicity Association, largest advertising club in the British Empire; T. Harry Thompson, of N. W. Ayer & Son, and Roy Whittier, of Young & Rubicam. Many more names might be added to this representative list.

The coupon below will bring you more detailed information. No obligation, of course.

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"The Universal University"

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X in the list below:

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Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

[MY JOB AND WHY I LIKE IT
Continued from page eighty-nine]

My preference as to a man or a woman employer lies wholly with the sort of employer. If one cannot attune her disposition to that of her employer to afford harmony and pleasure in the work, it is time to look for another position! The essential fact isn't whether we work for a man or a woman: it is whether we enjoy our work enough to take a whole-hearted interest in it.

In my particular position, interviewing callers is the easiest of the three duties you mentioned.

I regard the quality which inspires one to live up to the Golden Rule as the most essential to a successful executive.

The question of dress is very important for a business woman. Dress creates impressions which help or mar. A well groomed secretary is an asset to an office.

There is a certain confidence gained through knowledge that one is well dressed; extremes detract from the dignity of any office. Strangers are influenced by the appearance of the office — part of which is the dignified or undignified appearance of the secretary.

Gladys A. Wetherell, secretary to Howard Coonley, president of Walworth Company, Boston, says:

Good personality — including a certain amount of charm, graciousness, tact, and honesty — adequate training, and executive ability are the three most important qualities in a successful secretary.

I like my job because it is not monotonous. There are constantly new situations and new problems in rapid succession, my employer's interests being so broad and so varied.

Marriage need not interfere with secretarial work, although personally I have never tried the combination.

As much general academic education as possible should be the preparation for a secretarial career.

Add to this specialized education in shorthand, typewriting, business methods, commercial writing, commercial law, and accounting.

Regarding my preference for a man employer: I don't see what difference sex need make; it is merely a question of individual characteristics of the employer.

The qualities most valuable for a successful executive? Clear thinking and level-headedness, under all conditions; good personality—with tact, frankness, ability to see another's viewpoint whether he be an inferior or a superior; respect and confidence in regard to ability of others.

Dress is very important. It does create an impression, favorable or unfavorable. It is unfortunate for any secretary to work against an unfavorable impression created by her poor taste in dress.

Lida Woods, secretary to Hamilton Holt, president of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida, says:

A secretary should possess common sense, a fine sense of loyalty to her chief and his interests, and poise. And, in addition, initiative, sympathetic understanding—and a sense of humor!

I like my job because I have an active part in human affairs, working with a man of big brain and big heart; a man of fine aspiration, undaunted courage, and consecrated purpose. He is a constant source of inspiration on practical idealism and unselfish service to all co-workers.

Need marriage interfere with a secretary's success? Unquestionably, yes! The ideal secretary gives herself wholly to her work. I am at the service of my chief at all hours seven days of the week.

Virginia D. Ellinger, of Governor Albert C. Ritchie's (right) staff in the Maryland executive department.

International photo

Successful marriage requires all of a woman's time. Neither marriage nor a secretaryship can be successfully pursued on a part-time basis.

A secretary should have a thorough high-school education plus all the straight college training possible. Plus all the general information one can accumulate. A secretary cannot know too much. There are a very few lines she will not touch at some point of her career.

I have worked with two women and four men. They were all fine and interesting; I admired them all and enjoyed working with one just about as much as another.

It is not a matter of sex which governs my preference for employers, but of disposition. Sometimes it is well for a secretary to have some ability as a lion tamer! Sympathetic understanding, however, usually solves the problem.

The most difficult of the duties you mention is meeting the public; this requires the greatest tact, delicacy, and skill.

Perfect grooming and attractive, appropriate dress are of tremendous importance everywhere—particularly in the world of business.

The public gets its first impression of a man through his secretary.

The office wife, they call her—the efficient, snappy girl who keeps the Boss on the jump. Read in next week's Liberty why the Boss doesn't want her to talk about her job.

There was a jolly miller
Lived on the River Dee
He worked and sang from morn till night
He had a hearty appetite
And always kept digestion right—
"Thank Double Mint," said he!
MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.
Keep your digestion right with Wrigley's.
Get Wrigley's Double Mint and have a real treat.
It's a new and better Peppermint flavor—the sweet of good taste and good health.
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
NEW STYLE
MADE IN U.S.A.
FIVE STICKS
After every meal

1-36

"That poster reminds me . . . a horseback scene like this would make a good cigarette advertisement . . ."

"Sure, call it *'Thoroughbreds'* and it would be perfect for Chesterfield!"

THEY'RE MILD
***and yet* THEY SATISFY**

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